THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 191, No. 52. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Il[illegible] Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. In Canada | PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1919 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 52

JUBILO

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE sun woke him; that and his aching head and his yearning stomach. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast the day before; and he had had too much to drink in the interval. The sun hurt his eyes. He groaned in his sleep; but when he woke he quit groaning and began to grin. For it was the nature of the man to be cheerful. His grin was pleasing; but otherwise the man was a disreputable object.

He was a tramp; and he looked it. He needed a shave; he had been needing a shave for three or four days at the least. He needed a bath; and there was no guessing how long that need had existed. He needed a new suit of clothes, and a hat, and a pair of shoes. Also he needed breakfast and he needed a smoke. This last need was the only one that seemed to distress him, for when he fumbled through his ragged pockets and found only a few crumbs of near-tobacco, and no cigarette papers at all, he said "Shucks!"

It was a mild expletive, but it was quite obviously a sincere one.

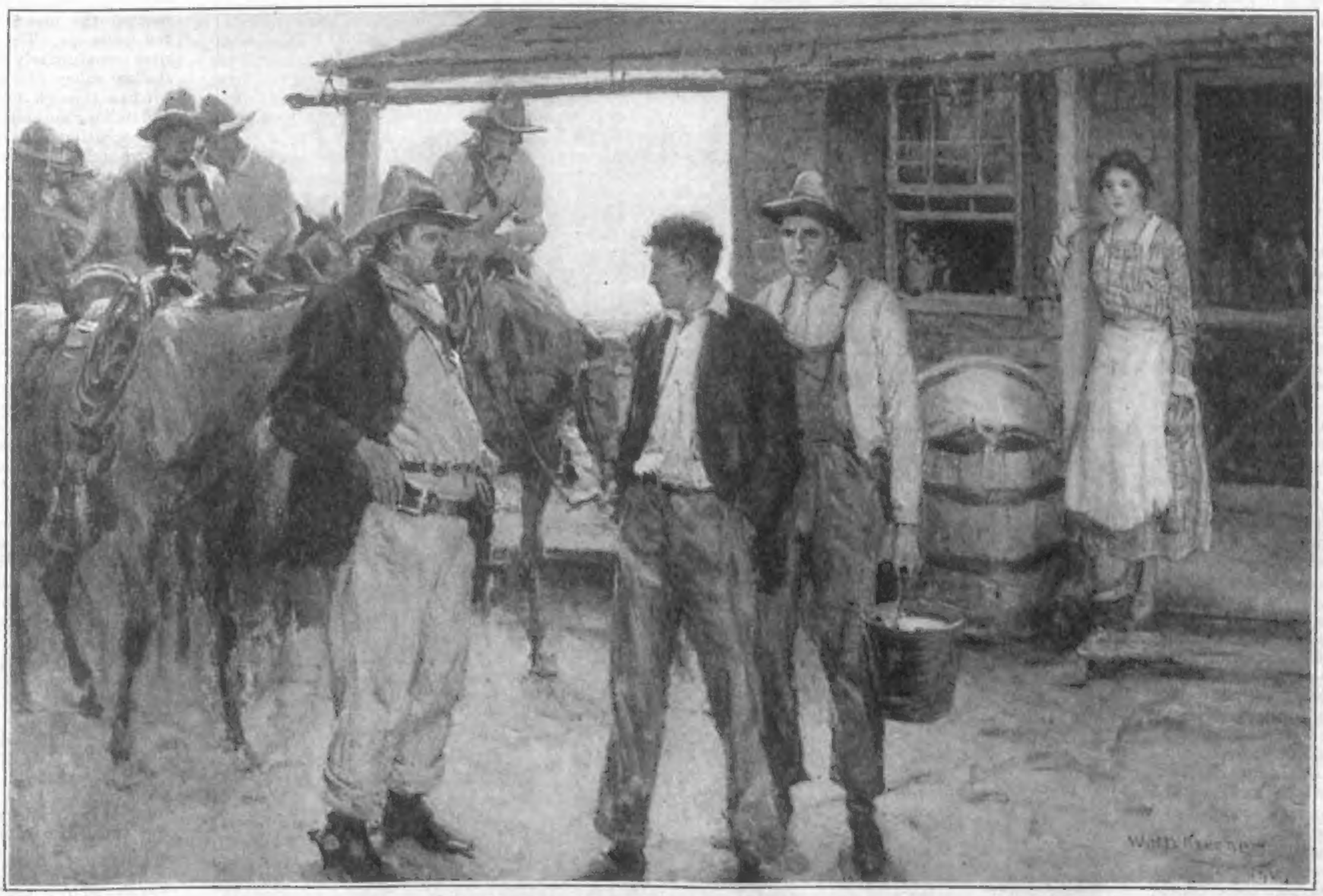
The man had been sleeping on the bank between the road and the river. At his feet the muddy stream gurgled and swirled past where he lay. Ten yards up the bank the black ribbon of the road ran, ankle deep in dust. Some two weeks before, the river had been up above its banks, flooding that road knee deep; and the spot where the man lay was still soggy from that overflow. His very marrow was chilled from lying for half a dozen hours on this sodden ground; and when the man got stiffly to his feet his bones ached. He was stiff and sore. If his senses had been clear last night he would not have chosen to sleep in such a place. But they had not been clear. When the marshal, back in Muskoka, told him to get out of town or go to jail, the man had been in possession of a pint bottle of whisky, no more than half empty. The marshal had said he must get out or go to jail, so the man got out. He had never been in jail and did not want the experience. Besides, he knew if he were sent to jail they would take the whisky away from him.

So he had taken the north road out of Muskoka. There would be no trains till morning, and the marshal would not let him wait. He had managed some seven miles along that road before the whisky gave out and he decided to go to sleep. Having made this decision he had tottered a few paces off the road, dropped in his tracks, and slept. It was as simple as that.

The night, except for the wind that played across the levels, had been reasonably warm. He had needed no covering, but he could have done with a mattress. He said as much now, aloud; for the man had a way of talking to himself.

"The accommodations at this roadhouse," he told the surrounding atmosphere, "are wretched. Simply wretched!"

And he grinned at his own words. There had been a certain refinement in his tones that emphasized the wretchedness of his apparel by suggesting that things had not always been thus with him. Until he spoke he had seemed to be simply a common tramp; after he had spoken he became a gentleman, reduced.



"Marshal Told Me to Get Out of Muskoka and I Got Out. This Was the First House I Struck," Jubilo Told Him

The spot where he had slept was thinly shaded by a clump of willows that grew above the water. He moved so that one of them would keep the sun out of his eyes, and then he worked his painful joints to get the aching stiffness out of them. Also he began to think of washing his face. The idea attracted him, but the muddy waters of the river did not. He gave up the notion. As for breakfast—well, he had no sandwiches in his pocket, and there was no manna dropping from the skies. The idea of breakfast, like the idea of washing his face, went by the board. He climbed up to the road and prepared to start on his way. There might be a chance for food at the first house; but he had no notion how far away the first house might be. Far enough, probably. Houses were few and far between on this vast prairie. The country was new, not opened up yet. There might not be a house for miles.

The land about him was so flat that when he stood on the road level, the road at that particular point crossing a low swale, he could look far and wide. Seven miles away he could see a scatter of tin roofs that marked Muskoka, and the chimney of the bakery there. In the other direction he could look for half a dozen miles along the railroad track that ran as straight as a string across the level, black bottom land. When he looked that way he saw something that attracted and held his eye.

He saw the morning train coming toward Muskoka. That in itself was enough to hold his attention, for trains had a fascination for this man. They had taken him out of difficulties before this; and he felt sure they would do so again. If this train had been going in the other direction, for instance, he would have risked boarding it; but it was going into Muskoka, and the marshal was there. He would most certainly be discovered. So he had no thought of boarding this train; nevertheless, what he saw when he looked toward it surprised him, and made him wonder and made him watch.

The first thing he saw was that the train had dropped two cars. One of these two cars was four or five miles behind the train, standing quietly on the tracks. The other was about a mile behind the train, and still rolling slowly. Even while he watched, the train dropped another car, and the man could see the gap between train and car rapidly widen.

Now this is not the sort of behavior to be expected of a normal train in good health. Self-respecting trains do not drop passenger cars at haphazard along the right of way; they do not abandon passengers in this fashion, a dozen miles from the nearest station. Obviously there was something the matter with this train. The man wondered what it was; he watched to see.

The approaching train would cross the river about a mile southeast of where the tramp stood. It was perhaps a mile from him now, approaching the bridge at a tangent. Nevertheless save for a straggly and wind-wrenched tree here and there, nothing cut off his view; he had, as it were, a grand-stand seat at the little drama. And he was able to see quite clearly that which came to pass.

When the train was about half a mile from the bridge it slowed down and came to a stop. As it did so there came a puff of smoke at the rear end of the express car, and a dull detonation reached the man's ears. Then there were more puffs of smoke, and little crackling sounds that had, even at this distance, a deadly menace. And then half a dozen horses came up out of a dip in the land between the man and the train, and he saw that one of these horses had a rider, and that the rider held the halter ropes of the others.

By this time the crackling sounds about the train had stopped. Men were running along beside the cars, and one man stood at the rear of the last car shooting casually along the windows to keep all heads in. Then there was another large puff of smoke, and another detonation, and the tramp saw the door of the express car tumble inward.

After that matters passed quickly. The tramp in the shelter of his willows took very good care not to risk being seen, even at that distance. Nevertheless, he could see quite clearly. He saw men climb in and out of the door of the express car; he heard another explosion. He saw men mount the horses that had been waiting for them; and within ten minutes after the train had stopped he saw these men, six of them in a close group, gallop away from the train and strike due north, parallel with the river, and parallel with the road the tramp had been following the day before.

A mile or so north of where the train still stood these men on horseback dipped into a shallow depression in the level swell of prairie, and were no more seen. The tramp, straining his eyes, had marked only one identifying circumstance about them: this was the fact that one of the men rode a bay horse with a curious and distinct splash of white upon his rump. A horse so marked, the tramp thought, must be fairly well known; and he decided the rider was a reckless dare-devil and careless of recognition, to use such a mount.

After the horsemen had disappeared the man remained where he was for a time, watching the train. Men had poured out of the cars when the riders were gone; and one man climbed a telegraph pole beside the track. He would be cutting in on the line and sending word of the holdup, the tramp knew. At the same time the engine backed up to collect the abandoned cars; and the tramp remained where he was till it came on again with its train complete once more, and picked up the men who had been examining the scene of the holdup, and then started on toward Muskoka.

About that time the tramp decided he had better move on. A posse would be coming out; and if they found him there would be questions of a sort he did not wish to answer. He would be locked up as a witness, if nothing more. And—he did not want to be locked up.

He set his face to the north, up the river road; and as he began to move on his way he sang softly under his breath in a pleasing tenor voice some snatches of song. One might have caught the words:

Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?

The man chuckled at that, and repeated, still singing:

I'm sure gwine to leab dis place.

This song that he sang was a favorite with him. Some know it as Kingdom Coming. The tramp had sung it beside hobo fires in half the states in the Union; and from it he had been christened. The first time he sang it the gentry of the road joined in the rollicking chorus:

De massa run? Ha, ha!
De darky stay? Ho, ho!
It mus' be now de Kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo!

After that the singer had been known, wherever his like forgathered, as Year ob Jubilo.

He had almost forgotten his other name.

II

JIM HARDY'S house and stable stood on a knoll above the river, ten miles or more in an air line from the spot where the train had been robbed, and fully as far by the road from that sodden bank where Year ob Jubilo—or Jubilo, for short—had spent the night.

About the knoll where the house stood the fertile lands rolled in placid waves to the far horizon on every hand. They were like a calm sea which is disturbed only by the lazy progress of the long ocean swell. From the house the roofs of Muskoka, seventeen miles away, could be seen like the sails of hull-down ships, black against the sky rim where it met the earth. The earth itself seemed at first glance as flat as a table; for the swells merged indistinguishably into a level whole. It was only when approaching vehicles or pedestrians dipped for a little out of sight, and these depressions, like the magic pockets of a conjurer, swallowed them up, that one realized the unevenness of the landscape. The yellow river crept furtively along its shallow valley like a snake winding through tall grass and stalking the knoll. Only the occasional foliage of sparse and half-drowned willows marked its course upon the land.

All about the knoll where stood the house and stable there were signs of cultivation; and from the black earth the crops were sprouting lustily, like a gasping swimmer who fights his way to the surface to gulp great breaths of air after a long immersion. For the river had but recently returned to its bed after its periodic flood; the earth was marked with the detritus it had left, and save in these cultivated patches the black mud was cracking and drying into dust under the compulsion of the sun's hot lash. The flood had crept up the knoll halfway to where stood the buildings; and a skiff stranded there marked high water. Where it lay it was a full hundred yards from the yellow water in the winding ribbon of the river.

The road from Muskoka followed the river bed with some fidelity; and so for much of its way it was hidden from the house on the knoll. But traffic had churned its dry mud into a thick blanket of dust; and when this dust was stirred by a passing foot a dark cloud of it rose and drifted lazily down wind.

(Continued on Page 101)

She Gave Him the Jug and He Drank Till He Could Drink No More

SUNBEAMS, INC.

As For Henry Bell Brown—The Song Sung in His Honor Was a Lament at His Departure From the Paper

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FROM the outset the event was spoken of as a banquet. Little Jimmy Otis called it that when he proposed the plan, and his fellow workers on the staff of the New York Evening Dispatch accepted the term with even less question than they did the plan, because it was obviously the right term in the case of Henry Bell Brown. In honor of someone else a feed or a blowout might have been suggested, but for Henry Bell Brown nothing less than a banquet seemed to suffice. Even in those days, you see, he was tacitly recognized as a banquet sort of person, so to speak.

Nor is it more revealing of the thing Brown called his personality that the farewell festivities proposed in his honor should take this sumptuous form and title than it is revealing of the character of Jimmy Otis that he should have been the one to think of giving Brown a send-off. For Otis was by nature one of those amiably disposed individuals who may broadly be classified as givers; whereas Brown was by nature a taker—or at the least, and the politest, an accepter. Otis always had a cheap cigarette for anyone who wanted it; Brown always had a good cigar for himself.

But where Otis' cigarettes, being purchased to suit his own taste and pocketbook, were at least uniform, Henry Bell Brown's cigars had no uniformity, but reflected in their various brands and shapes the taste and affluence of such men as had recently been interviewed by him. There was that about Brown which caused men to offer him cigars, though just what made them do so might be difficult to say.

With Otis it was different; he did not get so many or such good ones; and as he did not smoke cigars those he did receive usually found their way to Brown's breast pocket, whence in due course they were removed, to be smoked by Brown, if good enough; or if not, then to be presented by him, with that handsome liberality of gesture he commanded, to one of the compositors or to his barber, or, if very dubious, to a certain colored man who ran one of the elevators in the Dispatch Building and enjoyed Brown's good opinion because he always touched his cap to Brown but never to any other reporter.

Otis suggested his plan one afternoon when the last edition had gone to press and the city room of the Dispatch had turned into a place of peace, tobacco smoke and mild political discussion. Having finished a Saturday special and lighted one of his bad cigarettes from the very brief end of another he put the cover over his typewriter and strolled to the desk of the assistant city editor, Yoakum, round whom several men in their shirt sleeves were reclining on desks and tilted chairs.

"Say," he said, addressing the entire group, "I've been thinking about Brown."

"So has Brown," returned the column conductor dryly.

"Sure he has," admitted Otis. "And why not? If he doesn't think of himself, who's going to? If some of the rest of us were to do a little more thinking for ourselves, along similar lines, we'd be a lot better off."

"That's no dream," agreed one of the group.

"I call it pretty neat work," Otis continued, "for a fellow to think himself out of a forty-five-dollar-a-week job in this rotten newspaper game, and into seventy-five a week in a decent, respectable business."

"But are you sure it is that?" asked the city-hall man. "I hope it is, but Beman says ——"

"The advertising business?" broke in Otis. "Of course it is!"

"I don't mean the advertising business," returned the other. "I mean this firm Brown's going with. Beman ought to know, and he says it's not one of the most reputable agencies. He says they do a big business and put up a big front. But it's too much front and not enough back, according to him. Too many oil and mining stocks to sell, and a lot of that 'Free-to-you-my-suffering-sister' medical advertising."

"I don't believe it," Otis said.

"Well, if it's front they're looking for," put in the make-up editor, who had recently been married, "Brown's got that, all right."

"He's got more than front," Otis defended. "He's got initiative."

"Yes," added the column conductor; "Henry Bell Brown has lots of initiative, but very little referendum."

"Well, I didn't come over here to take him apart and find out what makes him tick," Otis went on. "I came over to propose that we give him a nice little send-off a week from Saturday night after he quits."

"What kind of a send-off?" asked Bolton, the society editor.

"A testimonial banquet."

"Very nice," approved a young reporter. "I know a little restaurant where ——"

"I think he might accept a testimonial banquet if it was done in a style to suit his rank and station," interrupted the column conductor. "At times he's quite democratic."

"All the same," said the city-hall man, who was financing his daughter in a stenographic course, "Brown's the highest-paid man on the reportorial staff, and if, as he says, this advertising firm has offered him nearly twice his present pay, why, then ——"

"That's it!" broke in the young reporter. "It ought to be a farewell banquet from him to us!"

"Now if you're all through with your wooden-shoe stuff," Otis went on patiently, "I will elucidate: Here's a man that has made good on this paper. He's going to a new job, and if we aren't a lot of bilious knockers we wish him well. We may kid about Brown, but just the same there isn't a man here who doesn't respect him."

"Sure," said the irrepressible youth. "I respect any newspaper man that has his clothes made to order and carries a cane."

"Oh, I don't know," interjected the column conductor. "Bolton carries a cane."

"I said 'newspaper man,'" returned the other. "That has nothing to do with society editors."

"Be careful, young fellow," said Bolton good-naturedly, "or you may find out why I carry a cane."

"So," continued Otis, speaking as though there had been no interruption whatsoever, "the proposition is before you. How about a banquet for Brown?"

"What's it going to cost?" asked the city-hall man, Murphy by name.

"Two dollars a head," said Otis, "including cocktails, dinner, red wine, oratory and a solid silver loving cup with all our names engraved on it, to be presented to the victim."

"Two dollars! And a loving cup!" cried the city-hall man. "Why not buy him a limousine too?"

"Here's the way it figures out," Otis went on placidly: "I thought Rafaelli's in West Thirteenth Street would be a good place to give it. Not too cheap and not too dear. I saw Rafaelli about it this morning. He'll furnish his regular table d'hôte and give us a big private room on the second floor without extra charge."

"That's eighty-five cents apiece, isn't it?" asked Murphy.

"Yes. Fifteen cents more each for tips makes an even dollar; and seventy-five cents more on top of that—figuring on twenty of us being there—makes fifteen dollars, which will cover the cost of a very decent little loving cup that Beman says he can get at the wholesale rate from some advertiser."

"That's a dollar seventy-five each, so far," computed Murphy grimly.

"Yes. And twenty-five cents more apiece ought to cover the engraving of the cup, flowers for the table and other incidentals."

"It won't," declared Bolton. "And besides, a dollar has to come out of the general fund for Brown's own dinner and tip. Remember, we have to pay that. Better make it two and a quarter each, Jimmy."

"Not on your life!" protested Murphy. "We all like Brown. We're all for this scheme. But two dollars is too much. Cut out the cup, I say, and go to a cheaper place."

"I know a little restaurant ——" began the young reporter. But he was cut short by the column conductor, demanding: "Who took you there?"

"If we're going to do this thing at all," Otis said, "we ought to do it right—especially as it's for Henry Bell Brown."

"Correct," put in Yoakum, who had not spoken before. "If it's made a real occasion it ought to make him feel good all the rest of his life. Call it two dollars a head, and if it runs over that we'll get the Old Man to dig."

The others chiming in with this, Otis nominated the column conductor and the society editor to serve with him in making the arrangements. Thus, when, in the middle of Brown's final week on the paper, it was decided to inform him that a banquet in his honor was impending, the pleasant duty of giving him this information fell to Bolton's lot.

He caught Brown at noontime in the lower hall of the building.

"There's a plan on foot to give you a little farewell banquet on Saturday night, old man," he said. "The fellows wanted me to let you know so that you wouldn't make any other engagement."

"That's certainly very nice of the boys," said Brown. "Where is it to be held?"

"At Rafaelli's," said Bolton.

"Rafaelli's? Let's see; that's a little table d'hôte place, isn't it?"

"Yes. West Thirteenth Street. Haven't you ever eaten there?"

Brown shook his head.

"I've gotten rather into the way of dining at Sullivan's," he said. "I've often thought of trying some of those little places in the side streets. I suppose I'd have saved a good deal of money if I'd done it."

Somehow, without quite knowing why, Bolton began to feel a little bit apologetic.

"You'll find Rafaelli's pretty fair," he said. "Of course it isn't Sullivan's. That's understood. But we're going to have a private room and a good time just the same."

"Oh, of course," Brown hastened to say. "Naturally you understand I appreciate that it's the spirit of a thing like this that counts—not where you give it or how much it costs."

"Still, it ought to be done right," Bolton said. Then after a moment's hesitation he went on: "The fact is, we could have given the banquet at Sullivan's—we have enough money to do it. But the fellows thought they'd rather go a little easy on the cost of the actual meal and put the extra money into something you can always keep as a souvenir of the occasion."

"That's bully! Do you know what they're planning to get me?"

"A loving cup with an inscription and all our names on it," said Bolton. "But don't let on that you know. It's meant to be a surprise."

"Oh, I'll be surprised," Brown reassured with a smile. "A loving cup will be fine. To get all the names on will take quite a fair-sized cup, too, I should think."

"Yes. It ought to be quite a nice cup."

"As long as you're picking it out," said Brown, "I know it will."

"The cup's not my part of the job," Bolton said. "Jimmy Otis is handling that end of it—the business end."

"Oh," commented Brown. "Well, I'm sorry you're not handling that end, too, old man. Otis is a good chap—a mighty good chap—but I don't know how he is on taste. He certainly doesn't show any in the way he dresses. Has he bought the cup yet?"

"I don't know."

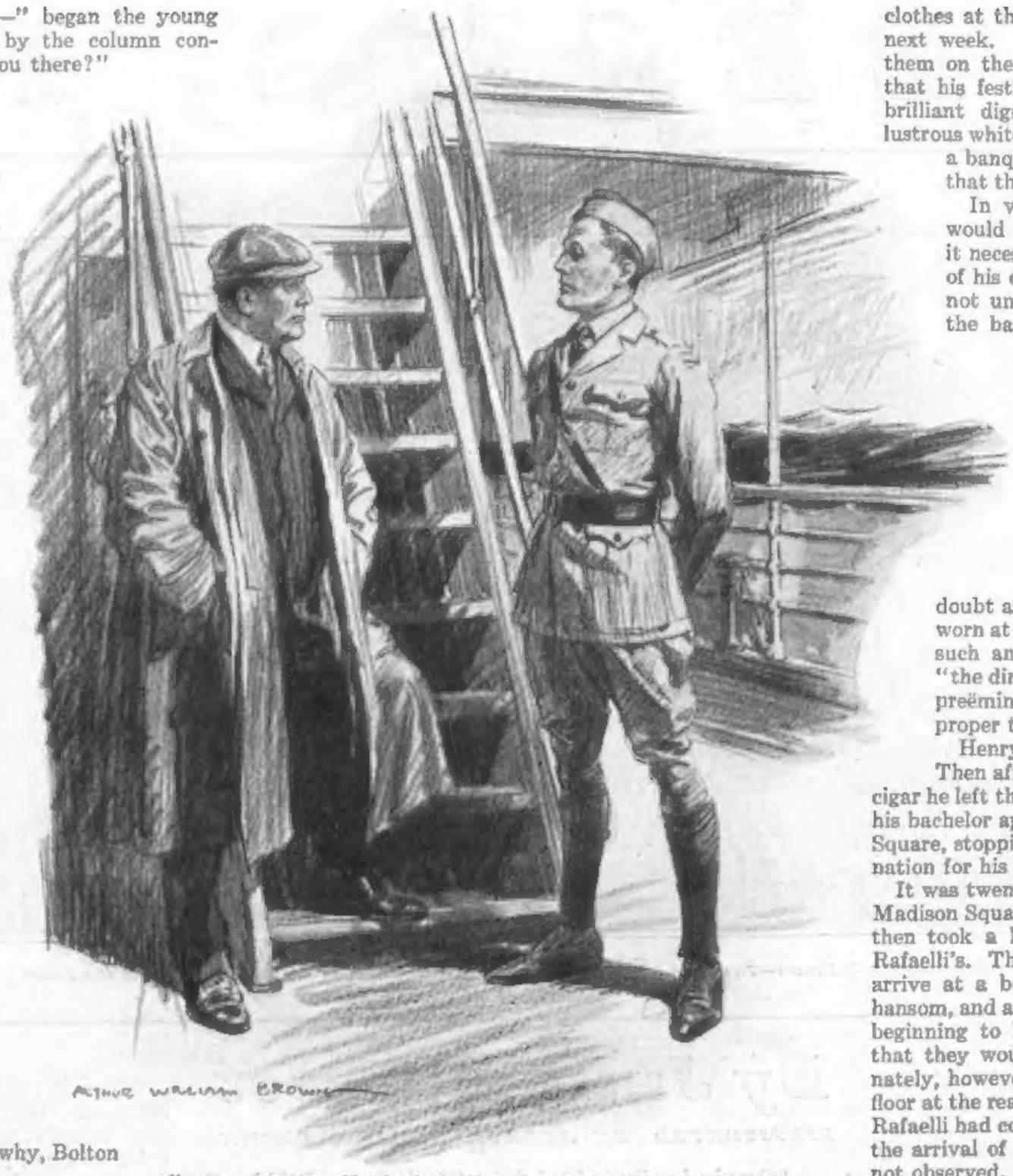
"Well, if he hasn't you might get a chance to put a flea in his ear. Why don't you go with him when he picks it out? What I'm afraid of is that he'll get something too ornate. He'll probably think an ornate cup is handsomer than a simple colonial design. But you try to edge him toward something simple, old man. The simple ones look a lot richer."

"I'll try."

"Not that any cup the fellows give me won't be highly valued," Brown added, "but only that since they are giving it they'd rather it would be just the thing I'd like."

"Naturally."

"How did they come to select Otis to pick out the cup?"



"If You Can Show Me Anybody More Important Than the Doughboy, Not Only on This Ship But in This World, I'd Like to Talk With Him"

"They didn't select him, exactly. He said he'd undertake that part of the job. You see Otis suggested the whole idea of giving you a banquet."

"It was certainly very decent of him," said Brown. "I'll have to thank him personally."

"Then it's all understood," Bolton said. "We'll be looking for you at Rafaelli's next Saturday evening at seven-thirty sharp."

"Righty you are."

Then evidently feeling that a special show of appreciation was in order Henry Bell Brown drew from the breast pocket of his waistcoat three dissimilar cigars—a large thick cigar, a middle-sized cigar, and a small cigar—and inspected them.

"Have a smoke, old man," he said, passing the one of intermediate size to the society editor, while with the other hand he returned the corona and the chica to his pocket.

"Thanks," returned Bolton gratefully as he accepted the gift. "Coming from you, Brown, I know it's a good one too."

"You'll find it all right," Brown returned, nodding. "It's really worth while giving you a good Havana, Bolton, because you're the kind of chap that knows what good tobacco is. That's more than any of the other fellows do. One reason I'll be glad to leave this shop is that I'll be free from the stink of Jimmy Otis' cigarettes."

With this interchange of compliments they parted, each filled with a curious and agreeable feeling of sophistication and importance.

"There's a fellow that's going to win out," thought Bolton as he went up in the elevator.

"With just a bit of help," thought Brown, "that fellow might get along in the world."

II

SO FAR as Henry Bell Brown had been able to ascertain he was one of but three reporters on the Dispatch possessing dress suits, and was alone in the possession of a garment he termed a tuc—meaning a tuxedo—meaning a dinner coat. But whereas in the past he had rejoiced, more or less privately, in this sartorial equipment, as symbolic of the superiority of which he could not help being conscious, he now found himself wishing that every man on the Dispatch staff owned evening clothes of one kind or another. Nor was this wish as generous as might at first appear. He did not care whether the others had evening clothes at that moment or whether they had them next week. His wish was that they should have them on the approaching Saturday night, in order that his festival should present such a picture of brilliant dignity as may be attained only where lustrous white shirt bosoms and silken facings garnish a banquet board. He would have liked to feel that there would be dress suits round him.

In view, however, of the fact that there would not be dress suits round him he found it necessary to ponder considerably the matter of his own attire for the celebration, and it was not until he came to the point of dressing for the banquet that he succeeded in making up his mind what to wear. In doing so he developed a philosophy of dress to which he determined to adhere in future.

"The thing to do," he said to himself, "is always to be dressed correctly, regardless of what others may wear. Let them be wrong if they like; that is not your affair. You be right."

No one who has read a theater program between the acts can be in any doubt as to what is the correct costume to be worn at a banquet attended only by men. "For such an occasion," says the theater program, "the dinner suit, with its air of semiformality, is preëminently, solely and par excellence the proper thing."

Henry Bell Brown therefore donned his tuc. Then after placing in his pocket one single large cigar he left the room-and-bath he was given to calling his bachelor apartment, and walked down to Madison Square, stopping on the way to purchase a white carnation for his buttonhole.

It was twenty minutes past seven when he reached Madison Square. He strolled about for ten minutes, then took a hansom and ordered himself driven to Rafaelli's. That, he felt, was the way a man ought to arrive at a banquet given in his honor—alone in a hansom, and a little late. He could fancy their already beginning to look for him anxiously, and he hoped that they would see him as he drove up. Unfortunately, however, the banquet room was on the second floor at the rear of the old brownstone residence which Rafaelli had converted for his purposes; consequently the arrival of the guest of honor in his equipage was not observed.

Henry Bell Brown looked at the front windows of the little restaurant as he alighted; seeing no one peering out he ordered the cabby to wait, and entered the building. In the hall he paused and drew from his wallet a twenty-dollar bill. Then he ascended to where familiar voices echoing down the stairway from the floor above told him his hosts were gathered.

"Ah, here he is! Here's Brown! Here he is at last!" came the genial chorus of welcome as he appeared.

"Hello, fellows!" he returned. "Will somebody give me change for a twenty?" He held out the bill. "I want to pay my cab."

"A twenty?" exclaimed Otis, making a field glass of his two hands and gazing at the bill. "Nobody here ever saw a twenty before, let alone changing one."

"And for a cab too!" cried one of the young reporters.

Of the entire group only Bolton took the request gravely. Drawing out his own wallet he inspected its contents; then with a shake of the head he said: "I thought I could fix you, but I can't quite make it. Sorry."

"Oh," said Brown turning to the stairs, "then I'll just run down and get it from the cashier."

"Hurry back," someone called after him. "Here come the cocktails."

Near the bottom of the stairway Brown paused, and looking back to see that he was unobserved drew forth his wallet again, put back the twenty-dollar bill, and took out instead a greenback of the denomination of one dollar. After replacing the wallet in his pocket he proceeded to the street and paid the cabman with the dollar bill, receiving back fifty cents in change, out of which he tipped the driver with a dime. Then he went upstairs again.

He felt a little conscious as he took off his overcoat and muffler, revealing the magnificence beneath, for his white shirt bosom shone forth alone in the assembly. Nor was he unprepared for the brief tornado of not unfriendly jeering that ensued, in which he heard himself hailed variously as a waiter, as a sweetums and as Queen of the May. At this jesting he smiled blandly, sipping the while at a cocktail which, it struck him, was rather raw in flavor, having been made, he supposed, of gin of an inferior grade. Of the entire gathering Bolton alone refrained from unseemly comment on his costume.

"I wish I'd known you were going to dress," the society editor said as they seated themselves side by side at the head of the table. "I'd have done it too." Hearing which Brown felt more than ever pleased with himself and with Bolton.

"You've got a mighty good head on you, old man," he said.

And as the evening progressed so did his good opinion of the master of ceremonies. He had always recognized the fact that Bolton wore his clothes with a certain swagger, so that even when the clothes themselves were not of the newest, even when close observation detected cracked cuffs, a shirt ripped in front near the neckband or a necktie becoming fuzzy from long wear—even then, the ensemble was what in those days Brown was wont to term classy; but now he began to see that Bolton possessed social talents that harmonized with his appearance. He presided tactfully, genially and with discretion.

At intervals while the dinner was being served songs which had been prepared for the occasion were rendered to umty-tum accompaniments thumped out on a battered old piano by one of the junior reporters whose touch hinted of very recent college days. Most of the songs were parodies in which the traits of familiar office figures were set forth. Thus, for example, Beman, of the advertising department, who was allowed to attend by reason of his having secured the loving cup at the wholesale price, found himself celebrated in a new version of The Englishman, from Pinafore, running in part as follows:

He might have been a sailor
A bartender or tailor,
Or just a baseball fan,
But in spite of all temptations
To other occupations
He's an advertising man.

So too, though Miss Rosenstein, the alluring secretary to the managing editor, was not present at the banquet, the occasion did not pass without reference being made to the attentions paid her by more than one member of the staff; to the expense attaching to such enterprise; and to the young woman's well-known talent for extricating herself from these affairs not only with a whole heart but oftentimes with profit in the way of loot. The character of the lyric version of this bit of office history, as arranged by the column conductor, to the tune of The Rosary, may be gathered from the first four lines:

The coin I've
spent to win
your heart.
Would buy a
di'mond pin,
so fine;
I count it over
every time we
part—
Miss Rosen-
stein. . . .
Miss Rosen-
stein.

As for Henry Bell Brown—the song sung in his honor was a lament, albeit not without a certain note of ribald criticism, at his departure from the paper. It was set to the tune of We'll Drink the Nut-Brown Ale, and something of its sentiment may be gathered from the last line of the refrain, which was:

What ails old
Brown, the
nut?

The small souvenir edition of the Dispatch, prepared by the facile column conductor, contained the words of the songs, and as the red wine flowed there manifested itself a tendency on the part of the company to eliminate solos and make each song unanimous; and though the most amiably disposed person could not have called the choruses musically harmonious the most crabbed person could not on the other hand have denied that they reflected a harmony of another kind—that of good fellowship.

When the coffee had been served, cigarettes and cigars were passed. The guest of honor accepted one of the cigars, but after inspecting it with a frankly doubting eye laid it on the tablecloth and drew out and lighted the large Havana with which he had had the prescience to fortify himself. Though the cocktails had tasted rather raw and the wine rather acid they had conjointly served their beneficial purpose. More than ever before, perhaps, Henry Bell Brown was feeling worldly, successful, important. He settled back in his chair, blew out a cloud of fragrant smoke and looked about him. Here were more than twenty men gathered to do him honor. Wasn't that proof of his importance? Suppose any one of the others had been leaving the Dispatch—would he have received a testimonial banquet? No. Because none of them had personality. It's personality that gets you somewhere.

Not that this banquet was anything remarkable, at that. From cocktails to coffee you couldn't call the dinner or the drinks either good or bad. Everything was middling. But then, let it be remembered, the dinner and the drinks weren't his affair. Others had provided them. The sole things he had provided were his presence and his own cigar. And both, he felt, were of the best.

"For my part," he announced expansively to Bolton, "I can stand a poor dinner and poor drinks all right if I'm sure of a first-class smoke afterward."

"Well," approved Bolton, not without a show of admiration, "you can afford good cigars, so why shouldn't you have them? Believe me, I'm not going to spend my life slaving for a little bit of a salary on the Dispatch, either. I've got my eye on something that looks pretty good right now; if it goes through, you and I may be doing a little business by this time next year."

"Glad to hear it, old man. Something in the advertising line?"

"More or less. I don't mind telling you just what it is—seeing it's you. Did you ever hear of a society paper called Tittle-Tattle?"

"Seems to me I have."

"Well, they've approached me with a proposition to edit it. I'd have a good deal to do with the business end too. I'm dickering now for stock in the company."

"We might be able to give you some of our business," said Brown with a large air of liberality. "Just let me know if there's anything our corporation can do for you. Anyhow, drop in our offices and see me once in a while. I want to keep in touch with you, Bolton. Besides I'd like to show you the layout we've got up there. It's about the most refined and tasty proposition in the line of office decoration that you'll find in this town or any other. Here's one of my new cards." As he spoke he drew an engraved pasteboard from his wallet and passed it to the other. It was arranged as follows:

SERVICE EFFICIENCY

MR. H. BELL BROWN

REPRESENTING

THE PUBLICITY DIRECTORS OF THE UNITED STATES, INC.

ADVERTISING ENGINEERS

CORNER FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

"Very neat," said Bolton, regarding the card appreciatively before putting it in his pocket. "I'll surely run in on you before long. By the way, I see you're using an initial instead of your first name in full. I like that. Seems to give a name character."

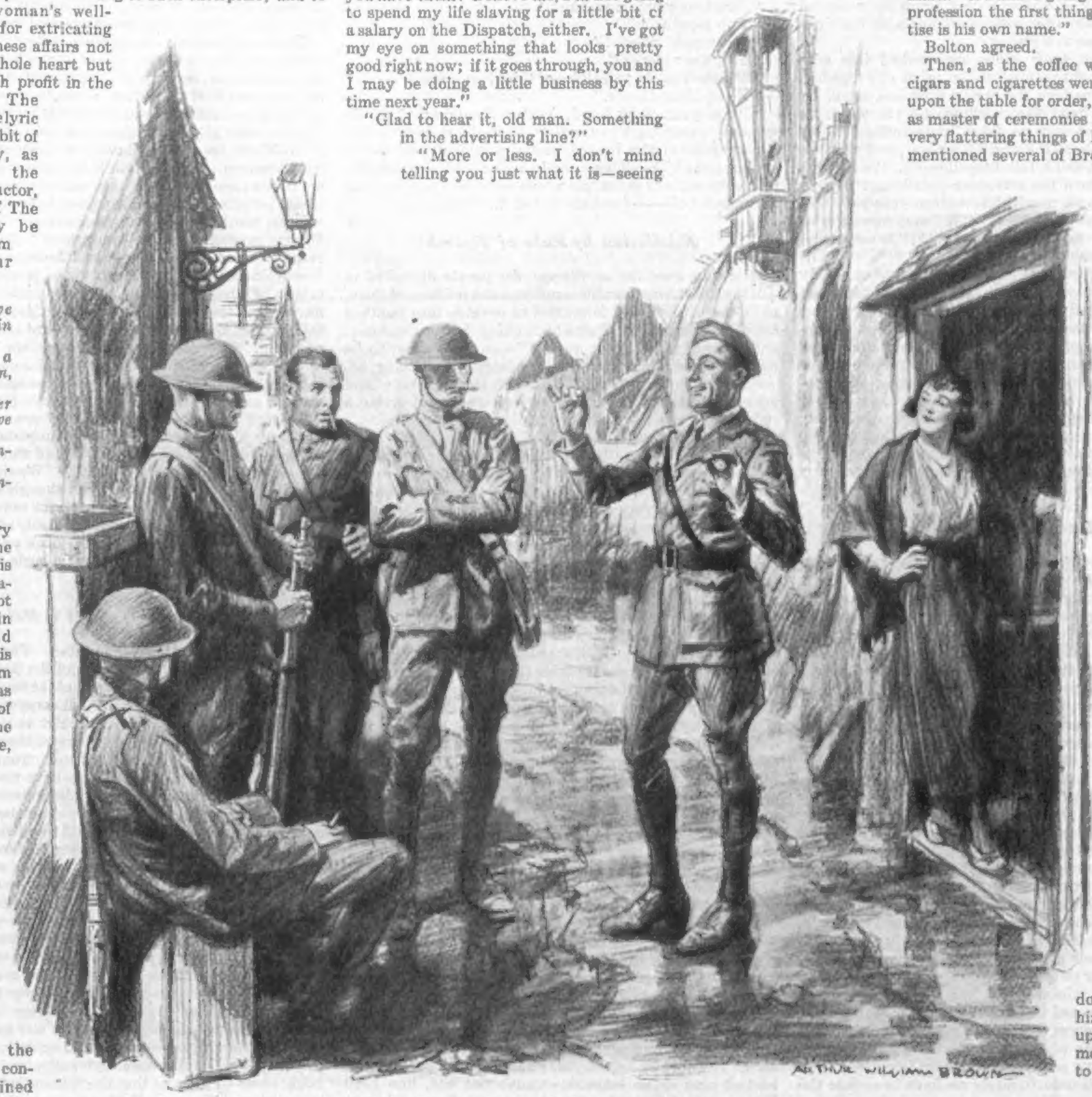
"That's just the idea," Brown said. "As the president of our company says: 'A name's nothing but a trademark.' If a man's going into the advertising profession the first thing for him to advertise is his own name."

Bolton agreed.

Then, as the coffee was drunk and the cigars and cigarettes were alight, he rapped upon the table for order, and in his capacity as master of ceremonies rose and said some very flattering things of H. Bell Brown. He mentioned several of Brown's most notable achievements as a reporter, referred to his ability to "meet big men on their own level," and spoke of the universal high regard in which Brown was, he affirmed, held not only outside the office but within it.

"And now," he finished, "H. Bell Brown is leaving us. It was from the first inevitable. We have all recognized that to a man like him the position of star reporter on the Dispatch could at most be but a stepping-stone to higher achievement. Who could meet H. Bell Brown without realizing at once that the fair goddess of success had put her hall-mark on him? But successful as he is certain to be, affluent as he is assuredly destined to become, we, his fellow workers gathered here to do him honor, ask him, as he looks back upon this happy, this memorable evening, to recollect one thing

(Continued on Page 150)



Brown Was in France Six Months. The Men Really Behaved Very Well When He Spilled Sunbeams on Them

SEVENTEEN-YEAR PEOPLE

By HERBERT QUICK

THIS is locust year in our neighborhood. You doubtless know about the seventeen-year locusts—no, probably you do not; or at least not very much. There are some of them every year, and even those of you who because of your environment think of the earth as a body of land almost completely covered by buildings, with belts or strips of flat surface between them coated with a surface called pavement, must be aware of certain rectangular or irregularly shaped islands named parks, in which there are green things termed grass and trees.

This summer those visiting these parks or the country will hear in the quivering heat of a sunny day a perfect din of high, ear-piercing, long-drawn-out notes which come from the trees. Each bar of this strident song begins with a little explosion of sound, which grows for a few seconds in intensity and then gradually lessens as if the songster had receded to a greater distance, and the rendition finally ends in an adagio movement of snaps and clicks. The whole manner of the performance reminds one of the shrill zing of a powerful but tiny watch, the mainspring of which has broken loose and made the wheels perform in one minute what they are supposed to do in twenty-four or thirty-six hours; and if you happen to live in a part of the country where these insects are numerous, every seventeenth summer you may sigh for the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway or of State and Madison, so as to enjoy comparative quiet.

For the seventeen-year locusts, like some people of whom they remind me—as I shall hereinafter set forth—are noisy. And there is something portentous about them too. Each of them has on each wing a dark figure like a capital "W"—and that stands for war, as anyone with the right sort of faith must see at a glance.

Let us hope that their wings are marked this year according to hindsight instead of the spirit of prophecy. Or better still, let us turn the pretty little insect end for end, and we may read the markings on the wings as capital "M's," which may stand for "moderation," which will almost always keep the world from war, and allow us to enjoy merriment and attain magnificence. We may, as a matter of fact, turn the seventeen-year-locust portent either way, just as we may the seventeen-year people of whom I shall presently speak—the "W" may mean war or wisdom or welfare; and if we call it an "M" it may mean mania or manfulness.

There is nothing unusual in the receipt into our body politic of seventeen-year people. Many seventeen-year people are born of native parents every year. They behave very much like the locusts, which in the egg form are deposited in living twigs of trees and shrubs and after a few weeks hatch out, and letting go all holds tumble to the ground and burrow into it, just as the seventeen-year people bury themselves in society and are lost to view. For seventeen years these insects live in the earth—harmless, forgotten, developing; and on the seventeenth year come forth, filling the air with noise, doing some harm, disturbing the minds of the excitable with their portents of wars and disturbances.

The Most Dangerous Aliens

SO WITH the seventeen-year people. They are the lost, the forgotten, the neglected, the buried-alive. There are five and a half millions of them who cannot read or write the English language, and of several hundreds of thousands of these the ancestors have been living under the Stars and Stripes ever since that banner was designed. Many hundreds of thousands of these who are our disinherited cannot read or write any language. They nourish a blind life in the soil of society just as the locusts do in the ground.

But these do not make up all our seventeen-year people; for they are not of themselves as dangerous as their fellows who read, write and think to malevolent purpose. These are those of whom it may be said that the light that is in them is darkness—and how great is that darkness! Many locust swarms of all these are coming out in these days, and like their humbler brethren of the clod they bear on their wings the mystic mark, they fill the air with noise, and they do some harm. We know that the seventeen-year locusts will never bring calamity; for all the harm they do is to the tender twigs of trees and shrubs which they sliver and split in depositing their eggs, opening the way for the entrance of the infection of diseases. But the seventeen-year people lay their eggs in the minds of other people, especially the tender twigs; and anything which affects the mind is not to be minimized in importance. When the national mind is opened to the entrance of mental blight, fungus and disease germ, and made the home of maggots at the same time, those who make themselves the agents of the process are doing something far more important than creating a din—and unfortunately we have to endure the din also.

These intrusions into and lesions of society must be taken as they come and dealt with as wisdom and enlightenment may dictate, when they are born among us; but for generations we have been importing seventeen-year people, letting them past our customhouses with little or no thought as to whether or not they might turn out pests of society, and with no effort to sift the good from the bad, save in later days, and only a perfunctory observance of certain rules governing the admission of foreigners, which were in the first place designed to prevent only those outrages upon society which were plainly obvious, and in the second place have been administered in the main without any full conception of the real problem to be solved. Immigrants came from most of the countries of the world freely. It was assumed that an Armenian, a Finn, a Hindu, a German, a Swede, a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Montenegrin, a Bosnian, an Italian, a Russian—would all become Americans at the same rate per cent per year; that a stunted Englishman from the East Side of London was as good a man as a yeoman from Kent or Sussex; and that all of them were magically transformed when the gentleman on the bench speaking to the ward heeler in front of it granted the alien naturalization, often at the behest of a party machine, after the following exchange of remarks, the ward heeler being under oath:

"You know this man?"

"I do."

"How long you known him?"

"Two months."

"Make good citizen?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Attached to the principles of this Government, is he?"

"He is, Your Honor."

"Raise your right hand, Mister Foreigner. You do solemnly swear that you will true allegiance bear to the Government of the United States, and that you do renounce and abjure all fealty and allegiance to every foreign prince, power and potentate whatsoever, and especially to the emperor of ——" and the rest of it. "Next!"

Admission by Rule of Thumb

AND thus were the seventeen-year people deposited in the soil of American life—millions and millions of them, to lie out of sight and forgotten, to develop into political locusts with marks on their wings, filling the air with noise, and bearing a "W"—or an "M"—on each wing, to be taken as a warning of war or a prophecy of well-being, according to the taste and fancy of the prophet; and organized society, which is most concerned, not giving a tinker's dam which he becomes.

Now this thing must end!

An immigrant may be a political, economic and sociological blessing; or he may be a deadly poison to the nation which admits him. Our Congress has passed a bill regulating immigration, which may do as a stop-gap while we study the question in a manner that is very uncongressional but that has become necessary. The thing must be gone into from top to bottom. Under the recently passed law we have a very elaborate scheme for stopping immigrants at our ports, and of subjecting the transportation companies to severe penalties for attempting to bring some sorts of them in. We try to stop people with physical and mental diseases, which are rather easily detected, and also to turn back from our shores those who believe certain things. If a man believes that all governments should be destroyed, and it can be proved on him either by his past history or by his own declaration, we reject him; but this does not apply to what he is likely to believe if subjected to perverting conditions after he gets here. If he has come here with bitterness in his heart toward our institutions and is ready to subvert them, we turn him back—if we can prove this political perversion.

But we can't turn him back because he is just naturally of the wrong kind of people for our uses. If he is insane or of a psychopathic temperament we can turn him back. The provisions for turning him back look very formidable and convincing, on paper; but no attempt is made in this law—which is well intended and the result of a great deal of exertion on the part of Congress, including the exertion of passing it over the President's veto—to shut out immigrants on account of what they are sure to become. It strikes at contract labor, and the social evil, and diseased, insane, anarchistic, idiotic and criminal immigration; and these things it reaches through rather effective methods for the easy cases, and perfectly absurd ones for the difficult ones. It would be impossible, I believe, for a good hump-backed man or an estimable clubfooted one, like Lord Byron, to get through; but this clumsy law would not operate against the man with a deformed purpose which he concealed; nor against a Bolshevist well schooled to deny his so-called principles. I imagine that if either Lenine or Trotzky should present himself at Ellis Island as a farmer named Smith, or any European synonym of Smith, with a fairly good set of papers, he would be admitted. The immigrant trained to evade the barriers has a much better chance of getting through than the simple soul who vaguely answers as to views which he would change with six months of prosperity. The seventeen-year people keep coming through. No effort is made, save along very crude lines, to determine whether or not they will come forth after burial in the soil of America with their wings marked for weal or woe, manslaughter or merriment.

This thing, too, must end. We must admit or exclude immigrants from our shores—on account of what they are, to be sure, when they come tainted, but mainly for what they are likely to become. And first, the best thing we can do, for a time at least, is to shut all of them out and stop immigration entirely, until we can see what sort of mad impulses for flight from their own lands will develop as a result of the world war and the burdens laid by it on the peoples of the earth. If there are to be stampedes we should erect barb-wire fences to turn them away from the United States. The migrations of the Huns under Attila ruined Europe—and they were set in motion by hunger, which was caused by war. The peoples are unsettled and many of them are mad. Thank God for the oceans!

Here are a number of families of immigrants coming on the same boat. They are, let us say, Scandinavian, Finnish, Russian, English, Turkish, Chinese and Japanese. How do we deal with them under our present laws?

The Scandinavians are welcome, indeed, for they assimilate freely with American society, forget their old language in a generation, work hard, intermarry with Americans, and become Ole Hansons and Knute Nelsons. They belong to the same racial type as the oldest strains in America. Nothing stands between them and complete Americanization. There are in the country millions of Americans of Scandinavian stock who will help make over the newcomers of the same origin. If they can pass the legal requirements for admission they may come in freely.

Then the Finns present themselves. They are not of Caucasian stock, but are Mongoloids. Racially they belong rather with the Chinese and Japanese than with the blond Scandinavians, though there is mingled in their original Finno-Ugric blood a strong strain of the Scandinavian, and their civilization has been largely derived from the Swedes, their neighbors. They are completely Europeanized. They are excellent farmers, the best of sailors, industrious; and there is no racial repulsion between them and us that will not disappear as soon as they have learned our language and our ways. If legally admissible the Finns come in, though they are not Caucasians. Similarly we let in Tartars and Hungarians, Turks and Syrians and Persians, Mexicans and South Americans, negroes from any tribe of Africans. We do not draw the lines on racial characteristics; but though the Finns make good citizens what should we say to the unrestricted immigration of Turks or Kaffirs, who are freely admissible under our immigration laws provided they can pass the examination? Who knows when they may begin to flock to our shores?

Immigration That is a Net Loss

NOW come the Russian families. The Mennonite of South Dakota, the Dukhobor of the Red River Valley, the rug dealer of Transcaucasia, and the sweat-shop worker of the East Side of New York—all come in as Russians if they can pass that examination. Yet as citizens they are as different as people can be. Some of them will mix with our people, and some of them will not. Some of them have strong racial repulsions, and some have not. I have seen settlements of Russians begin disappearing as separate racial groups in twenty-five years after they came among us; and there are groups which will be as distinct, so far as we can see, after a hundred years as they are now.

The Turks among our typical families come in if they can pass the examination. Yet anyone must admit that any American neighborhood would be socially and politically and in every way cursed by any great influx of Turkish immigrants. Though there are many personally agreeable gentlemen among them, their lower orders would be unendurable. Their immigration is a net loss in the direction of seventeen-year pests. They bear, each one under the place where the turban belongs, an unremitting and hereditary hate for everything our institutions, our beliefs and our history stand for. In an individual Turk in a perfectly ideal environment sympathy and reconcilement might come—I suppose that the Saracen lady reputed to be the mother of Thomas à Becket became a very good citizen

of England. I regard it as probable that Turkish boys removed from the influence of their parents and properly brought up in America would become excellent Americans, just as those Christian boys who a few hundred years ago were taken from their parents and brought up as Mohammedans became good Turks and as Janizaries upheld the Sultan's throne. But I do not think it remotely possible that one Turk in a hundred thousand brought up by his parents under the conditions which in America surround the immigrant so set apart from the throng, could develop into a good American. Yet Turks are admissible, and who knows when the mob may commence?

Now as to the Chinese family, it is excluded, not because it is psychopathic, or harbors revolutionary doctrines, or is diseased, or criminal, or without money, or coming in violation of the contract-labor laws—but just because it is Chinese. And yet in 1880 this nation agreed with China, the treaty being ratified by the Senate, as follows:

> The Government of the United States may regulate, limit or suspend the coming or residence of Chinese laborers, but may not absolutely prohibit it.

Our Chinese family is excluded, however, under one of our hodge-podge laws, passed by the same Senate which ratified the treaty fourteen years before, which declares that "all laws regulating, suspending or prohibiting the coming of Chinese persons are hereby reenacted, extended and continued without modification, limitation or condition."

The treaty says, too, that "Chinese in the United States shall be accorded all the rights, privileges, immunities and exemptions which are accorded to the citizens and subjects of the most favored nation."

Inherent Rights and Powers

TWO years after this treaty was ratified Congress began passing laws denying to Chinese these privileges, immunities and exemptions. The Supreme Court of the United States has so declared, but added that the laws were not, because of this conflict with a treaty, invalid.

"This court," it said, "is not a censor of the morals of the other departments of the Government."

The Chinese family, however, is excluded as Chinese. I believe that the admission of Chinese to this country freely would be a national danger. I am not complaining about the exclusion of the Chinese family which we have before us; but I could wish for more sense of the sort which is miscalled common on the part of State Department and Senate when it comes to fooling away priceless concessions and incurring nameless and unforeseen dangers under most-favored-nation clauses in treaties. I do not desire that if we admit Canadians freely we thereby be required as freely to admit either Mongolians or Poles, Bulgarians, Jugoslavs or Tartars.

Now step forth the representatives of that proud and sensitive nation, Japan. The Japanese family raps for admission, and if they can pass the examinations they are admitted. Why are they admitted and the Chinese excluded? Merely because the Japanese Government insists upon this treatment; and because Japan and the United States are working under a gentlemen's agreement under which Japanese laborers do not come to the United States. It is a gentlemen's agreement, which is kept in a gentlemanly manner. Therefore, as things now go, our Japanese family must be one which, under that gentlemen's agreement, is admissible.

The situation as to the Chinese is undesirable, and nobody can say how soon a Chinese Renaissance may make that people as proud and sensitive as Japan. The Japanese situation is one fraught with vexation and irritation. Japan keeps her agreement faithfully, but she is not satisfied. She strenuously pressed at the Paris Conference for a clause in the League of Nations covenant declaring in general terms for equality of nations without regard to color. She asserts solemnly that she does not ask for freedom of immigration to the United States. She asserted this through Baron Makino at Paris, and her representatives in this country have impressively said the same thing. Yet she is a practical nation, and just what she hoped to accomplish by such a declaration is not clear, unless it meant something with reference to racial intermixture. It certainly meant a declaration in the league covenant which might have been invoked in the future as a league matter, which the diplomats regarded as better out of the great constitution.

Perhaps Japan took this opportunity to make herself the spokesman for the present and future of the races of Asia and Africa—a long look forward for benefits to be reaped when the Koreans have been Japanized in spite of their "revolution of passive resistance"; and when the Chinese have forgotten the taking of the German possessions in China; and when the government of British India has become as independent as the Union of South Africa—in short, when it will be possible to unite the dark races against the white ones. Perhaps her attitude is really one determined by that pride and sensitiveness which could not be satisfied by the place won by her as one of the Big Five. The point here is that she is pressing upon our attention the fact that the Japanese are indignant and exasperated, not because Japanese laborers are excluded—she declares that she does not want them to come here—but at the manner of exclusion or attempts at exclusion and our refusal to naturalize Japanese. The thing is important, very important. It demands attention. It is but a part of the chaos of our relations to the peoples of the world as to the admission of foreigners to the United States.

We refuse naturalization to Japanese and Chinese. We exclude Hindu laborers from coming into the country; but we naturalize Hindus, Tartars, Turks, Mexicans, and South Americans of mixed or Indian or negro blood; Zulus, Hottentots, Kaffirs and Bushmen from Africa. Is it any wonder that the Japanese are able to make something of a case against us? And the case of China would be quite as good if China had the sensitiveness of the Japanese, and an aggressive national policy. The whole thing is a hodge-podge, and must be reexamined from bottom to top.

The pride and sensitiveness of every nation in the world should be saved from irritation at all proper hazards, since friendliness on the part of every nation toward us should be very precious to us all. Enemies never did any nation any good, especially powerful enemies; but the question in the mind of every American is, Whose country is this, anyhow? Let us deal with every nation in a manner which ought not to offend when our purposes are understood, and let us lose no opportunity to make ourselves understood; but let us kindly, tactfully and firmly so order our affairs as to let the world know that we shall claim the right to exclude from the privilege of coming among us anyone on earth whom we wish to exclude. This is our country. We owe no foreigner any duty when it comes to admitting him. Whether or not this nation shall live as a democracy depends on the sort of immigrants admitted, and when it comes to the matter of deciding as to who shall be admitted or excluded we are the sole judges. If the United States makes up its mind that red-haired people shall be excluded it will exclude them. If it decides to admit red-haired, or blue-eyed, or cross-eyed, or bald-headed, or curly-pated people only, it has the right to make that decision and to enforce it. And it has the power as well as the right.

Our National Lack of Tact

IF WE decide that we do not care for the people of any nation among us we have the right to exclude them without giving the reason why. We cannot allow any most-favored-nation clause in any treaty to stand if it requires us to admit people among us who because of their faults or weaknesses or powers, or because of our own faults, weaknesses or powers, will not mix with us and become Americans in every sense of the word. We are quite satisfied that no most-favored-nation clause got into the League of Nations covenant under a general declaration for equality of races.

The Japanese situation as to immigration is one the discussion of which should not be avoided. It should be encouraged. There is nothing mysterious about our attitude toward Japanese and Chinese and Hindu immigration, nothing discreditable to the Japanese, nothing discreditable to us, nothing which full and free discussion ought not to clear up, nothing which we shall recede from under any circumstances. We simply will not admit immigration from those countries freely, no matter what the consequences. The only thing we ought to apologize for is our untactful and skill-less manner of handling the situation. Some of our states have politicians who seek popular acclaim by trying to do by state laws what is already accomplished through agreement. Twisting the lion's tail used to be a favorite amusement in those days when everything evil was in the minds of some attributed to Great Britain; but the lion did not seem to mind. Speech is rather unregulated in the United States, and almost anyone can introduce or have introduced a bill in a state legislature. Offenses have been committed, by reason of these liberties, which should not have been perpetrated; and they are likely to be repeated. Our friends across both oceans must take us as we are and make allowances.

Every man's mouth and pen in the United States belong to him exclusively, and are likely to be used, sometimes greatly to the regret of his fellow citizens, for his own personal and political end and behoof. This nation, too, is made up of nearly half a hundred theoretically sovereign states, each of which has the power to make international trouble without any international

(Continued on Page 145

The End of the Honeymoon

DISOBEDIENTLY MARRIED

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Peggy Was Photographed and Written Up by Society's Professional Gossips

WHENEVER I am confronted by the unexpected I calmly await the event, knowing that, as the cadi remarked, the game is never over until the play is made.

Therefore when Bruce Metford asked me to be best man at his forthcoming marriage to Miss Marguerite Jumel, daughter of a Western family and related in no way to the Jumels of New York, whom they nevertheless referred to as kin, I was merely delighted, amused and curious. I had already met Marguerite Jumel, a modish, sprightly, domineering maid accustomed to command servants and second-rate suitors; and I speculated with hilarity on what sort of common grounds they must have met to reach the betrayal of a mutual devotion.

Physically the two were fair complements—this is complimentary to both—and they probably found in each other's make-up a sufficient variation from the normal to intrigue one another's fancy. Once, however, Metford had set forth for my benefit his conception of wifehood in such unvarying terms that the picture of Marguerite Jumel in that rôle set me laughing.

Metford stopped shaving for an instant and looked at me over his shoulder with an expression that implied, "Now, what the devil is he laughing at?" He explained gruffly: "I should probably have been married anyway two years ago if it hadn't been for the war."

"Why," I protested, "you didn't even know her then."

"That makes no difference. Falling in love isn't so strange or difficult. I should probably have met someone else. My ideals are simple enough."

"You blethering cynic!"

Metford finished his shaving, bathed and dried his face slowly and comfortably.

"There's no cynicism in it at all. You know well enough that I'm not cynical in regard to women. When they're nice I respect them too much; when they're not nice they have too much of a call on my sympathy. I like women, but I'm not a slave to my fancy and my fondness does not upset my ideals. It's a small mind that thinks every man is made for a certain woman and unless the two meet there can be no love. It's obviously a silly notion. Is it necessary to tell you I'm in love with Peggy? I am. She's wonderful! But if she had died before I met her you don't suppose I would have been destined to go through life unloved and unloving, do you?"

"Not you," said I with conviction. "I grasp that. But I can't reconcile your inconsistencies. You've always insisted on a certain demureness as an essential in your wife. Now, mind you, I like Peggy Jumel; but I've known her long enough to know she's not exactly docile. On the contrary I should say she's rather self-willed and assertive."

Metford smiled.

"All women are self-willed; and assertiveness is right enough until the woman learns to blend her will with that of another. That is love."

"It manifests itself strangely," I observed dubiously. "However, I don't say Peggy's a shrew; but she's certainly a spoiled child. I'll wager you don't settle into the quiet manorial style of existence you've always advocated. Peggy's too fresh from the West to be easily weaned from the frothy flavors of the city. Besides, she likes too much to boss men."

"She likes to boss the crowd that runs round after her," said Metford with a touch of asperity. "But, hang it! Suitors and husbands are different creatures."

"Perhaps. And yet manners don't change when once the rule of the roost is established. Peggy won't alter. She bosses her mother, her father, her brothers and every sprightly lad who invites her attention. There's nothing ugly in it, I admit. She does it nicely. But I couldn't stand being bossed the way she makes these larrikins retrieve her gloves and fans and dance obedience to every casually dropped request."

Metford, fully dressed, sat down, lighted a cigarette and eyed me with amused tolerance.

"To think," he observed, "that I have asked you to be my best man! What a felicitous beggar you are! But beyond that, old boy, let me caution you that you're becoming too utterly localized in your philosophy. You're addicted to words. You've drunk too many catch phrases. You talk like a swami soak. Good heavens! Can't you see any difference between a man who dances with a woman and one who marries her? Don't forget that I'm going to be her husband."

"Bless you, Bruce," I cried with benign smugness, "I forget nothing. I'm as keen as though the wedding were mine. I want to see you gain much by it, because I lose much. When it's over and I push off for the long trails again and you're penned up within the narrow confines of matrimony, whom can I have for companion? What new pal will share my luck?"

"My friend," he said sternly, "you're too frivolous. It's a big thing for me. And I expect great happiness out of it."

With this tender thought in mind we went out to dine that evening en famille at the home of the bride-elect. It was a smart residence. The servants had the hoity-toity air of well-paid assistants in a new and paying concern; and the dinner was a futuristic array of food materials with five wines opened according to schedule. The cocktail was good; so I enjoyed myself from the very beginning.

Old Jumel was a lumberman, weather-beaten and mild, who looked to me as though he spent much time apologizing to the servants, explaining privately to his wife and cursing himself quietly and vehemently in strict personal confidence. He was lean and rather small, but there was a quizzical expression in his washed-out blue eyes and humorous possibilities in the cock of his shaggy brows that made your heart warm in sympathy and understanding. At table he was silent, addressing himself thoughtfully to the interesting dishes set before him, only occasionally cocking his eyes like a wise old bird investigating crumbs of conversation that came his way. Mrs. Jumel, his spouse, dominated the board—when Peggy's sparkling observations were interrupted long enough by the demands of her appetite.

She was a large efflorescent woman who beamed with radiant warmth on the socially fit; surveyed with austere tact the hysterical scramblings of her sister climbers; and treated with impregnable and brutal calm the assaults of every pretender. She looked on me with nervous doubt, as one whose place in society was like a breeches buoy, secure but unstable, sometimes on the crest, sometimes in the trough, never long in the same place and known to have been the cause of many an unfortunate mishap. But Metford was becomingly a little god. He was Ulysses, he was the winged youth, he was the good god Brahm—all worked into the one perfect personality. This, I have reason to believe, was one of the few causes of Metford's rare approaches to intoxication.

The board was further graced by two sons, Arthur and Fitz Herbert, ordinary types of college-bred men, enveloped in mild conceits and dropped into the puddles of finance and sport. They were good fellows, capable of signing noble checks, driving motor boats and cars and explaining in punctilious detail what is considered good and bad form according to the rulings of clubdom. Though they had not yet become openly involved in scandals they had assembled most of the materials. Their sister, Marguerite, had probably led them unconsciously into this by her blithe and flippant comments on what a man should be. Innocent girls sometimes exert this influence.

Opposite her at the table was one who had long hoped to give point to her definition of a man, and who in fact had provided her with much inspiration. He was a gentleman, a personage, named Gilbert Maurice, not even distantly related to the general of that name, yet in his knowledge of the world and his wife—particularly the wife—of clothes and clubs and income tax, of dancing teas and things, perhaps better informed than any man she had yet met. Having no regard for the value of tires or cars he was considered a daring driver; having been born to several waiting lists he was looked upon as a clubman of distinction; having inherited some bales of bonds under the unassailable trust of shrewd and narrow-minded lawyers he was spoken of as a young man of financial acumen; and above all being possessed of some good gray matter in his neat little head he was on each correct occasion tame, talkative, tactful. Marguerite was his empress; he was her slave, glorying in the privilege of fetching and carrying, a privilege the unthinking girl never denied him until Metford came, asking, as she supposed, also to be chained to her chariot wheel.

But old Metford had not asked to be chained to her chariot wheel apparently, According to his interpretation he had simply asked her to be his wife. And she, accepting, seemed to have misunderstood.

On occasion she would say as she stepped into her car: "Oh, how stupid! My gloves! I've forgotten them."

But Metford would half turn his head toward Maurice and echo with amusement: "Her gloves! The little lady Marguerite has forgotten them."

"Gloves?" Maurice would echo with interest. "Forgot your gloves, Peggy? Half a second! Ra-ather!" And off he would trot after them. If Maurice were not on hand the chauffeur, muttering vile things to himself, would have to go—but never Metford!

Not until the château stock had been sampled did the diners begin loosening up spiritually to the point where

they realized that after all dinner was a meal and not a function.

Mrs. Jumel let the world know in her most superb manner that she was a woman of large hospitality and infinite jest, despite the quizzical gleam in her husband's wrinkling eyes. Marguerite rose on fluttering wings, dazzling with her charm, her genuine idea of humor, her naïve opinions and her daring assertions. She was woman beguiling, passive, entrancing; woman ascendant, triumphant—all woman and all words! She amazed and delighted me. Metford, speaking seldom, looked at her often with an expression that was a mingling of cheerful pride and somber amusement. The words and opinions of the two women, though echoed prettily and frequently by the others, fully prevailed and dominated.

Little dad said nothing, but he was beginning to feel the wine—the butler after all was a man at heart. And once—only once—the old man snorted scornfully. This was at a remark from Maurice to the effect that in his opinion marriage was an institution not regarded with sufficient seriousness in America. Following this, little dad lost his sense of direction and raked his mustache with a piece of asparagus. His subsequent mental anguish was so palpable that he almost slipped under the table.

Maurice, however, had distinctly scored because his well-considered remark led to a brilliant discussion in the course of which the young lady on my left, screwing up her courage, said simperingly that she thought women didn't sufficiently devote themselves to their husbands. This led to a chorus of "Oh, oh, my dear!" from the ladies and cheerful smirks from the men.

"Why, Frances!" protested Peggy brightly, "you are positively a little traitor! Women are altogether too devoted now. You would think we had no personality; no individuality; no aspirations of our own! Man isn't everything, my dear."

"Peggy!" exclaimed her mother with a proud smile. "What will Bruce think of that?"

Metford had at that moment half closed his eyes the better to appreciate the last sip of his Château Beaurejane as it traversed its destined course; so he had heeded not.

"Oh, Bruce understands, mother!"

Metford's appearance of understanding brought an outburst of merriment from all save little dad, who was looking at him with a curiously mournful expression.

"I don't care, Peggy," said the girl defiantly. "After all, we still say 'obey.'"

"Not I!" laughed Peggy. "Jamais! Jamais!"

I exchanged a glance with my chum; but he merely winked solemnly, mentally smacking his lips, I have no doubt, but apparently unaware of Peggy's declaration of independence. Metford had ideas about wine which he intended to materialize in the wine cellar of the home he contemplated. Dad was still staring lugubriously at Metford so that when the latter caught his eye he felt it incumbent to nod solemnly.

"Nice wine," said Metford. "Good vintage."

"I'd ruther have hootch," said little dad morosely.

Our activities during the following few weeks preceding the wedding were sane and simple. Among other things we went over Metford's old traveling kits, eliminating the torn and battered relics of free and happy days with much reminiscence and expressions of regret. The smell of the stuffy kits, suggestive of hot sun, glittering dust, clinging mud, spicy burrs and stickers, stains of blood and hair that were illustrations of hard adventures, unlocked the spring of my fancy and made me impatient for the wedding to come and go and leave me free of the world again. Metford, I felt, was hopelessly doomed, but doomed happily, embracing the scaffold from which he would dangle all his days.

And yet as he approached it he was cheerfully confident and full of plans, large, gracious and grand. I envied him the life he anticipated, of a country estate, horses, hunting, the fat of the land, friends from far places, glowing windows in winter and blossoming fields in spring and summer, with much laughter and good cheer and the calm devotion of a loving and beloved spouse married as much to her home as to him. I envied him the calm serenity of it all, the depths of the emotions he had plumbed. Yet whenever I heard little Peggy riding roughshod over a groveling and adoring mixed company I shivered with apprehension.

About this time we began to lapse socially. Self-consciously we made our necessary appearance at stated functions, grinning at the elect, repeating with endless iteration our news to old friends and distant relatives who cropped up daily, and praying God to speed things to a conclusion so that we could get out in the open air or back to the safe and sane privacy of our diggings.

But Marguerite and her mother made the dance of the season in becoming style, hopping from one function to another. Peggy was photographed and written up by society's professional gossips and duly mauled about by shopkeepers and needle-women who draped her in expensive raiment and threw spasms of ecstasy to complete each sale. Mrs. Jumel's grand air became positively grandiloquent, and Peggy's vivacity and self-expression approached a point that humbled and frightened me. The brothers too were correctly in evidence on the proper occasions: "Hello, old man. The club to-night?" Or, "Expect we'll see you to-morrow at the Dennises? Boring affairs. Stupid; but they keep things humming, what?"

The only man who still seemed human to us was dad. They had crushed him utterly. Once or twice we encountered him in hiding in the library and drew him; but his audacious soul had long since been rendered emasculate. Occasionally, however, as he talked to me I thought I caught flashes of steel in his eyes; and I received the subtle impression, perhaps conveyed consciously, that in another environment with sufficient provocation to incite him it would be well to consider oneself on guard and to reach quickly. He might once have been a dangerous antagonist; but his spouse had obviously caught him, bewildered him in a maze of culture and propriety, stunned him and humbled him. Less than the dust was he, less than the dust beneath her chariot wheels, though he uttered no complaint and resented nothing save the patronage of the butler, which mystified and perturbed him. Summed up, he paid and she piped the tunes; but she chose the tunes and played willy-nilly.

Acting the part of spectator, with an experience and reputation that kept me temporarily out of the danger into which Metford had fallen, I had long observed little dad and his relations with the family and had been particularly impressed by the significant expression in his eyes as he watched Metford. It was one of admiration, amusement, perplexity and dark and brooding disappointment.

Metford, wholly indifferent to the opinions of others and self-assured to an exasperating degree, took in everything with good-humored tolerance, tinting all with the warm glow of his happiness and hope. To him Peggy was the fairest of sprites, passing through that amazing and glorious period of a woman's life when the mystery of life has ceased to awe and the joy of life still froths and bubbles. To him her present nature seemed but a phase; but I, after regarding the mother and having in mind the expression on little dad's face, had the disturbing impression that it was a habit.

"'When man and maid have agreed,'" I observed, "'what can the cadi do?'"

So I mourned my chum and awaited the event, gloating, I have no doubt, over all the sickening details. But at these even Metford—exasperated and enraged at Mrs. Jumel's sweet slime of adulation and petulant worries—at last lost his self-control.

"Damn these dances and dinners!" he shouted with such unexpected vehemence that I knocked the top off my egg at one stroke and was obliged later to change my waistcoat because of the coffee that had settled thereon. "Lord, you'd think man was created to make an ass of himself! Ever since I confided in that Jumel woman we've done nothing but play monkey—hopping about, grimacing, chattering and picking food off fancy plates. Why the devil didn't I take Peggy and marry her out of hand? This sort of thing is getting on my nerves. They seem to be making the marriage—my marriage—into a kind of circus."

"Bruce!" I protested mildly. "You started it. I too suffer; and I'm blameless!"

"Let's get out of it for a week."

"Done!" I cried.

So we went down the Chesapeake in a sharpie and had a wonderful time fishing for red drum. We missed nothing and the world wagged on without us. Metford was a bit concerned over the ordeal through which he believed Peggy was passing. He had a spasm of remorse at the thought of us escaping to freedom while she was obliged to remain behind and suffer.

"Suffer nothing!" I said. "She likes it as well as her mother."

"No, you're wrong," said Metford with the solemn idiocy of a man when he imagines he understands a particular woman. "She has no more illusions about city life than you or I. She's got social talent, that's all."

I swallowed hard and said nothing; but at the end of the week we hurried back to town. Metford's mind had gone back to it and as the day of the wedding was close at hand he thought it right and proper and blissful to rush to meet his fate. There were very few preparations for us to make.

We let the brothers engineer the bachelor dinner, which came off at the top of form. Besides this there was really little to attend to. Since Metford and I were always ready for whatever wind or tide that turned there was hardly anything to change in his outfit. When the day arrived we got into my car and bowled round to the church five minutes before the scheduled time and waited in the vestry. *(Continued on Page 98)*

Whenever I Heard Little Peggy Riding Roughshod Over a Groveling and Adoring Mixed Company I Shivered With Apprehension

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

HAVING disported ourselves in and about Paris, next in order comes a journey to the south of France—that is, to the Riviera—by geography the main circle of the Mediterranean Sea; by proclamation Cannes, Nice and Mentone; by actual fact and count, Monte Carlo—even the swells adopting a certain hypocrisy as due to virtue.

Whilst Monte Carlo is chiefly, I might say exclusively, identified in the general mind with gambling, and was indeed at the outset but a gambling resort, it long ago outgrew the limits of the Casino, becoming a very Mecca of the world of fashion and sport. Half the ruling sovereigns of Europe and all the leaders of European swelldom, the more prosperous of the demimondaine, and no end of the merely rich of every land congregate there and thereabout. At the top of the season the show of opulence and impudence is bewildering.

The little principality of Monaco is hardly bigger than the Cabbage Patch of the renowned Mrs. Wiggs. It is, however, more happily situate. Nestled under the heights of La Condamine and Tête de Chien and looking across a sheltered bay upon the wide and blue Mediterranean, it has better protection against the winds of the north than Nice, or Cannes, or Mentone. It is an appanage—in point of fact, the only estate—remaining to the once powerful Grimaldi family.

In the early days of land piracy Old Man Grimaldi held his own with Old Man Hohenzollern and Old Man Hapsburg. The Savoys and the Bourbons were kith and kin. But in the long run of freebooting the Grimaldis did not keep up with the procession. How they retained even this remnant of inherited brigandage and self-appointed royalty I do not know. They are here under leave of the Powers and the especial protection, strange to say, of the French Republic.

Something over fifty years ago, being hard up for cash, the Grimaldi of the period fell under the wiles of an ingenious Alsatian gambler, Guerlac by name, who foresaw that Baden-Baden and Homburg were approaching their finish and that the sports must look elsewhere for their living, the idle rich for their sport. This tiny *enclave* in French territory presented many advantages over the German dukedoms. It was an independent sovereignty, issuing its own coins and postage stamps. It was in proud possession of a half dozen policemen which it called its army. It was paradisaic in beauty and climate. Its ruler was as poor as Job's turkey, but by no means as proud as Lucifer. The bargain was struck. The gambler smote the rock of Monte Carlo as with a wand of enchantment and a stream of plenty burst forth. The mountain side responded to the touch. It chortled in its glee and blossomed as the rose.

II

THE region known as the Riviera comprises, as I have said, the whole land circle of the Mediterranean Sea. But as generally written and understood it stands for the short line between Marseilles and Genoa. The two cities are connected by the Corniche Road—built by the first Napoleon, who learned the need of it when he made his Italian campaign—and the modern railway, the distance 260 miles; two-thirds of the way through France, the residue through Italy, and all of it surpassing fine.

The climate is very like that of Southern Florida. But as in Florida they have the nor'westers and the nor'easters, on the Riviera they have the mistral. In Europe there is no perfect winter weather north of Spain, as in the United States none north of Cuba.

I have often thought that Havana might be made a dangerous rival of Monte Carlo under the one-man power exercising its despotism with benignant intelligence and spending its income honestly upon the development of both the city and the island. The motley populace would probably be none the worse for it. The government could upon a liberal tariff collect not less than thirty-five millions of annual revenue. Twenty-five of these millions would suffice for its own support. Ten millions a year laid out upon harbors, roadways and internal improvements in general would within ten years make the Queen of the Antilles the garden spot and playground of Christendom. They would build a casino to outshine even the architectural miracles of Charles Garnier. Then would Havana put Cairo out of business and give the Prince of Monaco a run for his money.

With the opening of every Monte Carlo season the newspapers used to tell of the colossal winnings of purely imaginary players. Sometimes the favored child of chance was a Russian, sometimes an Englishman, sometimes an American. He was usually a myth, of course. As Mrs. Drig observed to Mrs. Gamp, "There never was no sich a person."

III

CHARLES GARNIER, the Parisian architect, came and built the Casino—next to the Library of Congress at Washington and the Grand Opera House at Paris the most beautiful building in the world—with incomparable gardens and commanding esplanades to set it off and display it. Round it palatial hotels and private mansions and villas sprang into existence. Within it a gold-making wheel of fortune fabricated the wherewithal. Old Man Grimaldi in his wildest dreams of land piracy—even Old Man Hohenzollern or Old Man Hapsburg—never conceived the like.

There is no poverty, no want, no taxes—not any sign of dilapidation or squalor anywhere in the principality of Monaco. Yet the people, so called, have been known to lapse into a state of discontent. They sometimes yearned for freedom; too well fed and cared for, too rid of dirt and debt, too flourishing—they riz. Prosperity grew monotonous. They even had the nerve to demand a constitution.

The reigning Prince was what Yellowplush would call "a scientific gent." His son and heir, however, had not his head in the clouds, being in point of fact of the earthy, and, of consequence, more popular than his father. He came down from the castle on the hill to the market place in the town, and says he: "What do you galoots want, anyhow?"

First, their rights. Then a change in the commander in chief of the army, which had grown from six to sixteen. Finally, a board of aldermen and a common council.

"Is that all?" says His Royal Highness. They said it was. "Then," says he, "take it, *mes enfants*, and bless you!"

So all went well again. The toy sovereignty began to rattle round in its own conceit, the people regarded themselves and wished to be regarded as a chartered democracy. The little gimcrack economic system experienced the joys of reform. A new nationalism was established in the brewery down by the railway station and a reciprocity treaty was negotiated between the Casino and Vanity Fair, witnessing the introduction of two roulette tables and an extra brazier for cigar stumps.

But the Prince of Monaco stood on one point. He would have no Committee on Credentials in his. He told me once that he had heard of Tom Reed and Champ Clark and Uncle Joe Cannon, but that he preferred Uncle Joe. He would and he did name his own committees, both in the board of aldermen and the common council. Thus, for the time being, insurgency was quelled. And once more serenely sat the castle on the hill hard by the cathedral. Calmly again flowered the waters in the harbor. More and more the autos honked outside the Casino. Within, "the little ball ever goes merrily round," and according to the croupiers and the society reporters "the gentleman wins and the poor gambler loses"!

IV

TO ILLUSTRATE, I recall when on a certain season the lucky sport of print and fancy was an Englishman. In one of those farragos of stupidity and inaccuracy which are syndicated and sent from abroad to America I found the following, of a piece with the stuff and nonsense habitually worked off on the American press as foreign correspondence:

"Now and then the newspapers report authentic instances of large sums having been won at the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. One of the most fortunate players at Monte Carlo for a long time past has been a Mr. Darnbrough, an Englishman, whose remarkable run of luck has furnished the morsels of gossip in the capitals of Continental Europe recently.

"If reports are true he left the place with the snug sum of more than 1,000,000 francs to the good as the result of a month's play. But this, I hear, did not represent all of Mr. Darnbrough's winnings. The story goes that on the opening day of his play he staked 24,000 francs, winning all along the line. Emboldened by his success he continued playing, winning again and again with marvelous luck. At one period, it is said, his credit balance amounted to no less than 1,850,000 francs; but from that moment Dame Fortune ceased to smile upon him. He lost steadily from 200,000 to 300,000 francs a day, until, recognizing that luck had turned against him, he had sufficient strength of will to turn his back on the tables and strike for home with the very substantial winnings that still remained.

"On another occasion a well-known London stock broker walked off with little short of £40,000. This remarkable performance occasioned no small amount of excitement in the gambling rooms, as such an unusual incident does invariably.

Colonel Watterson's Villa at Monte Carlo

(Concluded on Page 149)

THE TRAGEDY OF ODESSA

Field Headquarters on the Russian Front at Odessa. Russian Officers and American Military Attaché—Colonel [illegible]—Examining the Map While Listening Through Telephones to Reports From Front Line, 800 Yards Away

Above—Algerian French Troops Near Odessa

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IF WE only knew what the Allies intend to do!"

This is the exclamation, the plaint one hears at every turn. I began to hear it first in Hungary, then in Bukharest. The people in this part of the world are living in a torment of uncertainty and fear, and all eyes are turned toward the waves of red terror that have rolled across Russia and are breaking now on the borders of the middle countries.

There is a Peace Conference sitting in Paris, but nobody here seems to think or to care anything about it. It is as though Paris were a million miles away and as though all the solemn deliberations that are going forward there were mere vaporings about a world with which this world had nothing to do. The Bolshevik horror is the only interest.

"If we only knew what the Allies intend to do!" But in connection with the situation in Russia have the Allies any intentions at all? Up to the time that this is written they have done nothing but fan the flames of anarchy by unwise interference.

The French expedition into South Russia was undertaken in a spirit that has resulted in a calamity which defeats the French intention for all time. This intention appears to have been not so much to combat Bolshevism as to establish a "sphere of influence." We begin to hear again that fragrant phrase. I always thought it was applicable only to the partitioning of China. The French were thinking in terms of future commercial advantage and insisted upon being permitted to assume undivided command in all the territories north of the Black Sea.

The Importance of South Russia

CASUALLY to indicate the spirit which animates the Allies in the east I may say that the French always refer to the other end of the Black Sea as the British sphere of influence, and talk quite as much about the interests they have traded off for other interests as about settling under just governments and in peaceful pursuits the peoples redeemed from social degradation by the valor of their arms. Meanwhile the British have kept their hands off in the north, but with the real condition of affairs in view have from the outset suggested the wisdom of sending a sufficient Allied force to that territory really to hold it against the inevitable Bolshevik onslaught. Throughout these regions there exists the most delightful atmosphere of brotherly love, mutual trust and nobility of purpose that I have ever encountered. It must fill our frankly predatory German enemies with unholy joy.

South Russia is one of the richest countries on earth, and the great city of Odessa is the outlet to the world for the wealth of the boundless regions behind it. Its importance as a port and base of operations cannot be exaggerated, and save for the Crimea in this part of the once vast Empire it was the last ditch of Russian order and decency.

We knew in Bukharest, without really knowing, that the situation was very grave. That is, we talked about Odessa as a city doomed, yet more or less accepted the French opinion that it could be held indefinitely. In any case I thought there would be time for me to go up and see for myself what was going on. A few persons advised me not to attempt this, saying it was far too dangerous, but many others assured me that I should be perfectly safe.

Among these was General Berthelot, chief of the French Mission in Rumania, who gave me a military pass and commended me to the distinguished consideration of all French officers on the route from Bukharest to Odessa and return. General Berthelot had predicted and advised the evacuation of Odessa, but he stood alone in his view of the situation and had been warned not to question the judgment of Clémenceau and his own superior officers. And even he did not believe that a débâcle was imminent.

General Franchet d'Esperey, with headquarters at Constantinople, is commander in chief of all French expeditions in the east, and while I was hesitating in Rumania listening to rumors and denials of rumors he was telling Admiral Bristol, in command of the American naval detachment in the Bosporus, that the military situation at Odessa was most satisfactory. I did not learn this until afterward, but it is an important small part of the extraordinary story and I should like now to know who was advising General Franchet d'Esperey and from what sources the authorities in Paris were drawing their information. In view of what has so swiftly occurred the confidence of the authorities is inexplicable. Yet more inexplicable still was the apparent confidence up to the last moment of the men in Odessa itself; though I think they were not confident, but were merely obeying orders and awaiting the fulfillment of promises of support.

I went down to Constantza and was taken aboard a French troopship. She was carrying a cargo of munitions and a battalion of French colonials, together with a labor corps of prisoners of war—the most villainous-looking, ragged and bedraggled Turks I ever laid eyes on. The scene on the dock made me wonder if I had dreamed that the war was over and had waked up suddenly to find that it was not. There was all the familiar fascination of the confusion and rush and grinding labor of army transport; there were the usual piles and pyramids of war materials; obstinate mules and frightened horses going aboard ship; motor lorries and ambulances; guns and caissons; ammunition carts and field kitchens, and men in uniform coming and going in seemingly endless lines.

I thought to myself: "Those who are finding it difficult to settle down into the humdrum of peace would do well to pack up their old kit bags and come along out here. There is no peace in this part of the world."

It was a filthy old tub such as one might expect to find plying between Black Sea ports, and I was thankful that the voyage was not a long one. It would take twenty-seven hours, however, to reach Odessa, and there was a night to be endured in a cabin that was entirely bare save for a cot bed and a very soiled mattress. The ship had been captured once by the Bolsheviks and they had stripped it of linen, curtains, carpets, mirrors, woodwork and furniture. There were gaping spaces on the walls where mirrors were once set in, and in the dining saloon and smoking room there were empty frames that had once held the portraits of members of the Russian imperial family. It had been a Russian ship.

A Voyage Through the Mine Fields

BUT never mind. The hull was sound and the engines were good. We should reach our destination. There were several French officers on board and two or three Greeks, and for my benefit they talked a good deal about the miles of mine fields that line the coasts of the Black Sea and the dread possibility that some of the death traps might have broken loose and floated across our course. Then to add to my serenity the captain showed me the charts, on which the mined areas were indicated in diagonal shadings. Little arrows pointed the way between them along channels so narrow and so devious that it seemed to me quite impossible that any ship could find its way through them in safety. At the base of the great field which lies across the harbor of Odessa we passed an anchored lightship, and from that point we steamed very slowly and cautiously until we came up into the clear waters along the coast.

Someone has written somewhere that the three most splendidly located cities in the world are Naples, Constantinople and Odessa. I cannot think of any finer sites, but to bracket Odessa with Constantinople and Naples is to be somewhat too enthusiastic about Odessa perhaps and not sufficiently appreciative of the unique grandeurs of the other cities.

Yet Odessa is magnificent. It lines a far-flung curve round a glorious bay and rises at its center in massed and many-domed architectural solidity to the crest of a precipitous cliff. It is golden yellow in the sunlight, with gleams here and there of Persian blue and riotous combinations of color in touches of Byzantine decoration. The hills that slope down to the water's edge are terraced and laid out in attractive gardens, and along the top of the cliff lies a broad tree-shaded esplanade where the population gathers daily in great throngs to stroll up and down or to sit on the

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The Investor's New Arabian Nights

WRITTEN ON THE CUFF

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE Reverend Amos Adams was a man of fine presence, much respected—a good citizen, concerned in all good causes. For eight years he had been the pastor of the Presbyterian church. On Monday at about eleven o'clock in the morning he entered the First National Bank to make his periodical payment upon his Liberty Bonds—a duty which he performed with scrupulous punctuality, if for nothing else than the example naturally to be expected from a man in his position. He had completed his payments and was turning away from the Liberty Bond window when he was surprised to see before him on the floor what seemed to be a paper of value. Bending down he picked it up and discovered it to be an engraved security—a certificate of stock for a very considerable sum in a stock company with whose name he was unfamiliar. Straightening himself up he looked about the corridor of the bank and saw that, curiously enough, he was the only person at that moment in it.

He then recalled having noticed just before an uncommonly well dressed and prosperous looking man, who was a stranger to him, but whom he had remarked standing beside him, evidently readjusting documents and papers in his inner pocket. Recalling this he turned quickly—just in time to see the shoulder of the stranger disappearing from in front of the plate-glass window of the bank. He then following the natural impulse hurried out to ascertain if the stock was this man's property.

The stranger walked briskly and the Reverend Mr. Adams was no longer a light man, nor in the first of youth, and before he had finally overtaken and hailed him the man he followed was in front of the New Occidental Hotel and apparently about to turn into it.

"My dear sir—pardon me—but have you missed anything?" inquired Mr. Adams in the somewhat jolty utterance of a man well out of breath.

He Was Very Clearly in a Much Less Friendly and More Distant Mood

"Good Lord," replied the man accosted, after fumbling in his coat, "I should say I had!"

"Will you please describe it?" said Mr. Adams with proper caution.

"I will—yes," replied the other in a definite and very businesslike voice. "It was a certificate for one thousand shares of the Sterling Agricultural and Chemical Company, valued at ten thousand dollars."

"It is evidently yours," said the Reverend Mr. Adams with a smile—presenting it. "Oh, no," he said when the other started thanking him. "It is nothing. I am very glad that I was there, and not someone to whom your security might have been a temptation. Oh, no," he continued when the other pressed his thanks and even an offer of a considerable reward upon him. "Nothing of that kind. Only in the future take a stranger's advice and be more careful of your valuable papers."

But the other was not to be put off in this way. "I cannot let you go like this," he said. "You have done me a great service, and I am certainly going to reciprocate in some way."

And he then told him who he was—a Mr. Holeman, of New York, in town for a day or two on business.

"I am here in your local hotel," he said, "from now on to-day alone, waiting on a business matter without one earthly thing to do. At least," he said, "you might do this much for me—if you have the leisure; you might let me make your acquaintance and entertain you at dinner. We might have matters of common interest which we could exchange with one another to advantage. Who knows?"

This presentation of the case, as it chanced, appealed to Mr. Adams in a peculiar way. For it was a principle and even an axiom with him that one should take every possible opportunity to broaden one's point of view. This Mr. Holeman was very clearly a man of substance—a typical New York man of business evidently, very carefully and modishly dressed, who would bring to him an outlook upon life entirely different from his own. And having on Monday morning nothing immediate to do he finally yielded to his importunity and agreed to accompany Mr. Holeman to his room for a time—though not for dinner.

The talk in the room of Mr. Holeman led from this to that, and it appeared that though for many years a resident of New York Mr. Holeman had lived as a boy in a smaller town not far from there, where his father—curiously enough a Methodist minister—had been stationed for a short time in Mr. Holeman's boyhood.

"You may have known of him," said Mr. Holeman, speaking his father's name.

"That was before my time," Mr. Adams answered. "But I think I may have heard him mentioned."

"Even that," said Mr. Holeman, "I could scarcely on second thought have expected. It was in fact a long time ago—though it seems to me but yesterday. But it left a lasting impression on me—in more ways than one. For it was not an easy life in those days. I know," he went on with a short reminiscent laugh, "what it means to be a minister—even more than you—from the financial standpoint. For the town and church were both smaller than yours. I have the hard knowledge acquired by my poor old dad," he said with feeling. "I know the salary he worked for. And I honor him and every other man who hears the call to put financial considerations behind him and enter the Christian ministry."

"Though you evidently did not hear the call yourself," said Mr. Adams quizzically—for he now felt quite well acquainted—"to enter on that straight and narrow financial way."

"No," said Mr. Holeman frankly, "I did not. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had. Instead I went down to New York—and into business; and finally after some years of hard work became a member of the firm of Holeman & Barker, bankers—whose name," he said, "is perhaps familiar to you through the press."

"Yes, I think that I have seen it," replied Mr. Adams, who though not an investor fortunately remembered having seen that name in the advertising columns. So this, he thought, was the senior member of that widely known firm and he observed him with an increased interest.

He was obviously a man of property—a typical successful New York businessman. He would have known this without special information. For his whole manner indicated it, and his dress. And Mr. Adams noted in particular the care and sharpness with which his trousers were pressed—a characteristic which he had come to feel marked quite generally the New York man of business from those of other districts.

Mr. Adams found Mr. Holeman in fact most interesting and well-informed—with many interests common to himself. And finally at his continued solicitation he telephoned his wife and accepted Mr. Holeman's invitation to share his hotel dinner.

It was then that the subject of Liberty Bond flotations and their effect upon the national character and habit of thrift was introduced by a remark of Mr. Holeman's.

"I observed," he said, "that you were doing your duty this morning."

"In what respect?" inquired Mr. Adams.

"You were making, were you not, your partial payment for your subscription when I first saw you in the bank?"

Mr. Adams of course remembered. And following that Mr. Holeman spoke at length and with much enthusiasm on the subject of our national loans—drawing on his own large fund of observation and experience in doing so.

"In my opinion," he said, "these loans and the methods adopted through the coöperation of our banking houses for their buyers' partial payments on them constitute the greatest single financial advance of our time. We Americans," he said, "are often called, as you are aware, the most extravagant nation in the world. But in this plan—I refer now especially to these partial payments—we have in my opinion fallen upon a great invention—a genuine discovery, which in its place will have an influence not less widely felt than that of the telegraph and telephone. For we have in it at last the means of saving and gathering capital which, covering the whole country, will prove the salvation of both the individual and the nation."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Adams, "from cases I can see right here in this town."

"And it is not only a device for saving capital," went on Mr. Holeman with continuing enthusiasm. "It is still more than that; it will tend to a large extent to eliminate the great and absolute destruction which now goes on of our capital when it is once saved. I am, as I have informed you, in the banking business in New York, and have been for many years. And you would be surprised if I should tell you of the fraudulent schemes by which the people are relieved of their hard-earned savings by financial swindlers in these great cities. Mechanics, working women and young clerks by the thousands—and tens of thousands

"Come On Now, None of That! Come Through Now! You Will if You Know What's Good for You"

literally—lose their all in schemes of devilish ingenuity which these men put out." And he instanced several of them, pointing out the tricks that were played. "Oh, you cannot be too careful to-day," he said, "about where you place your money."

"I imagine not," said Mr. Adams.

"And that is why I say," said Mr. Holeman, "that this education which our public is now receiving in investment is the grandest single movement of its kind in our day. It is a godsend," he said; "an innovation second to none of its kind, and its effect on this nation may be said to go far toward justifying the huge financial cost of this war. For it has at once taught us a lesson of thrift in the nation and given us a new method for gathering together the capital of this country to the safety and satisfaction of both the saver and the banker."

"I think I see your point exactly," said Mr. Adams.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Holeman with increased conviction; "I think so much of it personally that I don't mind telling you that I have introduced it as a permanent feature—and a very important one, I may add—in my banking institution."

"Introduced it?" queried Mr. Adams.

"The plan of partial payments," Mr. Holeman explained, "at stated intervals—fashioned on the general plan of your payments on your Liberty Bonds, which has now become so universally familiar."

And at Mr. Adams' solicitation he then elaborated his description of his new financial department in detail.

"The idea is very simple," he said, "and indeed has been in operation by highly respectable houses some years even before the war—but on a much less widely extended scale than now. It should be used, I need not tell you, only for the purchase of high-grade seasoned stocks and bonds, which the buyers know to be sound and strong."

"Such as I, for example," said Mr. Adams playfully, "could be trusted to pick out unerringly through my thorough knowledge of finance."

"Or in case," continued Mr. Holeman with an appreciative smile, "of lack of knowledge of the market by the investor—as, of course, is usually the fact—he acts naturally under the advice of some strong and reputable firm, such as that which I am fortunate enough to be connected with. The partial-payment plan," he went on explaining, "is really simplicity itself. A stock—or, better, a series of stocks—is agreed upon when they are believed to be low in price—for stocks, of course, run up and down in price the same as groceries—only much more so! This being done the buyer then pays down twenty per cent to his financial institution, and following this a certain percentage, quite generally five per cent of the remainder each month. In this way in less than two years' time the stock becomes his with small effort on his part; he has an interest return much above that paid by savings banks; and often, if well advised, with a substantial profit in addition. And all in absolute safety! In fact, for the first time perhaps in history this plan allows the smaller investor to make his investments in the stocks and bonds of this country with the same safety and certainty of profit which, as everybody knows, the very rich of the United States now alone enjoy."

"Is that really so?" asked Mr. Adams, now watching him closely.

"But this is shop talk," said Mr. Holeman, stopping abruptly. "It may not interest you. It is merely one of my personal enthusiasms."

"On the contrary," answered Mr. Adams, "it interests me very greatly." And he proceeded to ask many questions about the safeguarding of this form of investing.

"There is where you touch me," said Mr. Holeman. "Safety is my middle name, as the saying goes. I am a shark when it comes to safety in investment."

And he laughed with evident relish—apparently reminiscently.

"Safe?" he said. "The very safety of the thing has made us endless trouble. For it is so safe that we have had great difficulty in keeping away the undesirable accounts—the accounts of pure stock gamblers, for which our house has never catered. You are familiar, of course, with that great source of national loss—the buying of stocks upon margin with the hope of making great and sudden gains; and how quickly and almost certainly in the long run the gamblers' equity will be wiped out by changes in the stock market. But this new plan of partial payment—as the gambler, always on the alert, has been quick to see—offers precisely the same possibilities for great gains as margin buying, with absolutely no possibility of the loss of your stock; and this for the simple reason that under agreement the banker himself must finance and hold the stock for the buyer, so long as the buyer keeps his agreement and pays up his small monthly installments.

"Oh, some of these men, these gamblers, have made tremendous gains in this way—for their investment. Tremendous!" exclaimed Mr. Holeman. "And especially lately." And he instanced several by name, with profits which seemed to Mr. Adams—as much as he read the newspapers—most extraordinary.

"The savings of the average man's lifetime," said Mr. Holeman.

"Much—much more!" responded Mr. Adams, now grown very thoughtful.

He Felt That He Could Certainly be Trusted to View the Situation Without Jeopardising Either His Own Chances or Those of the Government

"And as safe for the banker as the customer," continued Mr. Holeman.

"Is that so?" replied his hearer, a little absent-mindedly.

"Yes. For the banker gets good interest on his money, and buying for all types and opinions of men, all kinds of stocks—one stock he holds will go up while another falls—as during the recent war. And then one man will buy while another sells. And so for the banker the losses and gains are equalized, and nothing short of universal catastrophe would affect him—in which case he would probably go anyway. Oh, it is a good thing for the banker—he sees to that!" said Mr. Holeman jocularly.

His hearer made no answer, but still sat thinking.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Holeman then—struck evidently by a sudden impulse.

"What?" asked Mr. Adams after some waiting.

"I tell you what I am going to do," the banker answered him. "Here's where I get back at you, in spite of yourself," and he laughed.

"How?"

"And better still at no cost to myself," said Mr. Holeman, and laughed again.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Adams.

"Yes, sir," replied his acquaintance with decision. "That's what I'll do. The market in my opinion is particularly favorable now. There is absolutely no risk of loss in entering it—and a chance of gain, following this war, such as we may never see again. So I shall do this: I am going to give you a practical demonstration of the workings of this new plan; and at the same time get back at you in a small way for what you have just done for me. I told you I should do this, and I shall. And a small recognition, too, considering what you have done for me. And at the same time at no cost, absolutely, to me. For stocks certainly cannot fall now, and in my opinion must certainly soon rise—in which case you would certainly enjoy their rising."

"What is this," asked Mr. Adams, interested naturally for a further explanation, "that you propose to do for me?"

"I shall carry you for a small sum—on our partial-payment plan, with a few sound stocks, upon our credit"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Adams quickly. "I could not think of that."

"It will involve nothing on your part," insisted Mr. Holeman. "No risk—not even the use of your name."

"I appreciate that," Mr. Adams answered. "And I appreciate, too, your generosity. But that is not it. I could not consent to such an arrangement—much as I thank you for offering it."

"It is a thing often done, I assure you," argued Mr. Holeman, "especially for political friends."

"All the more reason," said Mr. Adams firmly, "why I should not do it."

"But it would be merely," persisted Mr. Holeman still, "for a nominal sum."

"That is not it," said Mr. Adams still more definitely. "It is the principle of the thing." And yet as he said it he seemed thoughtful.

The two argued then back and forth, with perfect good humor, but equal firmness on both sides.

"It would be entirely different," insisted Mr. Holeman, "if any considerable sum were involved."

At this a thought suddenly occurred to Mr. Adams. "I tell you what I will do," he said suddenly, "as a compromise."

"What?" inquired his companion.

"You said, did you not, that the first cost of this transaction would be purely nominal? Very well," he continued at the conclusion of Mr. Holeman's nod. "In that case I will do this—if you are agreeable. I will go into this arrangement you describe if I can myself put up the necessary money. But on that point I must insist."

"Well," said Mr. Holeman finally with evident reluctance. "If you prefer! It is, as you say, a merely nominal sum."

"We will call that settled then," said Mr. Adams with a tone of decision and a feeling of enthusiasm. There was something in fact about this man from America's greatest metropolis—his appearance, his voice, his method, which insensibly communicated itself to one, and was most stimulating to decision and the businesslike transaction of affairs. "Very well," said Mr. Adams. "And now how much would be the amount—the least amount, let us say, for argument's sake—with which a partial-payment account of this kind should be started?"

"It may be anything, of course," replied Mr. Holeman guardedly.

"No. Really, how much would you say?" demanded Adams.

"Well, to do it right," replied his adviser, weighing his words, "you should perhaps have to start with four or five hundred dollars."

This statement placed Mr. Adams in a position of much embarrassment. At the utmost he would not have above two hundred dollars available for such a purpose at that moment, and he was compelled after some hesitation to say so.

"You have forgotten your early memories, I am afraid," he said to the banker, with a somewhat wistful smile; "and the finances of a provincial minister."

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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

By ROB WAGNER

IN THE early days of the pictures—long, long before directors wore riding putties—there was an old character actor on our lot to whom everybody ran who wished advice on love or cinemasipelas. Through perfectly natural selection Robertson Rand had become the father confessor to the strangest lot of sinners ever gathered together in one place. Daddy's qualifications as spiritual shepherd to that bunch of romantically lost sheep lay in his own record of some fifty years of sensational triumphs in the sprightly battle of the sexes, and his temporal hunches rested upon the important fact that he had been in the movie game from the start, and knew it from every angle, both right and obtuse. And so one day when Laura Lorraine went into the old boy's confessional, while he was making up as a Mormon elder, and laid her troubles at his feet he gave her some unique advice that was destined to make a great difference in the lives of several people.

"Daddy," said the wistful penitent, "why is it I don't get on faster in the pictures? I've been three years fooling round in bits, with an occasional part, but so far I've never been on the screen for over thirty feet at a time."

And while the dear old bird preened his foliage in counterfeit of a Latter Day Saint he unwound as follows:

"Laura, I've watched you ever since you came to the Climax, and though your screen technic has improved immensely your lot manners are atrocious. First you vamped the camera kid; next you flirted with your director; and for all I know you threatened the boss with your knowledge of 'where the body was buried.' But you have absolutely and willfully neglected Andy Barsoff."

"Do you mean that little Russian over in the laboratory? Why, he is only a cutter!"

"Only a cutter, is he? Well, take my advice and see where a little attention to him will get you. He is the most important member of an actor's trio of destiny; the continuity chap may write us in, the casting director put us in, but, alas, Andy is the lad who cuts us out. Be kind to him, child; it will help a lot."

And so it came about that Laura Lorraine vamped a cutter, and sure enough she began to appear for so much footage that the studio sat up to wonder if a new queen was arriving. Then one day Andy scored another of his artistic triumphs, proved his powers, and ruined a beautiful young career.

A Girl Who Took Advice

THE Climax had done its darnedest to shoot several pictures in which Fifi Snookems, late of the Bacchic Beauties Company, of New York, should be accepted by the fans as a star, but the last story, under the stable name of Dauntless Doris, was so very, very punk that its failure was a foregone conclusion.

"If anybody can save this bunch of junk, it is Andy," said the Big Chief as we witnessed the last of the rushes in the projection room. And so fifteen thousand feet of doubtful film were turned over to Andrei Barsoff from which to cut a story that would at least be good enough for a program release.

When the picture, retitled The Isosceles Triangle, was cut, assembled and shot in our little projection room, everybody on the lot who could crowd into the stuffy place was present to see what Andy had accomplished. From the very first iris-in the story began to go with snap, and all were delighted, though there were some curious explosions of surprise when it was seen that Edgar had passed up Doris D'Arcy, played by Fifi Snookems, and had returned to the little mining town and married Susie Metcalf—played by Laura Lorraine.

Charlie Chaplin, Besides Writing His Own Stories, Acts, Directs and Cuts the Action

Everybody admitted that the change saved the picture from utter banality—that is, everybody but one. Fifi Snookems, late of Broadway, blew up like a beautiful Roman candle whose bursting shells were all blue, and when she saw the bunch quietly congratulating Laura for having been given the picture she left the room registering "revenge-ah!" on her dolly face better than she ever did on the screen. Instantly the demoted movie queen began to burn up the wires to New York, and the result was that when the film reached that dreaded editorial finality the boss sent a ten-dollar telegram to the Big Chief ordering the working title restored, Fifi cut in again as the lead and Laura canned. You see the belle of the Bacchic Beauties actually did know "where the body was buried." It is deplorable, but true, that even in an art whose intent is so universally moral we occasionally have a boss who finds it necessary to put over an incompetent baby doll, if the lady possesses certain beans the spilling of which might cause him chagrin.

What Became of Laura

AND what became of Laura? Did she take her canning happily? True to Daddy Rand's prediction you have seen that the little lady won her point, even to the achievement of stardom, and though her effulgence never penetrated beyond the projection room the methods she used to achieve this near-sublimity had other very unlooked-for consequences. Andrei Barsoff was physically stingy, and Russian, yet he was a perfectly normal human being, susceptible to the blandishments of a pretty, intelligent woman. In fact he rather liked being vamped, it being a new experience for him. But alas, our heroine overplayed her hand, and taking her attentions seriously, the little cutter dug up a lot of charms he had never used before and—whaddya think? Let this be a warning to all vampires—he cut loose on some new Slavic technic of countervamping, and before the poor girl woke up she had been bolsheviked into becoming Mrs. Barsoff! And that is how the name Laura Lorraine disappeared from the pay roll of the Climax Company; but that didn't mean that Mrs. Barsoff wasn't still on the lot.

In telling a story one must not hold suspense too long lest it become tiresome, and so I am going to cut in here with the information—no doubt already guessed—that the writer is none other than Andrei Barsoff, the little Russian.

Most movie souls are born in department stores and girls' schools, and one would not expect to find such a phenomenon occurring within the cloistral walls of a great university. But you never can tell where cinemasipelas will strike next, and during all those years I was sloshing round among the hypo tanks Laura was up at Berkeley grabbing off a degree in letters that would enable her to teach

Then zut! All her cultural appetites went bla! Of a sudden she realized within her throbbing chest that a soul was aborning. It happened one night after a very notable performance of hers in a Greek drama given in the stadium. Some kind but thoughtless friend told her she would be perfectly wonderful on the screen! Alas, that innocent little compliment has been the undoing of thousands of erstwhile happy maidens, kidded into the belief that they have movie faces. Westbound trains have been cluttered with them for years, only to carry the poor girls wearily back after the bubble is burst.

But unlike the great army of extras that never get beyond mob stuff Laura had actually achieved the heights, so her fall was greater. Think of a beautiful movie soul, born in the classic environment of a Greek play, reaching the artistic altitude of a five-reel Climax program picture, and then being suddenly and roughly snuffed out by a horrid absentee boss who preferred talcum to talent. We do not film our greatest tragedies.

But don't think Laura was utterly crushed. She had seen enough of movie life to have learned her place, and that place was where brains were at least not an encumbrance, which they were to most actresses in those days—and often even yet. So, though Laura Lorraine went into

No Actor Can Compete in Interest With a Pet

the official can, Laura Weston—which was her real name—came to work for me in the cutting room. Incidentally, I might add, it was here that some of my niftiest countervamping was done, and it resulted in again changing the poor girl's name. Of course Laura had no intention of remaining a cutter; she was after the job of title editor, which she hoped to raise, and finally did, to a position of tremendous importance, and for which cutting is a necessary basis of equipment.

The reason for telling this episode of how I made an obscure artist a queen for a day is to demonstrate the enormous power the cutter holds over the actor. Daddy Rand was right: we are mighty good fellows to sit up to, if the silly actors only knew it, for try as we may to cut a picture impersonally the human factor is bound to persist and our prejudices will more or less edit our judgments. There are many instances where cutters have ruthlessly chopped an actor's work to pieces because of some grind, real or fanciful. I know one chap who completely cut a character actor out of a picture because the poor fish was a little forgetful about forty dollars he owed him. Only last week one of our best directors, who edits his own pictures, cut out all the close-ups of a certain actress because she persisted in coming late to work every morning.

Collateral Action Is Sometimes Shown on the Same Film

The Testimony in the Cock Robin Case

MUCH has been written about the social collaboration of our many departments in producing a well-rounded work of art, but nothing has been said of the rivalries and jealousies that exist, and that would result in no such happy consummation if the director general did not smooth things over. But there are two departments between which the slightest friction is fatal to good pictures. So inexorably entangled are the functions of the cutter and the title editor that it is a pretty good scheme to have the functionaries entangled too. That's what we have done, and that is why our work is so harmonious. For though husbands and wives may sometimes differ—as they are said to—yet their final interests are identical. We may blame every other department for a film failure, but Laura and I at least do not blame each other.

Whenever we shoot a big success at the Filmart those responsible for it do not modestly hide their lights under bushels, nor yet under the shells of peanuts, and accept the triumph as a social one. On the contrary every last one who had anything to do with the picture, from the star to the location hunter, claims personal credit for the gladsome result. But when the stupid public gives us thumbs down on our flickering efforts, then all and sundry collaborators in the dramatic débâcle engage in the merry game of passing the buck, until there is really no one to blame but the office boy, and his indifference is invariable and often profane.

We once attempted a superproduction of the classic drama Cock Robin, but our syndicated efforts proved a flivver, and in setting out to place the responsibility for the inglorious death of a $35,000-feature film I gathered the following testimony:

Spencer Grandon, the star: "It was the rottenest story I ever had."

T. Sully Gardena, the author: "It just shows how bad directing can kill a good story."

Mickey Nolan, the director: "The continuity was punk enough, but think of trying to put over a prune like Granlon."

Charlie Rossel, the camera man: "No wonder it failed. Nolan made me shoot in the damnedest light you ever saw."

Joe Allekoff, the lab. chief: "What could we do with such rotten photography?"

Ben Thurman, technical department: Did you notice how my gorgeous sets were ruined by bum lighting?"

Buck Benton, the light hound: "What does Vivian Vane care about good atmospheric effects so long as she can have all the squirt lights on her?"

The Cutter's Job

THERE are other buck passers—the property man, the casting director and what not—who would have snappy reasons for failure, had I got round to them. Some, no doubt, would have blamed the cutting and titling departments, but this, of course, is absurd, for we are never to blame for failure, though many times are solely responsible for successes! Other departments will quarrel with this statement, but this is my story, and the only chance I've ever had to put over the truth! Nevertheless, I read a criticism of one of our pictures last week which said: "It was good material slaughtered by bad cutting." Of course the critic was a friend of the director—or perhaps just a bonehead.

But what is a cutter and how is it he can function so importantly? In the first instance, the word "cutter" is absolutely a misnomer, except for the boys and girls who simply do mechanical cutting according to their chief's instructions. We are in reality film editors, and many of my craft have taken this lofty title; yet it inadequately designates the job, as may be seen by comparing our work with that of a magazine editor.

When an author writes a story he polishes and revises it to his heart's content and then submits it to an editor, who accepts or rejects the literary fragment just as it stands, or if changes are desirable the manuscript is returned and the author performs the gentle surgery himself. So a magazine editor doesn't need to be a writer; all in the world he has to do is to recognize a story when he sees one, and then exercise this literary judgment for better or for worse.

On the other hand the film editor must first of all be a good story-teller, for it is he who must take the raw material—perhaps twenty thousand feet of film—and cut,

(Continued on Page 134)

Nazimova Objects to Long Close-Ups

Studio Heads are the Cruelest Critics We Have

J. A., 1760

By GRACE TORREY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MRS. ANNETTE HASKINS WITHERSPOON stood in a characteristic attitude, a hand on either hip, policing the main aisle as far as the Fifth Street entrance with her roving gaze. Among gazes this one might have had at first sight the look of a casual one. It was not the gaze anxious, the gaze vigilant, the gaze wary, the gaze fatigued. It was in fact just a gaze, large-eyed, innocent, limpid—yes, casual. Yet no entering figure escaped it. Doomed from the moment of passing through the Fifth Street door the shopper drew on, never for one forward step eluding the gaze. By the time she was near enough for speech squirming was useless. The gaze had her impaled. She could neither get down another aisle nor escape by way of the elevator. She could not affect interest in leather goods across the way.

The gaze, no longer limpid, roving, casual, bored her through and held her, while the voice of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon said: "Can I interest you in our new Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner? It mops everything up."

J. A., 1760, across the aisle in the leather goods, had watched her through a long winter without knowing how she did it. She did not throw herself away. She was not tense. Her voice was conversational. But the shoppers generally stopped. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon flowed on:

"There are three kinds of dirt, madam. There is surface dirt."

In illustration she dusted talcum powder, ready in a can at her right hand, over the bit of red carpet on her table. Victim meanwhile hung hypnotized. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's left hand snapped an electric snapper, the Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner set up a sound of rushing winds and the talcum powder was gone.

"There is embedded dirt."

Sand now, well rubbed in on both sides of the carpet. Snapping of snapper, sound of winds. Exit embedded dirt. Tableau on the part of the victim. Gathering subsidiary group of open-mouthed stragglers.

"And there is dirt that adheres."

She had her cotton batting all ready and, with three deft dabs backward and forward across the red velvet carpet, caused it to adhere. Confirmatory sighs went about the group. Cotton certainly did adhere. Bastings adhered. Butter, dropped from the table and stepped on, had a tendency to adhere.

There was an adhering quality about chewing gum, oil from street-car tracks and honey. Cotton, they sighed together, cotton certainly did adhere. The deft hand of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon again set up rushings in the Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner and the cotton, ceasing to adhere, was gone. It would be found, Mrs. Witherspoon explained, inside the cleaner, ready to be dumped into the furnace and oblivion. Visions of rest and refreshment were upon every face.

From then on the group was hers.

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon broke to them that the Yanko-Frank Cleaner, in this new Bringing-Down-the-Cost-of-Living Sale, cost only sixty-five dollars. She made them see how, by taking a membership in the Thrift Club, at five dollars down and five dollars a month, it was a saving in these reconstruction times not to buy a cheaper one for twenty-seven fifty. She made them get the idea that it was a patriotic duty to have it and have it at once because, now that America had won her great fight for freedom in Europe, American womanhood ought not to be a slave to the dustpan at home. She showed them how their husbands would consider it an investment or how they need never hear of it at all, but would notice the increased restfulness of the house and the indescribable youth and charm of the housewife. And while looks of tremulous understanding passed from face to face she had her book out, was taking addresses and explaining that our Mr. Jolly would be happy to call at their homes to-morrow and give them a private demonstration, placing them under no obligation whatever.

"How Much is it?" Broke in the Girl's Voice. "I Suppose the Green Will Do. Charge it, Please"

J. A., 1760, seeing this repeated twenty times a day, seeing the groups dissolve and re-form, seeing the list of prospects in the little notebook lengthen, seeing irresolution transformed into resolve, hesitation take the plunge, membership in the Thrift Club swell, knew that she was looking upon an uncommon something.

The hypnotist at rest, she ventured on research, remarking across the aisle: "Many sales to-day?"

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon shook her head.

"Wednesday's a bad day. You just notice. Mondays—everybody's glad to get out after Sunday. And Fridays they want to get in their week-end buying before the Saturday rush. Wednesdays, I don't know. Anyway, it's the twenty-eighth. Those that pay cash have spent their money. Those that run bills want to wait till the first." She ran over the leaves of her little book.

"Well, I got lots of prospects. I sold six hundred dollars' worth already this week. That's pretty good, too, these times, with all the industrial unrest and all."

"I don't see how you do it," said J. A., 1760, a little wistfully. She leaned forward as she said it. For a moment she had a wild hope that she might get a clew. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, her hands on her hips, gave the aisle a comprehensive policing.

"Well, personality helps some." Her eyes swept the young face before her. "But with your complexion and all, you shouldn't have to worry." In the network of weaving figures her gaze gained a focus.

"Why, Miss Britton! How are you? I've not seen you for ages. . . . Red Cross? Every day? You'd think, now we had peace, you could let up a little. . . . Ah, hah! You don't say! Well, I suppose that's so too. . . . Well, you are one busy woman. You're tired, though, I'll wager. Don't you overdo, now! Just the one to be interested in our Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner. You've no idea how it conserves energy. It's like you say. We got to salvage what there is left of us women and children, these days. And I think a woman's good looks is her principal asset. Of course while the war was on good looks wasn't of so much account. But now we've all got to conserve ourselves for peace. You see, Miss Britton, there are three kinds of dirt."

J. A., 1760, across the aisle, saw the familiar drama, down to the last flutter of a leaf, the last good-bys, Miss Britton, hurrying away flattered, smiling, convinced that by joining the Thrift Club she had permitted her old friend to do her a great favor. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon meanwhile made entry in the little book with head-shakings.

"I certainly thought I'd sell her for cash. Why, she's well fixed. Got an apartment house, all filled. Nothing to worry about. No husband, nor anything. Well, I'm grateful for a sale of any kind, just so it's good."

Hands on her hips, her eyes on their customary wanderings, she went on: "Yes! You gotta have personality. And you gotta believe in yourself. And you gotta believe in what you're doing. I can't demonstrate a thing I don't believe in.

"That's right. You can't get it over without you can put yourself into it. Can I interest you?"

She grimaced slightly after the hurrying figure.

"Oh, well! You gotta fail once in a while. She needn't of bit my head off though. Yes, I like my work. I like public life. Can't stay the whole time in vacuum cleaners though. There's other things. I want something'll take all that's in me. Something with intellectual interest. This is just the same thing over and over. You gotta have something that's big—way beyond you. You get stale if you don't. Every once in a while I go into lecturing or something. I guess I get restless. Yes, every once in a while I gotta get into something big. The war made all sorts of changes. You sorta had to get into it or you got restless. You remember I had three nephews at the Front. Awful cute kids, all of them. Made me kind of restless selling vacuum cleaners. I kinda wanted to get behind somehow and kinda push. Well, it ain't quite the same, now. There's just one of my kids coming back."

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's gaze, directed down the aisle toward the Fifth Street entrance, lost, for the instant, its dancing brilliance. J. A., 1760, could see the rapid flash of her eyelashes, once, then once again. And when she turned back Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's eyes were rather red. But she was smiling.

"He's an awful cute kid though. Awful cute. He writes awful cute letters. He's been having the time of his life. He's got to be a first sergeant. That's pretty good for just twenty, don't you think? And he's simply crazy about his lieutenant. Just the finest fellow ever lived. There's nothing he didn't do for his men before he was hurt, nor nothing they wouldn't do for him. He's out of the hospital now and coming home with the boys. When my nephew gets back he says I've got to meet the loot. Says he's going to college and learn to be just like him, when he gets home. Well, I'm certainly glad he's coming. I can't hardly wait. Most any day now, from what he wrote, he might turn up. I keep watching the papers. I expect you do the same thing."

"Me?" said J. A., 1760, dully, then corrected herself, flushing. "I—I mean."

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's smile was somewhat astonished.

"Wasn't you wearing a service star for some fella? I remember it was right on your tie when I pinned on your Liberty Bond button. Remember? You was my first sale. Don't you remember?"

J. A., 1760, across the aisle, leaned against the shelves behind her and shook her head, every hint of color slowly draining from her face until her lips were white.

"I remember," she said at last. Then, dully: "But there's no one. Not anybody."

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's heart smote her. How could she have been so stupid? She had watched, all winter, the paling of J. A., 1760, across the aisle; had

seen the faint shadows grow under her eyes, and the whitening slimness of her throat.

"I might have known," she reproached herself. "Poor kid! They've quarreled. Or he's dead. Or sick somewhere. Or maybe she just doesn't hear. And of them all, that's worst.

"Don't you give up too soon," she said encouragingly. "You can't never tell. You want to keep on hoping till you're sure."

J. A., 1760, could not have been whiter than she had been a moment before. But her eyes were steadier. For a moment they had looked startled. Now they met gravely her neighbor's encouraging smile.

"I'm sure," she said. "Quite sure. There's no one." She caught her breath as she said it.

"I'm awful sorry." Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's brisk voice was kind. "It don't seem like there was anything much worth while, does it?" Then, her eyes catching the hint from her wrist watch, she was brisk again.

"Just about due for a little nourishment," she said. She used the same phrase every day promptly at twelve o'clock. To-day she threw a heartening smile across at J. A., 1760, and added: "Don't you let up on that nourishment every day. Regular and lots of it. There's nothing like it for heartache."

As she hurried away she was addressing herself earnestly.

"Old idiot!" she was saying. "The poor kid's been tryin' to brace herself up all winter. And you have to go and remind her. She'll spend her whole noon hour just remembering. I remember myself how she looked the first time I asked her. They got engaged right after, I expect."

J. A., 1760, looking after her remorseful form was remembering vividly. It had been another wet day, a year ago. The store was half empty, business dull. An unguarded man, drawn by the magnet of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's gaze, had come within hearing of her question.

"Can I interest you?" she had said, and made short work of him.

"There's something I like about a man. He don't haggle and he spends freer. Probably he don't have so much in the bank. But he's kinda open-handed."

She had put her book away and tapped back a slight yawn.

"This war looks like a big thing to me," she had said. "Making big changes. We all gotta back up our boys. Got anybody over there?"

J. A., 1760, had rearranged carefully the very special values in hand bags displayed on Wednesdays and her color deepened.

"Not exactly," she hesitated. Then seeing Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon stare she changed it hastily. "That is, not yet."

"Well, this war comes close to us all. It's certainly making changes." Mrs. Witherspoon had time to tap back another slight yawn before the drift of floating womankind brought further fry to her catch. J. A., 1760, eased herself against the shelves at her back and looked up and down the leather goods. The war did seem to be making changes. Six-one, who was married a year ago and left the leather goods in a pleasing flutter of romance, was back now, her husband in France.

"They'd have exempted him all right. All I'd a had to do was go in clinging to his arm and swear I enjoyed poor health. I went in all right, but it was to say I'd took care of myself up till April last and I could do it now. You ought to seen them look. But they'll get no dependency claim from me. Not while I got my health and faculties."

J. A., 1760, looking at the service star on Six-one's bosom, had reflected that, barring the grammar, that was the way she would put it if she had reason. She could have had Six-one's husband herself once. Now that she thought of him way off in France he didn't seem so bad. And she could have worn a service star. The store was full of them. Women floorwalkers; elevator girls, calling millinery and underwear on the fifth floor and annoying all the shoppers; cash girls, importantly starred; new clerks; janitresses in feminalls and very high heels, all wearing stars on their bosoms, were giving Wiggins & Wiggins a rapidly changing aspect. There were three hundred stars on the service flag hanging from the mezzanine railing and more going on it every day. And for every star on the flag there seemed to be a new shirt waist on the floor with a star on its bosom.

J. A., 1760, rearranging the leather goods so that the new comfort kits would show more, reflected that it was a funny thing to be so unchanged in the midst of all this change and stir. Her room rent had gone up and twenty-five-cent meals were no longer to be had. Stockings cost more. She had looked at suits yesterday—and decided to get a good thick pair of shoes. Shoes could still be had for about what suits used to cost. To a certain extent she felt that these were changes. But it was not like suddenly going to work when you had never lifted a finger. No war-time drama had volcanically thrown her into the caldron of labor. She had merely been graduated from the Boys and Girls' Aid Society to Wiggins & Wiggins at fourteen. There never had been any heart throb over it, so far as she could remember.

A vague aunt somewhere had died and she had gone to work. Since she was sixteen she had foraged for her own food and roof. She had gone to night school, too, at her own expense, kept herself clean and covered, pretty and self-respecting, without causing any excitement in the world's heart. All this going to and fro about her now, girls who were suddenly enlisted in the noble army of our home defenses, all this wearing of stars for some husband or brother who had hitherto paid your board bills but now wrote you wonderful letters from Somewhere in France—all this left J. A., 1760, feeling curiously omitted. She was not working to save her country or release a fighting man. She was just working. Hesitating between the green and the brown comfort kit she decided for the green and said to herself it was a funny thing.

That lady who talked to the Girls' Club last night had told them they ought to wear their last year's dresses and buy bonds.

"I'm wearing mine this minute," she had told them. "And my last year's hat with a feather at the front instead of at the back. And, oh, girls! When I think of my boy over there, risking his life, going cold, standing in water up to his knees, exposed to disease and suffering and death, do you think I mind a little thing like last year's dress?"

J. A., 1760, furtively winking back the tears, knew just how the lady felt. It was a perfectly beautiful dress, one of those Pellique models from the eighth floor. It had hand embroidery and real filet on it and it hadn't a spot or a worn place anywhere. J. A., 1760, expert in dyeing, turning, sponging and darning, regarded the lady's last year's dress and felt that as a sacrifice for the sake of a boy in the trenches the lady could hardly be said to have done much. That wasn't the thing that made her wink back the tears. Easing herself against the shelves, and looking up and down the leather goods, she furtively winked them back again. If she bought a bond it wouldn't be a question of last year's dress. It would be one of every day's luncheon and this winter's shoes.

"But I'd do it! I'd do it and never know I was hungry or cold. If there was only somebody—but it's all so darned impersonal!"

"Impersonal" she had got at night school when she took psychology of salesmanship. It was quite a good word. She felt a little blush of pleasure at having had so good a word come to her so naturally. Over the word "darned" she felt a corresponding prick of shame.

She had meant to drop "darned" permanently from her list.

"And who's to care if I do or if I don't?" she said, looking down the main aisle to the Fifth Street entrance.

It was a very dull day. The main aisle was practically empty. That was why J. A., 1760, and Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon both saw him as soon as he came through the turnstile door. With a great throb of her rather heavy young heart, J. A., 1760, saw him and knew him. He was the Somebody, Somewhere in France, for whom she could go without luncheons and shoes and not know she was hungry or cold. It wasn't just that he was tall and strong; or that his uniform fitted. She hadn't clerked in Wiggins & Wiggins since she was fourteen years old without knowing tailor from ready-made. It wasn't just that; nor the wonderful glow of his healthy youth. It was all of them perhaps. But besides them or because of them she said to herself: "He looks well—so fine. I'd die before I'd let him hear me say 'darn.'"

"Some couple!" came the voice of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon. "But nothing doing in my line."

It was only then that J A., 1760, saw the girl with him. Another of those Pellique models. She had seen this very one last week when it came out of the tissue paper. When you are young and have a complexion that would sell any kind of skin food you can't resist the eighth floor when the models come in. This one had been a hundred and twenty, and cheap. That was genuine mink on the tunic. And the mink scarf was just the thing for it. The little fur toque, too, and the wonderful shoes! Sixteen dollars and forty-eight cents right now in the shoe department, fourth floor. A new model. Perfectly heavenly on a slender foot. The girl had a slender foot. But then, it might be said in passing, J. A., 1760, had a slender foot herself.

She watched them slowly drawing nearer. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, across the aisle, watched too, her gaze pure human interest.

"There wouldn't neither of them reckonnize a vacuum cleaner from a soda fountain," she had time to send across the way before the two in their deliberate progress hesitated in front of leather goods.

The Two Figures Were Rather Close Together, the One in Khaki Bent Over as He Limped Along

(Continued on Page 120

Adventures in Interviewing the Russian Revolution Makers

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN RUSSIA I had perhaps the greatest—certainly the most picturesque—of all my adventures in interviewing. The hazards and handicaps of the long journey there, the unforgetable events that marked its progress, the extraordinary group of men I found in control of the new government—all combined to produce a succession of experiences that as I look back upon them seem like a chapter out of romance.

Though a few Americans who happened to be in Scandinavia entered Russia ahead of me, I believe I was one of the first—if not the first—from the outside world to arrive in Petrograd after the revolution which overthrew the Czar.

The spring of 1917 was in many respects the most fateful of the war. It marked our entry into the struggle, and it also witnessed the break-up of the autocracy that had oppressed Russia for four hundred years. During the early part of that historic March I had been in France with Sir Douglas Haig's army. I returned to London to renew my acquaintance with some of the comforts of life. One morning I read in the London Times that the Czar had abdicated and that Russia was free.

Even a feeble-minded individual would have realized that Petrograd had suddenly become the most interesting spot in the universe. How to get there was the great problem. The North Sea had become one of the graveyards of the world. All passenger traffic between Scotland and Norway had ceased. But I was determined to get to Petrograd, and the British Navy, which does all things well, got me under way.

I remember that when I secured a berth on the little gray gun-mounted Admiralty vessel that had begun to make the trip to Bergen, Norway, at irregular intervals, a certain high naval officer said to me: "We can start you across the North Sea, but after that your fate will depend on God, the Kaiser and the submarines."

The North Sea situation was more dangerous than at any time during the war. Germany had inaugurated a wholesale and relentless slaughter of ships. All negotiations were by word of mouth. Throughout the United Kingdom it was forbidden to mention the name of a ship over the telephone. Vessels were indicated by numbers.

Getting Into Russia

DURING the war I made many trips through danger zones, from the English Channel down to the Adriatic, but I never embarked on one with the same apprehension that I felt about this expedition to Russia. One contributing factor to my state of mind was a remark made by a Scotch sea captain as I went aboard the ship.

He said amiably: "I suppose you know that Kitchener sailed not many miles from this place."

The place was a point in Scotland. Kitchener was at the bottom of the sea two hours after his ship set out. You may well imagine that the beginning of the adventure was not particularly cheerful.

We ran into trouble at once. Before we were out five hours we had a wireless message from Admiral Sir David Beatty saying that a whole flock of submarines lurked in the vicinity, and ordering us to put in for safety at Kirkwall. Here we found the harbor full of ships flying the flags of many nations, all awaiting inquiry and search. It was a sort of police station on the high seas, where many a suspicious cargo consigned to German use came under the strong arm of seizure.

After a twenty-four hours' wait we made a dash across the North Sea in a gale so terrific that it put a certain British sea lord out of commission. Then came a great moment. Amid a lull, and with the background of a glorious sunset that flooded those angry waters with a marvelous radiance, I saw the British Grand Fleet in battle order—a memorable picture of imperial power. Imposing as it was, it was not quite so welcome as the friendly Norwegian fiord where we found haven and sanctuary the next day.

In those days you had to cross Norway, Sweden and Finland to get to Petrograd. Any land traveling, however uncomfortable, was a springtime frolic after the hideous sea ordeal I had just undergone. Life became one passport visé after another and a continuous change of trains. At Tornea, the border town in Finland where you enter from Sweden, I got my first glimpse of the effects of the Russian Revolution. A red flag floated over the customs shed, the grinning soldiers in dirty gray uniforms wore crimson rosettes, the air was hideous with the notes of the Marseillaise sung by raucous voices.

During my brief stay at Tornea occurred an amusing incident, not without certain value in explaining Russia's present ordeal. On the ship with me was a high French army officer bound for Petrograd on a diplomatic mission. In our little hand-picked party were also two British aviators. The moment they got into Finland they put on their uniforms, because they were then in Allied country. I had made the entire journey from Scotland in the uniform of a British officer, which I always wore at the Front, without of course insignia of rank. In London no one knew exactly what was going on in Petrograd and I felt that I would be safer in khaki, and I was.

Kerensky, With the Single Exception of Lloyd George, Was the Most Compelling Personality That I Met

Just as we were about to board the train for Petrograd a Russian officer, his breast ablaze with medals and with much silver on his shoulder straps, came out and informed us through an interpreter that since we—he mistook me for a British soldier—were the first Allied officers to come through since the revolution he wanted to pay us what he called a high honor. Little did we know what was in store for us. He had gathered together several hundred Russian soldiers and a makeshift band, which began to play the Marseillaise. I doubt if the band had ever heard of this tune until the revolution broke a few weeks before. The rendition therefore was a melancholy affair.

All this meant that we had to stand at salute in the freezing weather for what seemed an interminable time. Finally one phase of the agony ended, but another began immediately. We had to submit to a kiss on both cheeks from the Russian, who smelled like a vodka distillery, despite the fact that Russia was on the water wagon.

The Rainbow Painted in Blood

NATURALLY we supposed that this man, who seemed to be running the whole community, was a prominent personage. After we got on the train, where he insisted upon following us for a part of the trip, we found that he was a veterinary surgeon, and a hoof specialist at that! He was a sublieutenant, yet apparently was boss of the most important gateway into Russia. Already the revolution had commenced to work.

For thirty hours we traveled through Finland, reaching the real Russian frontier late the next night. It was a small town with a name about a yard long. Here the weary traveler got his clearance into Russia. I entered the reeking customs house through a lane of unsterilized Russian soldiers. My name was called out; I advanced to a desk where a Cossack officer sat ready to give me my final visé.

When he saw the American eagle on my passport he rose, stood at salute and said in flawless English: "Welcome to our new Ally."

I had been cut off from the swift march of war events for days, so I asked: "What do you mean?"

"Your country went to war yesterday," was his reply. In that isolated frontier post, hemmed in by aliens, in the dawn of a new day, I heard the news that gave me the deepest thrill of the war.

There is no need of rehearsing here the story of those seven days in Petrograd when a hunger-prodded revolt, staged by the autocracy to crush the populace into absolute submission, became a Frankenstein monster that literally destroyed its instigators. It had come so swiftly that when I reached the one-time capital of the czars the people were still trying to get accustomed to the strange sensation of freedom.

Petrograd was like New York City on the night of a presidential election, but with this difference: The returns were piling in all the time and the whole world seemed to be elected. It was a continuous joy-ride. Everybody was delirious with delight. In the mind of the people the revolution meant a free and continuous meal ticket and a four-hour working day. Knowing this delusion, you can readily understand how swiftly these simple and childlike people became the victims of Bolshevism, which merely painted another rainbow. Had they looked ahead they would have seen that the pigment was blood.

Far more fascinating than the maelstrom of equality that seethed about me were the men who made

it possible. With that first Russian Revolution, as with every other outstanding event in history, the human side was notable. No epic event ever produced such a group of leaders as that week of weeks.

I met them all, and in varying circumstances. I saw some with the full spotlight of that crowded time full upon them, others in an aloofness that was in strange contrast with the history they were helping to make. It was their hour of triumph. The virus of the Bolsheviki had not begun to poison the minds of the people against their emancipators.

Every one of those first revolution makers is either dead, imprisoned or in exile, their work a prey to the fury of a misguided and destructive force.

Dominating the provisional government was Alexander Kerensky. With the single exception of Lloyd George he was the most compelling personality that I met during the war. Fighter and dreamer, demagogue and beneficent despot, a great orator and actor who dramatized himself in everything he said and did—he presented a picture of dynamic leadership that I shall never forget. In him the elusive thing called sudden fame found kindling realization. Four weeks before the revolution he was merely a leader in the Labor Group with an oration constantly on the tip of his tongue. When I reached Petrograd he was a world figure.

Of course Kerensky was the great interviewing prize. Up to that time I doubt if he had talked to a single alien writer. The few Russian journalists who had had access to him were either allied to his political party or had worked with him during the earlier period of the revolt against the Czar.

Clearly to comprehend the difficulties that lay in the way to an audience with this remarkable man you must know that Kerensky was carrying the chief burden of the new government. As Minister of Justice he was a member of the cabinet, and it was a full-sized job. But this was a mere incident in his work. He was conciliator, orator, ambassador—the inspiration and bulwark of a shifting era. Whenever anything went wrong it was put up to Kerensky to straighten out. In Russia the chief oil for troubled waters usually is impassioned speech. He met this requirement admirably. It meant that he spent most of his time talking. He was in action day and night.

The Missing Papers

IT WAS therefore well-nigh impossible for him to keep any semblance of office hours. This, however, was only one of many difficulties that had to be surmounted. It had been a comparatively easy matter for me to meet most of his colleagues in the government. To see men like Miliukoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Rodzanko, the president of the Duma, for example, I simply got a line from Ambassador Francis, and the door flew open.

With Kerensky there was no such sesame. Everybody wanted to see him and few succeeded. At that time Hugh Walpole, the novelist, was in charge of British propaganda in Petrograd. I told him of my desire to interview Kerensky.

I remember he said: "For once you will fail. He is the most inaccessible man in Russia—certainly to interviewers."

I told him that it would make success all the more worth while.

In interviewing, as in regular commercial salesmanship, there is usually a way. Back in my newspaper reportorial days I learned that everything was worth trying. It is a good rule to follow. Even if you did not succeed in reaching your man there was a story in the attempt. Sometimes the tale of the try was more picturesque than the person sought.

Another reason made the conquest of Kerensky difficult. Before I left London I had accumulated a number of valuable letters of introduction from British officials. Chief among them was a "To Whom It May Concern" letter from Lloyd George, which contained this sentence: "Mr. Marcosson goes to Russia on a mission that can only result in great good and I bespeak for him every consideration." With this letter I could have seen anybody anywhere.

Unfortunately I did not have it at hand. In London the acting Russian Ambassador, Nabokoff, who had given me a safe conduct, told me that he believed the pre-revolution embargo on letters and books still existed at the frontier. He warned me that any papers I had on my person might be seized. He advised me therefore to send my letters by the King's messenger in the British embassy bag, which I did. These bags are inviolate.

The royal courier arrived in Petrograd a week after I did. When I inquired for my papers at the British Embassy they were not there. After diligent inquiry I discovered that a brilliant young attaché had sent them back to London by the same messenger who had brought them! I had to find some substitute for them, certainly in the matter of the approach to Kerensky.

Just before I left London Nabokoff gave me a letter to his brother in Petrograd. It was too late for the embassy bag, so I had secreted it in one of my leather leggings. Something told me that this brother might be the good angel. I learned to my delight that he was secretary to the new provisional government. Translating his job into American terms it was as if he were secretary of our whole cabinet. I found him a charming and delightful person who spoke English fluently.

I said to him: "I cannot leave Petrograd without seeing Kerensky. Can you fix it?"

He smiled and replied: "I want to help you, but Kerensky is the busiest man in Russia. So many demands are made upon him day and night that he can scarcely find time to attend the cabinet meetings. I will do my best."

It was agreed between us that any news of a possible audience would be telephoned to me at my hotel, the Medvied, which is the Russian name for bear. Like most Petrograd hotels during that hectic period it was a sort of madhouse sheltering a strange jumble of nationalities who went elevatorless, sugarless, bathless and almost breadless. The only thing we had in abundance was odor, which is an essential part of Petrograd atmosphere. It was a new structure, and had been occupied after the outbreak of the war. Telephones were scarce before hostilities; they were at a premium now. There were exactly three in the whole six-story building.

Four or five times a day I inquired about the telephone call for which I was so eagerly waiting. The porter, who spoke only German and Russian, always shook his head. One afternoon, however, I came in about five and asked my usual question.

He replied: "Yes, there is a telephone message."

He fished into his pocket and dug out a crumpled piece of brown wrapping paper, on which was written in English: "Minister Kerensky will see Mr. Marcosson Saturday morning at ten o'clock at the Ministry of Justice."

Here was the long-expected message, two days old, and it was already Friday. I tore to the telephone, succeeded in getting Nabokoff, who had arranged the appointment, and confirmed it. I relate this little incident to show the close shave I had in the preliminary to one of the most interesting experiences of my life.

Though Kerensky lived in a vortex of talk I did not know what languages he spoke. As a precaution I arranged to take a Russian interpreter along. This situation will serve to emphasize a real handicap in interviewing foreigners on their native heath. It is easy to make a man talk who speaks your own tongue, but when you are in an alien land and must depend upon your own knowledge of an alien speech or use an interpreter the task is made doubly difficult.

Prince Lvoff, First Prime Minister of Russia After the Overthrow of the Czar

Above—M. Rodzanko, President of the Russian Duma

The New Magna Charta

DURING the past four years I have had to interview men representing at least eight different nationalities. With a knowledge of English, French and German you can get along anywhere, more especially with English and French. I include German to impress two important facts: One is that practically every world statesman speaks German; second, the average man in public or business life in most European countries also speaks the former Kaiser's lingo for the reason that German merchants have been everywhere. Though the German in trade himself is a versatile linguist the world learned his tongue.

In Russia, for example, whenever I found that a statesman could not speak English or French I could always converse with him in German. This is not surprising, because before the war Russia was a business annex of Germany, and unless some drastic steps are now taken she will continue to be that. Nearly ten million people in Russia speak German at home or in business. It is one barrier to Allied economic penetration.

Behind this matter of language is a vital selling point in interviewing. A foreigner is always pleased and flattered when he is interviewed in his own tongue. He talks much more readily and he is also more at ease. When men are interviewed in a language not their own—and this is especially true of the French—when it comes to discussing money they unconsciously slip back to their native tongue. I recall that on one occasion I had a talk with Ribot, who was then French Minister of Finance. He spoke English well, and our conversation began in English. The moment he got down to finance, however, he spoke French.

The war, and more especially our part in it, has widened the world use of English. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is becoming more and more the language of diplomacy. It used to be French. The proceedings of the first meeting of the League of Nations, to be held at Geneva this fall, will be in English, and only English-speaking members will attend.

The Peace Treaty—the new world Magna Charta—handed to the German delegates at Versailles on May seventh last was printed in both English and French, which, to quote the official summary of that fateful proceeding, "are recognized as having equal validity."

All this is by way of prelude to the meeting with Kerensky. His office was in the Ministry of Justice, an ugly yellow building, misnamed a palace, on a side street that intersected the Nevskii Prospekt, which is the Broadway of Petrograd. I climbed two flights of broad stairs and found myself in an immense high-ceiled chamber, packed

(Continued on Page 129)

THE CHARM SCHOOL

IV

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ON SATURDAY morning Mr. Johns' accountant was to arrive. Austin was no expert, but when Miss Curtis brought him the books he saw that they were in sad disorder. Perhaps the tragedy of Miss Curtis' life was mitigated by the ease with which one sorrow drove out another. She had now ceased entirely to mourn over the perfidy of the seniors, in order to give herself up more completely to remorse at the condition to which, in a few weeks, she had reduced the books.

"Only, of course, I'm not a bookkeeper," she said, as if this were in some way immensely to her credit.

Austin, who didn't consider any disability a matter of pride, had to confess that he wasn't either.

"I'll look at them," he said, "and send that bookkeeper down to the cottage the very instant he arrives, and see that we're not interrupted."

"No, indeed," said Miss Curtis, who would have promised anything, possible or impossible. But Miss Hayes was made of sterner stuff.

"But I'm afraid you'll have to be interrupted, Mr. Bevans," she put in. "Saturday is a favorite day with parents, and several of them are coming this morning."

"Oh, parents," said Austin lightly. "I can't allow them to waste my time. Miss Curtis will interview them as usual."

Miss Curtis wrung her hands. "I can't, I really can't, Mr. Bevans," she cried. "They make me feel so guilty—especially that horrid Mrs. McLane who scolds about everything. Not parents—anything but parents."

"Why it's quite simple, Miss Curtis," said Austin soothingly. "All you have to say is: 'Your daughter is an unusual girl, but then we did not expect your child to be commonplace.' That's all."

Miss Hayes laughed. "It's a good phrase, Mr. Bevans," she said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to speak it yourself. Parents regard it as their inalienable right to talk over their problems with the head of the school. You will lose valuable pupils if you refuse."

Austin, knowing that she was right, yielded, only demanding the letter files containing the correspondence of any parent known to be due.

But almost at once he regretted his decision. It would have been wiser, he thought, to have remained remote, inaccessible even to parents; to have constituted himself that mysterious entity which no business should be without, which is vaguely referred to by powerless subordinates as "he." Austin suddenly saw this so clearly that he leaped to his feet, meaning to run over to the school and notify Miss Curtis of his decision, but as he opened his own front door he was confronted by a parent.

She was a minute, pretty person, with pearl earrings, a dotted veil, and neat, fashionable clothes. She said firmly:

"I want to see Mr. Bevans."

"I am he," said Austin. He owed it to Mrs. Rolles that he did not say "him."

The little lady looked at him and began to laugh.

"Good gracious," she said, "I'm awfully sorry; but I did take you for the footman! That's a compliment, you know, now that people go in for these wonderful footmen. Don't you think perhaps you missed your vocation?"

Austin saw immediately that he could not let any parent take this tone with him.

"I cannot flatter myself, madam," he said, "that you did me the honor to visit me in order to discuss my vocation."

"Bless me!" said she. "You talk to me as if I were a pupil, not a parent. I don't wonder the girls are afraid of you."

"You have a daughter at this school?" asked Austin. He thought of adding "In one of the younger classes, I'm sure," but decided that she did not deserve it.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Boyd, the mother of that dear fat Sally—I, who have never had even to exercise in order to keep thin."

Finding her becoming more respectful he opened the study door and ushered her in. She turned on the threshold and asked impulsively:

"But how did you happen to become a schoolmaster?"

"It was Sally we were to discuss," he said.

"It Isn't," She Said Gently, "as if You and Grandfather Could Really Change Anything, You Know. You Just Make It Harder for Me"

"Ah, yes," said his visitor, as if she had not been now twice reproved. "So we were." She sank into a chair and loosened her furs. She was thinking that he really was like the picture of Tristram in the back hall, only that to her, as to the Queen of Sheba on a not too dissimilar occasion, the half had not been told. "My poor child," she went on, "in spite of her stolid exterior, is of a very sensitive nature. She is unusually ——"

Austin thought the moment had come for the formula. "We should not expect your child to be commonplace, Mrs. Boyd."

It was just what she needed. She brightened visibly. "Oh, how nice of you to say that," she said. "And you've put your finger on the difficulty. Poor Sally has all my temperament, but unfortunately she hasn't my—she hasn't my ——"

She looked at him wistfully, obviously expecting him to say something equivalent to "your beauty," but the hard-hearted creature remained patiently silent. Her annoyance was natural.

"After all," she said, "I believe that you're nothing but a schoolmaster."

"That's all," he answered, "as far as my pupils and their parents are concerned."

She stood up, visibly sulking. The interview which had promised so much entertainment had really turned out not much more interesting than her interviews with old Mrs. Bevans used to be. She thought she would try him on the side of his professional pride.

"My son—my son George—thinks I ought to take Sally away."

"I do not think I have the pleasure of your son George's acquaintance."

"Oh, it's not personal, only you know it is rather unusual for a man of your age—and, may I say, appearance ——"

"Since you ask me," said Austin, "I should think it better taste not to."

"Well, we'll put it all on the score of age then," she replied dryly. "But you know you are rather young to run a girls' school."

"It's a question of character, not age," answered Austin. "I've known some old men I should not care to intrust my school to."

"Oh, old men!" exclaimed his visitor, as if she could have written a volume on the subject. There was a pause after this which at first seemed to have come of itself, but was really occasioned by the fact that Austin's eyes had suddenly fallen upon a most unexpected object upon his desk, and he was engaged in wondering how long it had been there. It was a crisp white gardenia in a slender vase. His concentrated gaze directed hers to the same spot.

"What," she cried, "have you greenhouses? Or no—an admiring pupil—a flower on teacher's desk—an offering at the shrine! Oh, no, I don't think I can take Sally away after all, it's too amusing!" She went out laughing, almost before Austin had roused himself enough to open the door for her.

He drew a long breath. "I hope there won't be any more like that—so early in the morning," he thought, and as if in answer to this wish, a stout, comfortable old lady was ushered in, an old lady with a tendency to chuckle, particularly at her own jokes.

"I've just come to wish you good luck," she said. "I knew your aunt well, dear Sophy. I'm glad she left the school to you, and not to Miss Hayes ——"

"Miss Hayes?" cried Austin, to whom this was a new idea.

"Yes, that was her plan. She thought you were too young, Mr. Bevans, and, if you won't mind my saying it, too handsome. I couldn't see that youth and beauty ever were a disadvantage to anyone, but Sophy thought the girls would be sentimental about you. Well, they're bound to be sentimental about someone, for it's their nature. Better their schoolmaster than a second-rate actor. My Mabel remembers every word you say. She never remembered anything Sophy said. Oh, you'll lose some pupils. That Mrs. McLane is on her way over now to remove her girl. She says it's improper, but she always was abusing the school, and you'll do just as well without her."

But Austin did not want to lose any of his pupils. "If there's any weeding out to be done," he thought, when he was left alone, "I'll do it myself." Besides, he knew how easily at this moment of the school's life a general stampede could be started. No, he didn't want to lose the McLane child, however troublesome the old lady was.

A few minutes later Mrs. McLane swept in, a tall woman, befeathered, bejeweled and rustling.

"Can this be Mr. Bevans?" she asked, in the same tone, but not at all with the same flattering intention, with which Faust inquired about the face that launched a thousand ships.

"Ah, Mrs. McLane, isn't it?" said Austin almost chattily. "I was hoping you might drop in to say good-by. We shall miss you and—and"—he just glanced at a letter—"and Muriel very much."

"Miss us? I don't understand. Is my daughter no longer an acceptable pupil at the Bevans School?"

"Very acceptable, except for your dissatisfaction with the school."

"I never felt any dissatisfaction," she said.

Austin was good-humoredly airy. "My dear lady," he said, "you forget. On the second and seventh of last January you wrote my aunt that you intended to remove your daughter. On the eighteenth of this month, you said that you had never known an institution so deficient ——"

Mrs. McLane waved a large gloved hand. "I am open, candid, Mr. Bevans, perhaps overcritical, but I have the best interests of this school at heart. I should never dream of removing my daughter."

Austin shook his head. "Isn't it too bad I should have misunderstood you," he said. "I'm afraid that my telegram has gone to Mr. McFadden — Mr. Lemuel V. McFadden, you know, the cattle king." He thought the name did credit to his imagination. "Such an interesting girl—your daughter; but then we should not expect a McLane to be commonplace."

"Ah, you have always understood her here," said Mrs. McLane; "I can never find another school that will."

"Too bad she has to go," murmured Austin. He let her plead vainly until a new visitor was announced, and then very graciously yielded.

The newcomer was Mr. Browning, the writing master, a pale, bearded man, who came to complain that the young ladies did not take his course seriously.

"I wish you'd speak to them, Mr. Bevans, especially to that little Italian girl. She is a very lawless element."

"Lawless?" cried Austin.

"Yes, sir, lawless. Don't be deceived by that gentle manner. She has great influence with her companions, and she twists Miss Hayes round her finger. And she writes a very bad hand."

"I'll see to it," said Austin.

The writing master made way for a parent, male, this time—Mr. Doughty, severe and middle-aged.

"I wished to see Mr. Bevans."

"I am Mr. Bevans."

"The head of this school?"

"Yes."

Mr. Doughty bowed with the manner of a man who has seen many strange things in his time. "I suppose I may smoke," he said, biting off the end of his cigar.

"No," said Austin, "I'm sorry, but you may not. I never allow smoking in my office in the morning." It was a rule he had made upon the spur of the minute, but it had just the right effect upon Doughty, who replaced his cigar hastily in his pocket with a docility quite unusual in him.

"I came to speak to you about Helen," he began.

"Ah, Helen," said Austin, as if Helen's problems had oddly enough been the last thought in his mind.

"My daughter," observed Mr. Doughty, "is in many ways a remarkable girl ——"

"Well, Mr. Doughty," said Austin genially, "we should not expect your child to be commonplace."

Mr. Doughty raised a deprecating hand, though clearly the remark was not distasteful to him. "No," he said, "you are wrong. What little success I have had in life has been due to luck not to ability. Take, for example, my acquiring control of the C. T. & W. ——"

"How interesting," murmured Austin, at a time which his sound commercial training told him was the right moment. But he was thinking: A gardenia is not a common, accidental flower which might have been picked by the cook's child out on a ramble. A gardenia is a deliberate, artificial, expensive, troublesome —— He raised it and smelt the delicious perfume. Why, he wondered, did it make him think of the little princess? Did she wear them? Or was it that the smooth whiteness of her skin. . . .

He broke off, for the time had come to murmur again: "How interesting!"

"Yes, it was as simple as that," said Mr. Doughty. In the excitement of his narrative he had taken out his cigar again, but on receiving a severe look from Austin he hastily replaced it. "I beg your pardon," he said, and Austin forgave him with a kindly glance. "I came to speak about Helen. She tells me the school no longer prepares for college. That is a great disappointment, Mr. Bevans. I wish Helen to go to college. If she cannot be prepared here I must send her elsewhere." He paused to be pleaded with.

"The school will miss Helen very much," said Austin, making a faint pretense of rising as if the interview were over.

It wasn't, for Mr. Doughty settled back in his chair. "Helen," he said, "is just the type to profit by a college education."

"I should have said exactly the opposite," answered Austin.

"I consider her intellectual equipment far above the average, though, of course," he added, as one to whom such a thing had never so far happened, "I may be wrong."

"You are not wrong," said her schoolmaster. "She is far above the average, especially in her originality," and he thought of her wonderful story about the book of Job. "And it is for that reason I do not want to see her run into a mold. What is college education designed for, Mr. Doughty? The average person; worse than that, the average boy. It standardizes. Now I should like to see Helen study with special masters who would bring out her special powers."

He sketched a wonderful curriculum for her. Mr. Doughty owned he had never considered the matter from this point of view; he had simply assumed that colleges gave the best education at present available. Austin smiled sadly and shook his head at such colossal ignorance, seeming to indicate that his life would be easier if he could submit all parents to an elementary course in the purposes of education.

The great man left his study a complete convert to the Bevans theories.

As the door shut behind him Austin snapped his fingers. "Bring on more parents," he said boastfully.

But Fate was not so kind to him. An instant later his aunt's old servant put her head in at the door to say:

"'Tis the little princess, sir, would like a worrud with you."

Austin hesitated. This was against the rules—a good deal more against the rules than Mr. Doughty's innocent attempt to light a cigar. It was not only against the rules, but against his principles; he did not intend the girls to get into the habit of coming to his study. And yet he did want to speak to Elise about this question of her handwriting. While he was debating the matter with himself his right hand stole out, and without any conscious mandate from its owner it took the photograph of Susy in its silver frame and laid it face downward in a drawer of the desk. Then he said to the servant:

"Let her come in."

The next instant she was standing timidly on the threshold. She was wearing a pale blue sweater, and on it was pinned a crisp white gardenia.

"May I speak to you, sir?" she just breathed.

It had never occurred to him that she would call him "sir," and for some reason it unnerved him strangely; but his manner betrayed nothing of the kind.

"Yes, Elise," he said, "but I must say I don't like my mornings interrupted by anyone but parents."

"But you know I have no parents, sir."

She approached and leaned her hand on his desk; in whiteness it compared favorably with the gardenia, but unlike the flower it was shaking. He looked up quickly—yes, the little princess was trembling from top to toe. There was something appealing in her doing a deed that frightened her so much. He wanted to ask her to sit down, but knowing that a more pedagogic tone could be given to the interview if she stood and he remained seated, he didn't. He merely said quite coldly:

"What was it you wished to speak to me about?"

"I want to change one of the courses I have elected, please, Mr. Bevans."

He looked up at her again. Was he to hear a fifteenth incredibly plausible story about Sacred Literature, and from her whom he had thought superior!

Her hand trembled more and more, but she said firmly: "I want to take an extra English course instead of Sacred Literature."

"Sacred Literature is a pretty good thing to know something about," said Austin.

"It's the stupidest course in the school, sir."

"Then why did you elect it?" He looked straight at her and she looked straight back again.

"Because I thought you were going to give it, sir," she answered.

The truth being mighty prevailed. The moment was distinctly Elise's. There was a silence of several seconds before he thought of the right thing to say.

"Why did you assume that I would make it more interesting than Miss Simmons does?"

She smiled, showing a flash of very small white teeth. "Anybody would, sir," she returned.

Austin made a grab at his professional manner as a man makes a grab at his hat in a high wind, and caught it in time.

"You must learn to take an interest in the subjects you study irrespective of the teacher's personality, Elise," he said.

"I'll remember that—when I get to college."

"To college, Elise? Surely you know that neither I nor your grandfather approve of your going to college."

"Oh, Mr. Bevans, don't interfere with my going to college, I want to so much! You have to have degrees nowadays to do anything in the world, and school, even if you work hard, isn't the same. Miss Hays says ——"

"This is a question about which Miss Hays and I disagree."

"Oh, I know," she wailed. "And it's so dreadful when the two people you respect most disagree about what you ought to do."

(Continued on Page 59)

They Were Engaged in a Conversation Which Came to an Abrupt Halt—on the Entrance of Austin

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

"You Know What This Is, of Course? Action for Breach of Promise of Marriage. Our Client Is Suing for Ten Thousand Pounds"

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXIV

OUT on the terrace the night was very still. From a steel-blue sky the stars looked down as calmly as they had looked on the night of the ball, when George had waited by the shrubbery, listening to the wailing of the music and thinking long thoughts. From the dark meadows down by the brook came the cry of a corncrake, its harsh note softened by distance.

"What shall we do?" said Maud. She was sitting on the stone seat where Reggie Byng had sat and meditated on his love for Alice Faraday and his unfortunate habit of slicing his approach shots. To George, as he stood beside her, she was a white blur in the darkness. He could not see her face.

"I don't know!" he said frankly.

Nor did he. Like Lady Caroline and Lord Belpher and Keggs the butler, he had been completely overwhelmed by Lord Marshmoreton's dramatic announcement. The situation had come upon him unheralded by any warning, and had found him unequal to it.

A choking sound suddenly proceeded from the whiteness that was Maud. In the stillness it sounded like some loud noise. It jarred on George's disturbed nerves.

"Please!"

"I c-can't help it!"

"There's nothing to cry about, really! If we think long enough we shall find some way out all right. Please don't cry."

"I'm not crying!" The choking sound became an unmistakable ripple of mirth. "It's so absurd! Poor father getting up like that in front of everyone! Did you see Aunt Caroline's face?"

"It haunts me still," said George. "I shall never forget it. Your brother didn't seem any too pleased either."

Maud stopped laughing.

"It's an awful position," she said soberly. "The announcement will be in the Morning Post the day after to-morrow. And then the letters of congratulation will begin to pour in, and after that the presents. And I simply can't see how we can convince them all that there has been a mistake." Another aspect of the matter struck her. "It's so hard on you, too."

"Don't think about me," urged George. "Heaven knows I'd give the whole world if we could just let the thing go on, but there's no use in discussing impossibilities." He lowered his voice. "There's no use either in my pretending that I'm not going to have a pretty bad time. But we won't discuss that. It was my own fault. I came butting in on your life of my own free will, and, whatever happens, it's been worth it to have known you and tried to be of service to you."

"You're the best friend I've ever had."

"I'm glad you think that."

"The best and kindest friend any girl ever had. I wish ——" She broke off. "Oh, well!"

There was a silence.

In the castle somebody had begun to play the piano. Then a man's voice began to sing.

"That's Edwin Plummer," said Maud. "How badly he sings."

George laughed. Somehow the intrusion of Plummer had removed the tension. Plummer, whether designedly and as a somber commentary on the situation or because he was the sort of man who does sing that particular song, was chanting Tosti's Good-by. He was giving to its never very cheery notes a wailing melancholy all his own. A dog in the stables began to howl in sympathy, and with the sound came a curious soothing of George's nerves. He might feel broken-hearted later, but for the moment, with this double accompaniment, it was impossible for a man with humor in his soul to dwell on the deeper emotions. Plummer and his canine duettist had brought him to earth. He felt calm and practical.

"We'd better talk the whole thing over quietly," he said. "There's certain to be some solution. At the worst you can always go to Lord Marshmoreton and tell him that he spoke without a sufficient grasp of his subject."

"I could," said Maud, "but, just at present, I feel as if I'd rather do anything else in the world. You don't realize what it must have cost father to defy Aunt Caroline openly like that. Ever since I was old enough to notice anything I've seen how she dominated him. It was Aunt Caroline who really caused all this trouble. If it had only been father I could have coaxed him to let me marry anyone I pleased. I wish, if you possibly can, you would think of some other solution."

"I haven't had an opportunity of telling you," said George, "that I called at Belgrave Square, as you asked me to do. I went there directly I had seen Reggie Byng safely married."

"Did you see him married?"

"I was best man."

"Dear old Reggie! I hope he will be happy."

"He will; don't worry about that. Well, as I was saying, I called at Belgrave Square and found the house shut up. I couldn't get any answer to the bell, though I kept my thumb on it for minutes at a time. I think they must have gone abroad again."

"No, it wasn't that. I had a letter from Geoffrey this morning. His uncle died suddenly of apoplexy, while they were in Manchester on a business trip." She paused. "He left Geoffrey all his money," she went on; "every penny."

The silence seemed to stretch out interminably. The music from the castle had ceased. The quiet of the summer night was unbroken. To George the stillness had a touch of the sinister. It was the ghastly silence of the end of the world. With a shock he realized that even now he had been permitting himself to hope, futile as he recognized hope to be. Maud had told him she loved another man. That should have been final. And yet somehow his indomitable subconscious self had refused to accept it as final. But this news ended everything. The only obstacle that had held Maud and this man apart was removed. There was nothing to prevent their marrying. George was conscious of a vast depression. The last strand of the rope of hope had parted, and he was drifting alone out into the ocean of desolation.

"Oh!" he said, and was surprised that his voice sounded very much the same as usual. Speech was so difficult that it seemed strange that it should show no signs of effort. "That alters everything, doesn't it."

"He said in his letter that he wanted me to meet him in London, and talk things over, I suppose."

"There's nothing now to prevent your going—I mean, now that your father has made this announcement you are free to go where you please."

"Yes, I suppose I am."

There was another silence.

"Everything's so difficult," said Maud.

"In what way?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"If you are thinking of me," said George, "please don't. I know exactly what you mean. You are hating the thought of hurting my feelings. I wish you would look on me as having no feelings. All I want is to see you happy. As I said just now, it's enough for me to know that I've helped you. Do be reasonable about it. The fact that our engagement has been officially announced makes no difference in our relations to each other. As far as we two are concerned, we are exactly where we were the last time we met. It's no worse for me now than it was then to know that I'm not the man you love, and that there's somebody else you loved before you ever knew of my existence. For goodness' sake, a girl like you must be used to having men tell her that they love her and having to tell them that she can't love them in return."

"But you're so different "

"Not a bit of it; I'm just one of the crowd."

"I've never known anybody quite like you."

"Well, you've never known anybody quite like Plummer, I should imagine. But the thought of his sufferings didn't break your heart."

"I've known a million men exactly like Edwin Plummer," said Maud emphatically. "All the men I ever have known have been like him, quite nice and pleasant and negative. It never seemed to matter refusing them. One knew that they would just be a little bit piqued for a week or two and then wander amiably off and fall in love with somebody else. But you're different. You matter."

"That is where we disagree. My argument is that, where your happiness is concerned, I don't matter."

Maud rested her chin on her hand and stared out into the velvet darkness.

"You ought to have been my brother instead of Percy," she said at last. "What chums we should have been! And how simple that would have made everything!"

"The best thing for you to do is to regard me as an honorary brother. That will make everything simple."

"It's easy to talk like that. No, it isn't; it's horribly hard. I know exactly how difficult it is for you to talk as you have been doing, to try to make me feel better by pretending the whole trouble is just a trifle. It's strange. We have only really met for a few minutes at a time, and three weeks ago I didn't know there was such a person as you, but somehow I seem to know everything you're thinking. I've never felt like that before with any man, even Geoffrey. He always puzzled me."

She broke off. The corncrake began to call again out in the distance.

"I wish I knew what to do," she said with a catch in her voice.

"I'll tell you in two words what to do. The whole thing is absurdly simple. You love this man and he loves you, and all that kept you apart before was the fact that he could not afford to marry you. Now that he is rich there is no obstacle at all. I simply won't let you look on me and my feelings as an obstacle. Rule me out altogether. Your father's mistake has made the situation a little more complicated than it need have been, but that can easily be remedied. Imitate the excellent example of Reggie Byng. He was in a position where it would have been embarrassing to announce what he intended to do, so he very sensibly went quietly off and did it and left everybody to find out about it after it was done. I'm bound to say I never looked on Reggie as a master mind, but, when it came to finding a way out of embarrassing situations, one has to admit that he had the right idea. Do what he did."

Maud started. She half rose from the stone seat. George could hear the quick intake of her breath.

"You mean—run away?"

"Exactly; run away!"

An automobile swung round the corner of the castle from the direction of the garage, and drew up, purring, at the steps. There was a flood of light and the sound of voices as the great door opened. Maud rose.

"People are leaving," she said. "I didn't know it was so late." She stood irresolutely. "I suppose I ought to go in and say good-by, but I don't think I can."

"Stay where you are. Nobody will see you."

More automobiles arrived. The quiet of the night was shattered by the noise of their engines. Maud sat down again. "I suppose they will think it very odd of me not being there."

"Never mind what people think; Reggie Byng didn't."

Maud's foot traced circles on the dry turf.

"What a lovely night," she said. "There's no dew at all."

The automobiles snorted, tooted, backfired and passed away. Their clamor died in the distance, leaving the night a thing of peace and magic once more. The door of the castle closed with a bang.

"I suppose I ought to be going in now," said Maud.

"I suppose so. And I ought to be there, too, politely making my farewells. But something seems to tell me that Lady Caroline and your brother will be quite ready to dispense with the formalities. I shall go home."

They faced each other in the darkness.

"Would you really do that?" asked Maud. "Run away, I mean, and get married in London?"

"It's the only thing to do."

"But can one get married as quickly as that?"

"At a registrar's? Nothing simpler. You should have seen Reggie Byng's wedding. It was over before one realized it had started. A snuffy little man in a black coat with a cold in his head asked a few questions, wrote a few words, and the thing was done."

"That sounds rather—dreadful."

"Reggie didn't seem to think so."

"Unromantic, I mean—prosaic."

"You would supply the romance."

"Of course one ought to be sensible. It is just the same as a regular wedding."

"In its effects, absolutely "

They moved up the terrace together. On the gravel drive by the steps they paused.

"I'll do it!" said Maud.

George had to make an effort before he could reply. For all his sane and convincing arguments, he could not check a pang at this definite acceptance of them. He had begun to appreciate now the strain under which he had been speaking.

"You must," he said. "Well, good-by."

There was light on the drive; he could see her face. Her eyes were troubled.

"What will you do?" she asked.

"Do?"

"I mean, are you going to stay on in your cottage?"

(Continued on Page 113)

"Don't Think About Me," Urged George. "Heaven Knows, Whatever Happens, It's Been Worth It to Have Known You and Tried to be of Service to You"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2 00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2 50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1919

Pioneering

"PIONEERING don't pay," said Mr. Carnegie on one occasion. As regards the fortunes of individual pioneers, very often it "don't." Often the first settlers merely sow and others reap.

By this time—loosely speaking—we know all about airplanes and aërial navigation. Preparations more careful and elaborate than those made by the Navy Department for a transatlantic flight would be fairly impossible. But only one of its three planes got across. That the crews of the two others were not lost was partly good luck. Hawker and Grieve were saved by one chance out of a dozen.

You may know all about anything on paper, but two times out of three it will not come out that way in practice—until experience and actual practice have corrected the theory. About two times out of three the perfect shop model develops unsuspected weaknesses on the road.

Certainly pioneering does pay socially in every phase of life and every branch of human activity, including politics and economics; but only the pioneering that keeps one foot on experience and makes its plans with the mental reservation that after the best forethought has been taken the first attempt will probably go wrong and have to be tried over. The first men to fly—Wilbur and Orville Wright—beat rivals who planned more ambitiously, because they proceeded by slow, patient, actual experiments.

Launching on a transatlantic flight before the machine has been thoroughly tried out over a pond is not real pioneering but only suicidal irresponsibility. That is about what a lot of alleged pioneers in politics and economics want to do.

Go Ahead

IT WAS in the Philippines, as we recall the story, that a party of soldiers found themselves in a strange region where they had reason tosuspect that bolo knives abounded. It seemed prudent to reconnoiter and then hold a council to decide which direction would be safest. So the soldiers went out scouting in pairs.

The first pair climbed a hill and saw another hill, and having climbed that they saw another. After some sweaty hours they returned and reported that they had not seen anything but just one hill after another. The other scouts made like reports.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "it seems that nobody really knows anything, so we best just go ahead." And they duly reached their destination.

If you are looking for hills there is nothing else within the whole circle of the horizon; you can see uncertainties in any given direction. It would be foolish, in this disturbed world, to assert that anybody absolutely knows anything about the future. So the only sensible plan is just to go ahead, for there is one certainty—namely, that if we don't go ahead we shall never get anywhere.

There is the matter of prices, for example. Do not sit round waiting for any supposititious readjustment of prices. If there is anything you can make good use of, from a pair of shoes to a farm, go ahead and buy it right now and get the use of it. If you have immediate need of a building, go ahead and build it. Mr. Micawber, you remember, was always waiting for something to turn up. Nothing ever does turn up for the man who sits round waiting for it. Things turn up for people who go ahead.

Go ahead now; buy and build whatever you have use for. Do not be extravagant of money or credit; but do not be extravagant of time, either; and waiting is spending time. Thrift means going ahead with production and useful expenditure as well as avoiding waste.

The Alternative

EXTREMER radicals are intensely dissatisfied with the peace terms. Naturally. Being intensely dissatisfied is their occupation. If they were satisfied they would cease to be radicals and become conservatives. Some Republican senators are intensely dissatisfied. Among them are a few who would probably have been equally dissatisfied with any peace terms that were negotiated by Wilson. These particular kinds of dissatisfaction were all but certain before pen was ever put to paper at Versailles. In other words, some of the criticism is subject to a heavy discount.

Yet no American is satisfied with the peace terms. They are not what the United States wanted or expected. The United States approached the peace settlement in the spirit expressed by President Wilson's celebrated fourteen points and subsequent utterances—on which the armistice was nominally based. That was a spirit of concession, good will, good conscience, so that among all the peoples of Europe there should be the fewest possible just causes of resentment and ill will. Sacrificing points of invidious national advantage for the sake of creating good will was implicit in it.

The proceedings at Versailles and at many other points on the European map have not shown a mind bent upon conciliation, good will and careful respect for every other people's fair claims and aspirations such as would give the surest foundations for lasting peace. They have shown a mind full of jealousies and suspicions, bent upon immediate advantages irrespective of probable future effects. The United States and Europe agreed upon a written formula—a set of words comprising the fourteen points, and so on; yet what the United States intended and what Europe intended were evidently two quite different things. The essential difference is seen not so much in comparing texts as in the underlying spirit. The United States was prepared to make some sacrifice of its independent position and to assume various obligations, not for the sake of any immediate national advantage whatever, but for the sake of assuring a lasting peace. In the mind of Europe that object, which was our whole object, was apparently secondary to immediate national advantages.

The proceedings at Versailles and at other points on the European map reflect the mind of Europe—a mind which, in spite of fifty-two months of the most destructive warfare ever known, is still not whole-heartedly willing to sacrifice points of immediate national advantage for the sake of getting the best possible assurance of lasting peace; a jealous, suspicious, rather truculent mind which still pretty helplessly runs along the lines of the old imperialistic, invidious nationalism.

A hundred instances show it. "On earth peace, good will toward men," says the motto on the wall, but before the head of the table can say grace about half the guests are grabbing for the food nearest them and are ready to punch one another's heads. At many points we see exhibited a spirit that makes war, not peace.

But the United States cannot simply take it or leave it. It has got to take it in one way or another. The world of two hemispheres, as your school geography used to show it, no longer exists. We have moved next door. We must have relations with our neighbors—relations that intimately affect our own security and peace. The practical question is: What shall the relations be?

The United States is the leaven that makes any sort of League of Nations possible. We do not know of a respectable opinion that disagrees with that statement. It is fairly impossible that jealous, suspicious Europe and Asia should get up an effectual covenant to maintain peace by themselves. Suppose we stay out of it and there is no international organization for peace. What is the alternative—sooner or later, and sooner rather than later—but a return to rival alliances and competitive armaments? In proportion as the burden of competitive armaments became intolerable to impoverished Europe there would be the near prospect of another war in a blind effort to get out of the blind alley; and it has become a commonplace that we cannot keep out of any big future European war, which would immediately unleash submarines, foreclose the seas, and so on.

The alternative for us, too, would surely be competitive armaments. After our late experience we could never again feel any sort of security in the face of a jealous, suspicious Europe that had nothing better to depend on for the maintenance of peace than the old balance of power and big armies and navies. If Europe returns to that state any American party or statesman that proposed a return on our part to the military conditions of 1914 would deserve instant repudiation, and doubtless would get it. We should have to arm increasingly. A billion a year for navy and about that for army would become permanent features. Some kind of universal military service would be a matter of course. And finally competitive armaments do not insure peace, they insure war.

We might form our own entangling alliance—more particularly with England, since naval power would be our chief object in an alliance—but we should have to pay the full price for it. England, especially after the experiences of this war, is not going to lend us the shield of her navy just out of good nature. In spite of our disappointments and disillusionments a League of Nations is the only thing in the world that looks toward peace. Not to look toward peace is to look toward despair.

Editors and politicians make a living by words. Naturally they place supreme importance upon words. The text—the expressed terms—is habitually taken by them as definitely and forever fixing the status of the matter with which the words deal. You know how ready they are to fight and die, rhetorically, over the precise wording of a bill or platform or treaty. But words are only the clothes—rubber clothes too. There were furious battles, for example, over the text of the Constitution of the United States, as though the political condition and relationships of the inhabitants of the country were to be forever fixed by the phrases printed in that document. It is well known that hardly anybody who took a hand in framing the Constitution was satisfied with the result; many were profoundly dissatisfied. Hamilton, who afterward did so much to shape the new government, was so disgusted that he quitted the convention. But with huge labor and controversy a text was finally agreed upon and adopted. And as soon as the document became a living compact of living men it began developing in its own way—in some very important respects quite at variance with the views of all its framers. Editors and politicians habitually take the words as the end, and as forever fixing the conditions; in fact, they are the beginning, a scaffolding on which conditions shape themselves.

So the huge controversy over the words of the peace terms and league covenant must be taken with allowances. When senators talk of their destroying the sovereignty of the United States and enslaving the nation they are of course only making some wild and foolish gestures. We face a condition: namely, a choice between the best peace terms and compact we can get—which in view of Europe's state of mind will certainly not be what we wanted—or a return to rival alliances and competitive armaments.

Neither road is what we should have picked out if we had had complete freedom of choice. We should have picked out a boulevard. But there is no boulevard. Both actual roads are bumpy; neither is free from hazards; but we must travel one or the other.

We cannot make a peace settlement and compact alone. We must make it with Europe, in such way and form as Europe will consent to. Just in proportion as Europe exhibits a warring mind it is important that we, for our own security, should give every possible encouragement to peace. Within rational limits we can afford to take the chances on that side better than we can afford to take those on the other side. This is written before the publication of the text of the treaty. When it is published every citizen should study it with an open mind and decide, unswayed by partisan prejudice and with a clear realization of where each of the roads open before us may lead in the end. Either road is beset with certain dangers, but can we go it alone?

Without Politics

THE biggest question in the world to-day is the labor question—how to give a fair deal to and get a fair deal from labor; how to satisfy the reasonable demands of the men and women who do the world's manual work and get them in such a state of mind that they will not make unreasonable demands; how to keep labor power continually applied to production at maximum efficiency. That, take it all round, is the biggest question in the world.

It is not a political question at all—or need not be. Comparatively little political action of any sort is necessary to solve it. We can go right ahead and solve it ourselves if we want to. Every employer and every workman can do his own solving—far easier, surer and better than congresses, legislatures or soviets can solve for him. If the men who do the employing and working will just study, open-mindedly, how to give a fair deal in their own immediate relationships the labor question will solve itself. Political intervention is simply calling in lawyers and courts to settle a questionable boundary case that the parties could settle themselves if they would be fair, reasonable, conciliatory.

Don't wait for politics. Start solving on your own hook.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Household Economies

IN THESE days of high rents and record wages for domestic help the problem of household expenses takes on added importance. We hear much talk of the necessity for greater system in the home, but let us substitute the word "science" for system and see what can be done. There is no lack of knowledge on common matters of everyday life, but there is a vital need for the dissemination and practical application of what we already know. The results of experience and research are of real value only in case they are utilized.

Hardly one home in ten is equipped with the proper apparatus to insure economical management. Take, for instance, the various inexpensive types of thermometers. How few people realize the worth of these simple but useful articles! The metallurgical engineer would not think of guessing in the matter of the proper temperature at which to quench his steel. There is no good reason for less precision in the operation of a home. Several room-temperature thermometers carefully placed in a house will save sickness and reduce the coal bills. Oven thermometers are useful in baking foods. Bread will bake best at a definite temperature somewhere between 350 and 400 degrees Fahrenheit; custards and meringues need only 250 to 350 degrees; rolls and popovers require 400 to 450; while biscuits and pastry turn out best in a temperature of 450 to 550 degrees. If such information is handy for use, why do we not more often avail ourselves of it?

In the matter of household refrigerators there is an opportunity to effect a material saving. First, it is well for the housewife to know whether or not she is getting her full measure of ice. If a simple spring-balance scale is not at hand the best way to check up is to remember that there are thirty cubic inches of ice in a pound, and by dividing the total cubic inches in the whole piece of ice by thirty it is easily possible to calculate the number of pounds. In actual service ice is more expensive than gas, for the cost of absorbing heat is five to ten times the cost of producing heat. Furthermore, the cooling effect of ice cannot be turned off as can the gas flame.

In general the common ice box is a notorious waster. When the room temperature is ninety degrees, the air in the ordinary refrigerator averages about sixty degrees. Just how important this ice-box matter really is may be better understood when it is known that in milk kept at sixty degrees there are fifteen times as many bacteria developed in twenty-four hours as there are in milk kept at fifty degrees.

Protecting the ice by wrapping it up is a good way to save it and a fine way to ruin food. Unless the ice melts it can absorb no heat and answers no good purpose. Not only is it necessary to use care in selecting a refrigerator but it is advisable to do a little experimenting with the box after it is installed. A thermometer will be found useful in discovering the coldest places in a refrigerator, so that foods such as milk and meats, which need to be kept cool, can be placed in these colder spots.

Protection for Railway Investors

By Floyd W. Parsons

IT IS certain that no immediate problem of national scope is of wider interest or greater importance than that relating to the present complex situation of the nation's railroads. The capital invested in the country's railroad lines is approximately $17,000,000,000. Fifty million people, or nearly one-half of our population, are directly or indirectly the owners of these securities. Three-fifths of the capitalization of all the United States railroads consists of bonds and other holdings that are without voting power. The people who hold this sixty per cent interest in our transportation lines have no voice in the management of the properties. The developments resulting from government control have forced these bondholders to associate themselves with other railroad-security holders and effect an organization for the purpose of mutual protection.

The outcome of all this is a corporation known as the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. With S. Davies Warfield, of Baltimore, as president, this association is making a vigorous fight to protect railroad investments. Through its membership the organization now represents nearly $8,000,000,000 worth of railroad securities. It speaks for thirty millions of the people who are interested in such investments.

S. Davies Warfield, of Baltimore, President of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities

"The return and future regulation of our great transportation lines are questions that affect not only the owners of railroad securities but the whole public as well," says Mr. Warfield.

"Few people understand the real seriousness of the consequences of a misstep in dealing with this national problem. Everybody should know that we cannot adversely affect a total railroad investment of $17,000,000,000 without a consequent sympathetic effect on the values of all other classes of securities. In order to show the wide range of the problem it is only necessary to state that $1,500,000,000, or twenty-five per cent of the total investments of the life-insurance companies, consist of the securities of our national carriers. One-fourth of the money our 33,000,000 policyholders have provided by life insurance for the protection of those who are to come after them is, therefore, invested in railroad holdings. Consequently every person who carries insurance is actually a bondholder or a stockholder in one or more of our American railroads.

"A majority of the people of the United States do not want government ownership, but unless we are careful the country may be forced into it from lack of congressional action. If we long continue present policies of Federal control and operation one result will be to heap up great charges against the railroads, and as a consequence it will become impossible to prevent their ultimate absorption by the Government.

"There are three ways under which the railroads may be returned and regulated by the Government. One is to turn them back and permit conditions to continue that obtained prior to the war. This plan is unthinkable, for it would soon land the carriers in bankruptcy. Of the other two methods the first is to form new large regional railroad companies, assembling the various lines according to their regional location. This plan necessitates exchanging the existing railroad securities for reduced amounts of the securities of the new regional companies. Such a procedure would require a valuation of the different transportation lines, which work would require from five to six years. What would happen to business and shipping interests, as well as to the railroads, in the meantime is not pleasant to surmise. Even if this scheme were adopted it is interesting to know how bondholders could be forced to enter into such an unprofitable exchange. Furthermore, a long-delayed settlement of present difficulties would destroy the operating structures of our railroads, while combining them into fewer systems would curtail competitive service.

"The other method referred to is the one that has been proposed by the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. This latter plan has four specific fundamentals: First, Congress is requested to provide a definite rule for rate making; second, a corporation will be formed to coördinate in the public interest the operations of the individual systems to continue the joint use of railroad facilities and to utilize in the public interest a fund created from excess earnings; third, there will be regional commissions to supplement the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission and to act as boards of conciliation in the settlement of wage disputes; fourth, it is proposed that there be Federal supervision of railroad-security issues.

"Under the plan Congress will be urged to instruct the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates high enough to produce a return of at least six per cent on the combined property-investment accounts of the railroads, grouped in the three classification territories into which the commission has subdivided the country. Some lines of course would earn two, three or four per cent, while other roads would earn in excess of five or six per cent. Any company earning over six per cent on its individual property-investment account, after retaining one-third of the amount earned in excess of the six per cent as an incentive, would be obliged to pay the other two-thirds into the fund created in the public interest. The security owners are opposed to the Government's assuming to guarantee securities. Their association voices the belief that a guaranty lessens incentive and dwarfs initiative and must lead to government ownership, for the Government would never stamp its guaranty on securities unless it manages the properties it guarantees, which means eventual government ownership.

"It required a jolt such as the war has produced to make people realize how impossible have been the methods under which the railroads have been regulated. The plan here proposed can be enacted into law without disturbing the governmental agencies for regulating the carriers, and without destroying the railroad operating structure under which this country has prospered and enjoyed a service which has been unequaled in any other country. Each individual railroad would have the advantage of operating as it has always operated, with proper encouragement for incentive and initiative. In addition, the nation would secure the benefits resulting from each road being managed as a part of one great national system, but at the same time preserving competitive service so essential to the best working results."

Our Banks and Savings

THE great war was the supreme effort of mankind, and its financial legacy is sure to be a heavy burden for the peoples of the future. However, there is no one to-day who has not been amazed by the ease with which the money to pay for the fight was raised. The total wealth of all the nations engaged in the war was seven hundred and fifty billion dollars in 1914. The bitter struggle of fifty million men for four years is said to have consumed more than a quarter of this accumulated wealth. Such a loss—if an actual fact—would have landed the world in bankruptcy, but we have no sign of such an unhappy result. Intelligent observers now voice the opinion that our productive wealth was not wiped out to the extent at first believed. The chief losses were in the lives sacrificed and in the arrested development of the world along peaceful lines. In other words, the material losses were in no way equal to the total sum expended by the nations in prosecuting the war.

Following along this line of thought it is interesting to note that to-day there are more national banks in operation, with larger capital and surplus and greater resources, making bigger dividends and with a more striking immunity from failure, than ever in our history. The banking power of the United States to-day is more than two and a half times as great as the banking power of the whole world as late as 1890.

In view of the immense purchases of government securities during the past two years it has been thought by many that individual savings accounts must have suffered. But the fact is that the per-capita savings in 1918 were $113.45 as against $89.11 in 1914. In addition to this the nation's war savings up to 1918 were $8.95 per capita. When the war started we had in this country only 300,000 investors in bonds; now we have 30,000,000 such investors.

SOUVENIRS—By Maude Radford Warren

IN THE place of honor, on the top of the piano, rest a German helmet, a bayonet and a trench knife. Dad stands contemplating them, a far-off smile on his lips. Outside Jim is driving the cultivator, his mind on his job, just as it used to be when that job was killing Germans. To Jim that helmet is a souvenir that he took from a German. To dad that helmet is a certificate of honor. Jim may be driving the cultivator in the back lot, but when dad sees that trophy on the piano he gets a thrill of realization. Jim was there! And now he's home, safe! To Jim's little brother and to Jim's best girl a souvenir means the glory of successful competition. The youngster has a proof to the other schoolboys that his brother was a braver soldier and got a better souvenir than any other brother that went overseas. Jim's best girl has a concrete symbol to flaunt in the faces of other girls who do not own a hero. But for dad and mother the helmet is the certificate that Jim was there. Like the college diploma that hangs on the wall, it's a testimony of family prowess.

Just before the armistice was signed our boys along the Meuse used to say: "Souvenirs! I haven't any. The only souvenir I want to take home to my family is myself, standing on my own two feet."

But up to that time they'd even risk their lives to get them. When one of our best divisions was having active warfare in Alsace in the spring and early summer of 1918, there was a buck private among them that won the nickname of Billy the Daredevil. There was never a patrol or raid planned for in his platoon or company that he did not volunteer to join. They said he always tried to induce the officer in charge to go closer to the German lines than was wise.

"Why don't you plan for a rest, Billy?" I asked him. "Take a leaf from the book of prima donnas; they don't sing every night. You don't want to accomplish all the warfare you are intended for in just one month, do you?"

The German Prisoner's Story

"WARFARE! Gee, there's no chance of that," responded Billy, "with those Heinies melting into the dark ahead of us. That's what I object to. They won't come out and be killed! What I'm doing is chasing a helmet. There hasn't been one taken yet in the whole battalion; the Heinies we've captured wore caps. I promised to send one to somebody back home, and I've got to make good *tout suite*, for I'm running neck and neck with a slacker that's holding a good job, and that on the spot."

From the days of the quiet sectors clear up to the last American drive there were men who risked their lives for souvenirs, to say nothing of risking punishment for going A. W. O. L. on collecting expeditions. A good many home-staying civilians had this vision of the soldiers: Noble young heroes, advancing, panting in the summer heat, across wheat fields or dragging, mud-caked, through the autumn mud, shells bursting round them, their comrades falling; they thirsting for victory, for revenge. And after the advance, sitting down droopingly, thinking over the experience, waiting for food, too exhausted even to speak; if they did speak, making brave jokes. Well, that's true of a good many of them, but when his job was over any boy who had energy left to put one foot before another or who could get a chance to do it went hunting for souvenirs. They might have been soldiers a few minutes before, but now they were just kids hunting for treasure.

Most especially—and this was akin to the child's cave-exploring instinct—most especially was there a glad rush, in the advances, toward any dugout that looked as if it had been abandoned. What gave it an abandoned look was generally the German blankets or overcoats cast down in front of it or near it—similar to the sort of "To Let" announcement in civilian life, when a family has moved out of a house and left its waste papers and old rags and shoes behind. But it was never safe to assume that a dugout was abandoned just because it looked as if it was. The soldiers who thought they would like to explore it appointed one of their number who could speak German to make sure that the coast was clear.

"Listen, you German in there," he would call, "come out with your hands up if you don't want a grenade to blow you to kingdom come."

If there were Germans within, their whispering or movements would betray them, but there was rarely any hesitation on their part; they came out, and came, so to speak, running. Extremely cautious souvenir hunters, if there was no reply, would advance into the dugout, either shooting or rushing with bayonets fixed. On the whole they preferred to find prisoners in a dugout, for that meant that no American had been before them collecting souvenirs. Sometimes these dugouts furnished very good hauls.

There was one particularly in the St.-Mihiel drive which was pointed out by a German. He was a tall, good-looking man with a raw wale across his face. He was slightly wounded, but not enough to incapacitate him from walking back with the other prisoners. While he was waiting under the curious eyes of a company which had been halted temporarily in its advance he heard some of the infantrymen talking about souvenirs.

"I won't be satisfied," said one, "till I have an iron cross, a pair of field glasses, a pipe, a watch, a compass, a belt and an officer's helmet."

This prisoner leaned out of the crowd of prisoners and said in very good English: "I can tell you of a dugout where you will find all of that. You will also find many maps and many other prisoners, nearly all officers. But if you do not discover that dugout you will leave behind you a rear guard of determined German fighters. If you will allow me to see your major I can give you valuable information."

He kept putting up his hand to his face as he spoke, as if the unhealed wale pained him.

"Take him to the major," said the officer in charge. "It will be a couple of hours anyhow before I can march the prisoners back."

The German was taken to the major, who looked up at him wearily from the dugout where he was comparing French and German maps of the same territory.

The German saluted stiffly and, breathing quickly, said: "Sir, I have a favor to ask of you."

"You are in no position," returned the major stonily, "to ask a favor."

"Sir, I wish to tell you that not a quarter of a mile from here is an abri. There is a German colonel there and several other officers. They have important papers, but they will never surrender. Sir, I ask you to let me go and blow up that dugout with hand grenades."

"You can show us the dugout and we'll send a party of our own men," the major said.

"Sir, I mean no treachery. That colonel is my colonel. He gave me a beating. I swore he should die for it. I told you he would not surrender. If you send a party those officers will fire with a machine gun they have planted there. But if they see me coming they will trust me and I can then kill them with grenades."

"I'll send a party," decided the major; "you can show me at long range where the dugout is."

The prisoner indicated it—a hump in a meadow with no cover in front of it and only a light fringe of trees behind and at one side. Anyone approaching it head-on, so to speak, would be plain machine-gun targets. The reason why the Germans there did not sweep the swarming road or else surrender was evidently because they wanted, when they thought it safe, to do some rear firing.

Mopping Up the Dugout

THE major appointed a party to take the dugout. The prisoner said there was a little ditch in which they could take cover, advance diagonally, and then approach the dugout from the rear. The corporal in charge, who was a judge of men, took the German's directions and reached the rear of the dugout successfully. Then the men of the party threw themselves flat on the ground while the corporal called for surrender. A wave of machine-gun bullets answered him, spraying this way and that, but going over the heads of the men. It was enough. The party crawled back in a roundabout way, and the German informer once more begged to be allowed to go.

"Sir," he argued, "you can keep me covered, so that if I make a false move you can kill me. Even if I wanted to deceive you I have no information that could help these officers. If you doubt me, if I fail to throw the hand grenades, you will have time to kill me before I could rush into the dugout. Your snipers will be scarcely a hundred yards away from me."

He was allowed to go forward, and he marched slowly across the bare yellow-brown meadow, goose-stepping as he went. He advanced without interference from either side. But the closer he came to his objective the more ready were the trigger fingers of the American snipers. When he was within a few feet of his colonel's dugout he raised his right arm with a fierce gesture and threw a grenade. Then he followed it with two others.

"If he'd thrown another," said the private who told me the story, "we'd have shot him sure, for we wanted something to be left of that dugout when he had done with it. There wasn't much left of the officers. I think there were a couple still alive, but I can't tell you if one was the colonel. Of course, to make this a story-book tale, the colonel ought to have been alive and conscious, with his head moving slowly from side to side. The German private should have gone in and said to him: 'Listen, *Schweinhund!* It was me done this to you. I guess we're even, now, old socks, what?'

"That guy, however, didn't stop to gloat. He beat it back in a hurry to the other bunch of prisoners. I suppose he thought maybe he'd be recognized and hanged, drawn and quartered if he ever got back to

(Continued on Page 30)

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Campbells' PORK AND BEANS
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL WITH TOMATO SAUCE

(Continued from Page 28)

Germany. Or maybe he had a hunch that Wilhelm's German Gott might think he'd been a bit too radical, and would strike him with lightning or something for reacting against brutal officers.

"But that dugout! Oh, baby! It was some place, barring that it was cluttered up with bits of Germans. I was one of the party that took it and I'll say it was well padded. A bronze clock on a table and a silver frame with a picture of a Dutch lady in it, a row of dress helmets on a shelf, five pairs of field glasses, one iron cross of the first class and two of the second; three other gold medals—those remains must have been big boys. There was a Luger for every officer, and a couple of swords. There were solid silver spoons, and knives with the swellest bone handles. There was even a chest of drawers—swell mahogany, pinched from some French château.

"Man alive! When we begin to sort them out we thought we were jake. And then what happens? Along comes an officer and pulls us out of that. Our outfit was moving up! Gee, that was the bitter fortune of war! There stood that officer and a detail behind him, grinning like mad. They were to take over the place, and they had great expectations. All I had time for was to salvage one of the crosses that I was palming at the time the officer came in, and a Luger I had taken the precaution to slip in my armhole. I thought they were coming to me because it was me that took that prisoner that tipped us off to the dugout."

An Admitted American Weakness

THERE is a kinship between adolescence and the collector's instinct, and primitive races and looting. Every child at some age or other begins collecting something. We all know the craze that college boys have at some period in their career for looting. I have dined in fraternity houses where every bit of the silver had been salvaged from hotels and railroad restaurants. Indeed, I doubt if the tendency to illicit souvenirs is confined to college boys in their callow state. I know of a middle-aged man who takes from every hotel where he stops a towel or a table napkin as a souvenir. As he travels a good deal his wife never has to buy any linen except tablecloths and doilies.

It was one of our allies, I believe, who remarked that England and France went into this war for defense, but the American soldiers undertook it for souvenirs. But after all, to wish to carry off souvenirs is a recognition of the fact that we have the feeling of locality, the spirit of place. The real value to us of a souvenir is its power of evocation, of calling up the spirit of the place whence it was taken. It is an aid to our imagination and our memory.

But, indeed, as a nation we have always liked souvenirs. With the exception of those of us who can afford to be globe-trotters we are genuinely rooted in our soil here. We have either stayed put or else we have traveled in restricted home areas. A lot of us of course have seen America first because we have had to! When we did go traveling we brought back souvenirs. Many a foreign shopkeeper dates his prosperity from the time when the Americans began to go in for foreign travel. The home travelers, too, cashed in for souvenirs. I have known people traveling only from Milton Junction, Wisconsin, to Janesville, Wisconsin, and coming home with souvenirs. Local pride and the passion for picture postals have assisted the fad for souvenirs. Local jewelers have engraved "Bird Center" on broken sets of spoons and sold them separately as mementos. The Woman's Exchange has exhibited china hand-painted plates with the motto "A present from Clinton." When burnt-wood and burnt-leather work was in, how many a local maid sent her best young man a "Token from Decatur." Every phase of American experience, cult or craze or real development has been related in some way to the souvenir. The war-souvenir tract was well established in the consciousness of our soldiers long before they went overseas. From early in 1915 souvenirs of sorts began to arrive in the United States, with wounded Canadians or with wounded Americans who had temporarily shifted their birthplace a few hundred miles north and west. These were mostly 77 shells, a French soldier's helmet, a brown leather German cartridge case, a *Gott mit uns* buckle or a ring made of aluminum set with a bit of church-window glass. I don't know where the German helmets went in those days. These trophies were put in the window of the newspaper office or the hardware store, and won the same clustering attention that is given a long-haired damsel in a kimono demonstrating the efficacy of the Swear-to-Heaven hair tonic.

So when the soldiers set sail for France they knew that souvenirs were expected of them. Dad and mother did not mention the subject; nor did the best sort of best girls. But second-best girls did, and mere friends and little brothers and sisters. True to form, the soldiers started souvenir hunting. Long before they ever saw the front line, while they were still in training in some back area, they began to buy things to send home. And such things! Awful plush bags; green or brown handkerchiefs with "A souvenir from France" written diagonally across the corner; bits of bric-à-brac that could have been bought more cheaply at home. Whenever they asked the advice of the Y. M. C. A. women we were able to guide them to a discreeter choice; it wasn't hard to prevent a boy from buying his sixty-year-old mother a yard of expensive tinsel lace because it looked pretty. Some of the soldiers had well-trained taste and bought lace for their womenkind, particularly Lorraine lace—before the prices jumped.

But when they got into the so-called quiet sectors they began to confine themselves to war souvenirs. At first these were shells and shrapnel, for even in a quiet sector enough shells came over to supply every man with one to a dozen cases, and with all the shrapnel he wanted. At first, whenever a shell burst the boys in its vicinity would run to it, scramble for it and pick up the shrapnel, piping hot. That night dozens of letters would be written to this effect:

Dear Kid: To-day a shell pretty near bounded off the bean of yours truly. It burst so near me that I was almost thrown down and the shrapnel flew all round me. Fortunately, I wasn't wounded. I've saved some of the shrapnel for you.

The time came soon enough when the soldiers would have as soon picked up pebbles as shrapnel. The shells they used at first to save "as is." But presently some Frenchmen brigaded with them set up a new trade. They used to polish the shells and make them into shining vases, on which was engraved Lorraine, or Luneville, or Toul, or Alsace. After that inkstands and match safes and powder boxes were made displaying fleurs-de-lis and American flags.

But the souvenirs de luxe appeared when the first American drive started. The harvest began at Belleau Wood and did not cease until the last American had forded the Meuse on the morning of November the eleventh. Anyone who followed a drive, particularly the drive from the Marne to the Vesle, could have helped himself. Every few kilometers there would be a German ammunition dump full of unexploded shells, and every shell was in a strong green wicker basket with two handles—an admirable object to secure for a wastebasket or an umbrella stand. Every few kilometers there was a general-supply dump—a grayish heap of German helmets, bayonets, rifles, machine-gun belts, cartridge cases and canteens. Above all there were prisoners.

Bashful Prisoners

IN THE beginning these prisoners did not quite understand what was expected of them in the souvenir line, but they did by the time of the Argonne drive. My first experience with German prisoners and souvenirs occurred one morning in a wheat field. I was in a Y car chasing the Front. We weren't allowed to drive any farther, so we cut across a fringe of woods, whence the drive had started the day before, to take some chocolate to a detail of boys that we saw working in a field. It was a burying detail. As we reached them they had just pulled three hiding Germans out of the wheat. Pallid and trembling, weary wretches they were.

"Say, lady," said the corporal in charge of the burying detail, "will you tell 'em we are not going to kill 'em, but they've got to dig graves for us?"

While I was saying this in my halting German one of the detail was fingering the shoulder straps and buttons of one of the Germans. The prisoner drew back a little.

"Say, is this guy stand-offish or is he scared?" inquired the American. "I ain't never took a prisoner before and I figure he is mine, lock, stock and barrel, blouse and pants and cap and boots."

The German was a little stand-offish. He had not yet fitted himself into the psychology of a prisoner, for he asked us where the German Army had now established itself.

"Say, can you beat it?" asked one of the detail, who understood a little German. "Here's the bird, a prisoner, and yet he can't realize it. He knew the Germans had the ground a little while ago and he sees us standing all round, but he can't believe it. He feels as if the Germans must be down in Le Forte or Meaux, and he'd like to figure out some German explanation of why we're here. Say, lady, would you mind telling him that we've pushed the Kaiser clean to hell?"

"I don't know the German word for hell, but I'll tell him we've driven the Germans way back."

"*Zuruck?*" said the German dolefully.

"Yes, back; it's the beginning of the end for you."

He gave a long sigh of weariness, of acceptance. Then he said: "If it is the beginning of the end, then I am glad I am a prisoner."

He heaved another sigh and, getting out his pocket-knife he cut off his shoulder straps and two or three of his buttons and passed them over to us. His companions imitated him precisely. They did it all as if they had rehearsed it. Late that afternoon I saw these three prisoners again. We overtook them in our car somewhere between Château Thierry and Montreuil. They were part of a long, long line of prisoners going south, guarded at intervals by soldiers on horseback, the sun gleaming on their bayonets held high in the air, their young faces a bit haughty and masterful. I fear that a long procession of soldiers, driving north in big trucks in pursuit of the fleeing Germans, made the occasion a jocund one by leaning forward and shouting: "Fritzie, listen: To hell with the Kaiser!"

And I fancy that the prisoners, who had been so unwilling to believe that the Germans were pushed *zurück*, had set an example on this fair day, because I noticed a good many German shoulders that lacked the gray stripes with the red letters, a good many buttonholes that hung slack.

I witnessed a good many rich hauls of souvenirs, particularly in the St.-Mihiel drive. There was a certain town not far from Thiaucourt which evidently contained a German paymaster's office, for some of the soldiers came on a chest containing thousands and thousands of marks. A good many of us who shared in that drive have a mark or two as souvenirs. Later I met American soldiers in Germany who mourned exceedingly that they had not taken whole packets of the money to spend in the land of the enemy. In the same town was a great deal of German stationery on which the soldiers took joy in writing home; and hundreds of postcards. These postcards were nearly all high-colored scenes, depicting men and maidens dancing or drinking together. Ugly cynical pictures, we thought them. Evidently it was intended that the soldiers should convey a sense of gayety in writing to their people at home. The only other postcards I saw were not to be written upon. They were object lessons. They purported to be taken from life and were reproductions of the executions of German soldiers who had tried to desert or had been convicted of other treachery to the Fatherland.

Old China and Gold Plate

IN ANOTHER town a German sign over a jewelry store invited those who got there early enough to help themselves. And they did. That jeweler was especially well supplied with samples of a clumsy wide gold bar from which was suspended a tiny iron cross. I think there must have been about fifteen dollars' worth of gold in it, and I have never seen gold in a more unæsthetic form. I saw dozens of boys later on who had these brooches for sale at from five to ten dollars. Besides the brooches were stickpins of several kinds, watches and rings and napkin rings. Though why they should be for sale in a front-line town I do not know. Evidently not many of them sold, judging from the number our boys were able to sequester. There were pipes too—long ones and short ones, meerschaum and brierwood. Many a souvenir hunter at home is treasuring this moment a German pipe which he thought came out of a general's dugout but which really never got out of its case till it took its first journey to the A. P. O. The boys who secured these trophies did a pretty good business in selling them to their less fortunate friends. It wasn't so quick a way to make money as crap shooting but it was rather more certain.

I never knew one of our soldiers to take anything that he thought belonged to a French civilian. In Château-Thierry, in the first day or two after the Germans had been driven out, and before there was time to set guards over any of the houses, and, above all, before the French had come back to keep an eye on things, there were all sorts of rich property lying about. In one house I saw the most beautiful old china, in another solid silver and gold plate. I can't think why the Germans had happened to leave it. In another I saw some very valuable bric-à-brac. Yet our soldiers left it untouched.

In Thiaucourt a soldier who was a good judge of lace came across a box of it—a German box with a German letter inside of it. When I talked to him he was trying to figure out whether he could consider that German lace or whether he would have to consider that it was French lace stolen by the Germans; in the latter case, whence had the Germans stolen it, and if he himself passed it by, wouldn't some other American soldier get it, or, still worse, might it not fall into the hands of some French civilian who had no right to it?

"A nice flow of language you have," said a corporal. "If you have a conscience like that, why don't you toss up for it? You ought to know you couldn't argue fairly on a thing like that."

One boy brought me two rolls of black cloth and asked me to decide which was the better quality.

"Found 'em in a chest in the house we cook in," he explained. "There's a lot of German truck and French truck, both in the chest—French letter, German letters, a French rosary, a little German carved box with Auf Wiedersehen on it. Downstairs on the walls are big photographs of German soldiers and French civilians taken together. What I think it means is that the folks who lived in that house must have got on mighty well with the Germans, so since it seems to be a half-and-half affair I'm just going to call one of those rolls of cloth French and the other German. That one you've said is the best I'll call German, and send home to my mother."

Souvenirs were easy enough to get. I never expressed to a soldier a wish that I had so-and-so but he was able to

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Quoth Robust Texas to Old Penn State

"HELLO, Pennsylvania, tucked 'way up there northeast. You sure are a busy fellow, though I s'pose you'd often like some room to breathe in. Why, I'm bigger than you and some of your neighbors put together. And look at my cattle and rice, my cotton! Have an OWL Cigar?"

Pennsylvania grinned indulgently as he lit his OWL.

"Texas, you big boy, you're certainly large and husky. But where would all your cotton be without the help of my knitting mills? Why, child, look at my coal, my steel, and my tobacco! And where would *you* be but for the Declaration of Independence —written in my Philadelphia!"

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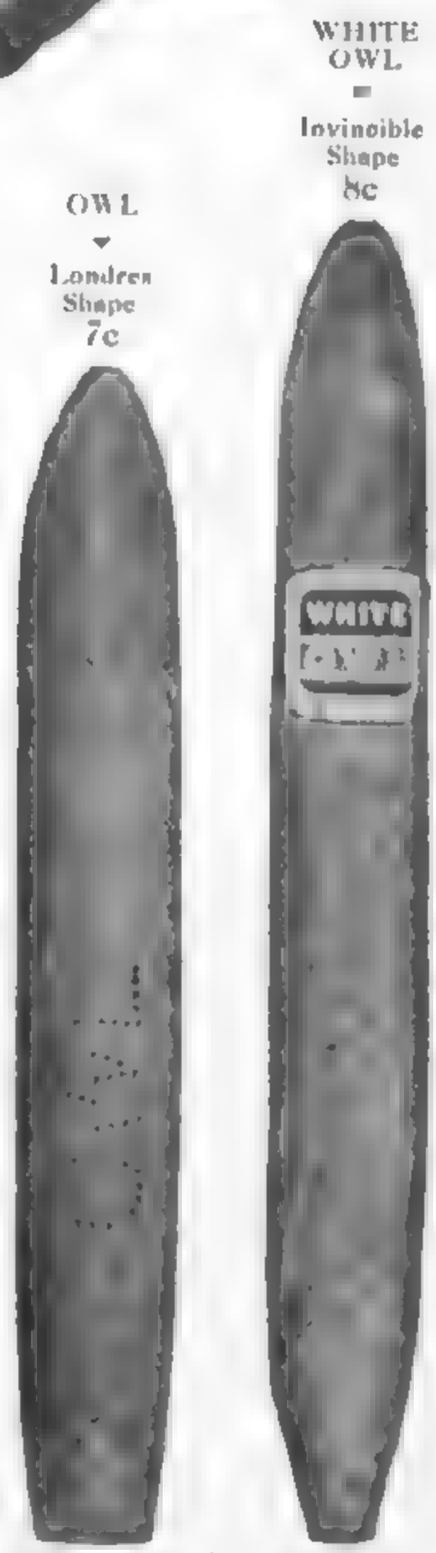

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produce it, with the remark, to silence any reluctance I might show, that he had others just like it he was sending home. Indeed, the soldiers seemed to consider it one of their points of honor to supply the civilian women working overseas with any trifle they might happen to mention. I know of a nurse who admired an aviator's beautiful leather coat. That night it arrived at her address by special messenger. Some of the women overseas confined their collecting to officers' insignia. I know of an actress who started with a second lieutenant's bar, and in the course of three months progressed steadily through all the grades until, when I last saw her, she was wearing the stars of a major general.

But for all that souvenirs were easy to get they were not easy to carry; nor was a post office always at hand. The average large-sized souvenir, posted after mid-July of last year, usually represents a good deal of physical exertion on the part of the sender. A girl who had been promised souvenirs during the days of parting did not always look good enough at long range to take so much trouble for. Once in early November on my way to the aid station where I was working I passed by a field in which lay many Germans. From it emerged two soldiers I knew, Charley and Barney, both well laden. Charley showed me two German helmets with holes in them.

"They'll make dandy flowerpots to hang in the front windows," he said. "The water can run out of the shrapnel holes."

Barney, being Irish, and therefore sensitive, said to me: "Maybe being a lady you'd be thinking this was like robbing graves, but it isn't. You've got to figure that the Germans are done with these things. Their folks would never get them, nor the German Government; and we might as well have them. It's better to get them off a dead German than a living one. This is my only chance of getting souvenirs too."

"If I can carry a pack that weighs from sixty to ninety pounds to please the Government," remarked Charley placidly, "I guess I can tote a few pounds extra for my folks at home. I ain't going to give any away to any girls. I got to consider the Government for a year or so, but I got to keep my folks smoothed down for the rest of my life. Why, say, one good bunch of souvenirs means I could smoke all over the house, track in mud, sleep late, and invite fellows up to dinner without giving the family notice beforehand. Believe me, souvenirs grease the hands of the soldiers as they tell me Liberty Bonds grease the hands of civilians."

"But some civilians at home are going to get left," said Barney with a wide grin. "Girls that never spoke to me before went out of their way to be polite, if not affectionate, as soon as I enlisted. 'I always knew I could count on you,' says one of them, as if it was her own private war and me a retainer of her own. 'I always knew I could count on you,' she says, and she never troubled her head to count on me, except as one of those she needn't trouble to save a dance for. 'And if you should come across a souvenir over there,' she says, 'will you just send it to me? And I'll have it raffled at the next church fair, and then you'll be knowing what a lot of good you're doing.' Believe you me, the girl that gets a souvenir off me is the one that comes in at night to read the papers to my old man whose eyes are bad, and helps my mother with the wash on Monday mornings. I'm no souvenir hunter for one of these proud snips that wouldn't know I was on earth if I wasn't a soldier, and won't know I'm on earth three months after I'm out of uniform."

The Views of the Hard-Boiled Orderly

THE easiest way to get souvenirs was off the prisoners. As I mentioned, by the time of the Argonne drive they knew our interest in them. Some of them used to come forward holding out their watches and buttons and shoulder straps—and trying to hide their iron crosses. Once in the last stretch of the drive a German offered me his wound medal in return for some service I had done him.

Occasionally they were not too ready to part with their possessions. On that day of blazing glory, the first of November, scores of wounded German prisoners passed through the aid station where I was working. From one of these an orderly was taking an iron cross. Two or three others had attempted to take it, but when the German wept they had desisted. This orderly, being what is commonly called hard-boiled, did not desist.

"Oh, please," I said, "don't take it away from him. He says he has only had it four days."

"Lady, he got that for killing some good American soldier, if not several. The way I look at it he ought to figure that he's lucky to be alive. If I don't take it some of the fellows down at the hospital will. The wonder is that this Fritz here got this far with it. It's the infantry boys that skim the cream with these crosses."

Yes, souvenirs were easy enough to get. The problem was to keep them. There were two methods of losing them. One was to throw them away and the other was to have them taken away. In the beginning the soldiers were tremendously eager for souvenirs. They salvaged all sorts of things. They thought that they could carry them.

"This is the way it would work out," explained my friend Binks: "I'd see a dandy German helmet with a neat little hole in it, and all painted with lovely camouflage. Also I'd see one of these saw-tooth bayonets that you've read of, and a dandy trench knife."

"Where would you see them, Binks?"

"Well, these I'm speaking of I got up near Fère-en-Tardenois when we were in rest. There was a field not half a mile away from us and sixty dead Germans all in a bunch. A fellow told me, a runner that came down past it. So one morning before dawn I went A. W. O. L. to see what I could police. And, believe me, it was a good thing I was out there with an object or I never could have stood it. I ain't got much imagination and I'm used to dead men, but there is something just plain awful in standing on a battlefield in gray dawn with the mists rising, and all those still men, and you think you see them moving, some of them, and you wonder if they're trying to stand to. Gee, it's fierce the things I thought of as I stood there among them!

"But I got half a dozen helmets and a couple of bayonets and this saw-tooth bayonet I told you of, and a couple of trench knives. I knew I could sell what I didn't need to some of the fellows. Then I added mine to my pack. What I thought was that we'd be stuck in the woods where we were billeted for a week or two, and by that time a post office would have moved up near us and I could send my stuff home.

"Well, when I get back, before I've a chance to do more than dispose of half my stuff, we've got orders to march back twenty kilometers. Oh, boy! That long hike taught me a lesson, when I had to throw away one thing after another that I'd sworn not to part with. I was plain grease when I got to the billet, and I had nothing left but the saw-tooth bayonet."

The Incredible Adventures of Two Collectors

"ALL the same I meant to have a good collection of souvenirs, so as to prove to my grandchildren that I was a real fighter. So after that when there were good pickings I never picked them, unless they were small things like field glasses and crosses and compasses. But I assisted a fellow in our platoon that was crazy over souvenirs—a fellow that was bone from the ears up. I'd select good ones for him, and then I'd follow in his track like a vulture. He'd carry them and groan and carry them, and then after about fifteen miles he'd begin to throw them away. That was my moment, for we were never far from our camping spot when he gave out, and I didn't have far to carry them. Then there was always some Y. M. C. A. man who'd take them to the nearest post office for me and send them home.

"And in the meantime I hung on to them, you bet! I always sleep in my blouse and overcoat in all weathers, so as to be sure to have them. For, believe me, there are some guys in this man's army that don't wait till you die before they begin to salvage off you! The place where I pack my souvenirs is right under my head. There isn't a guy in the world that can touch what's under my head without waking me, and setting me fighting like a bear-cat."

For those souvenirs that they had decided to keep, the soldiers developed a fierce sense of property. When they were wounded they ran a strong chance of losing them somewhere between the moment when the bullet or shrapnel struck them and the moment when they were put in a real bed in the evacuation hospital. I know two infantrymen who had each sworn to take care of the other's souvenirs in case of wounding. Each of them was wounded in the drive to the Vesle, one of them with a bullet in his shoulder, and the other with shrapnel in his arm. They were tagged as hospital cases, but they tore off their tags and begged the battalion surgeon to fix them up and let them stay in the kitchen, helping as best they could until they were well enough to move up front with the company.

In the kitchen they slept on their possessions in safety for one night. The next day a shell hit the kitchen and wounded them with shrapnel so badly that they were both stretcher cases.

"You can cut out the aid station for us," they told the stretcher bearers. "Have a heart, and slip us in the row that goes straight to the ambulances. If we can just get as far as the field hospital there's a guy we know there that will take care of our things."

Whatever plans the litter bearers may have had were halted by the appearance of a German aviator. The litter bearers made for a ditch with their burdens, and lay low. But the aviator was flying low and he began to rowel them with machine-gun fire. Most of the bullets went wild, but two of them found their mark in the two wounded just as they were being shoved into the ditch.

When the aviator had gone the litter bearers took the wounded up to the aid station. They put them outside to wait their turn. Then—I know you won't believe this, but I have to tell it as it occurred—a mule ambulance ran away, and the rear wheels passed over these two men.

"I give up," said one of them hoarsely; "I guess it ain't intended for us to keep them and our lives too. Here, son," he added to a wagoner, "keep our stuff, and if you've got the heart of a man leave us have them when the doctors are done with us."

I was working in an evacuation hospital once when an officer was brought into the receiving room half unconscious, but tightly clutching his pocketbook. The orderly who was undressing him tried to unclasp it from his hand.

"Nothing doing," said the officer feebly. "I've kept myself conscious for thirty kilometers of devilish driving just to hold on to this. Nothing doing." And he did hold on to it till he entered the operating room, where he surrendered it to a surgeon whose looks he liked.

When the Army of Occupation was marching through Germany it had a good many chances to buy iron crosses from the German soldiers, who apparently either lacked sentiment or needed money. Several times, I ought to say, these purchases were made from German children who had probably taken the crosses without parental consent. Along about February the Germans began to manufacture iron crosses to sell as souvenirs. This disgusted a good many of our boys.

"You can call the French thrifty," Binks said to me, "but you wouldn't catch them selling their Croix de Guerre for souvenirs. I bet no manufacturer in America would start making D. S. C.'s and D. S. M.'s. When you consider what those iron crosses have stood for in Germany it looks like there was something wrong with a race that would sell them for souvenirs. They couldn't do it if they had any real pride or real sentiment."

The last souvenirs I saw in Germany were a whole carload of German officers' helmets to be used by our Government as one of the accessories of the Fifth Liberty Loan drive. Beautiful dress helmets they were, that the officers meant to wear when they were parading as conquerors through Paris and Calais and such places. I know there was a whole carload because I stood beside it in a German supply dump a couple of miles outside Coblenz and saw a detail of our soldiers loading the car. Magnificent helmets, shining black with gold or nickel emblazoning the front and a sharp point on top; or else of gleaming gray steel with the point on top and a long neck piece behind. The marvel was that any full-sized man's head could get into them. They looked like fourteen-year-old headgear.

"I do hope," I said to one of the soldiers who were carrying them, "that you men will be given a helmet or two."

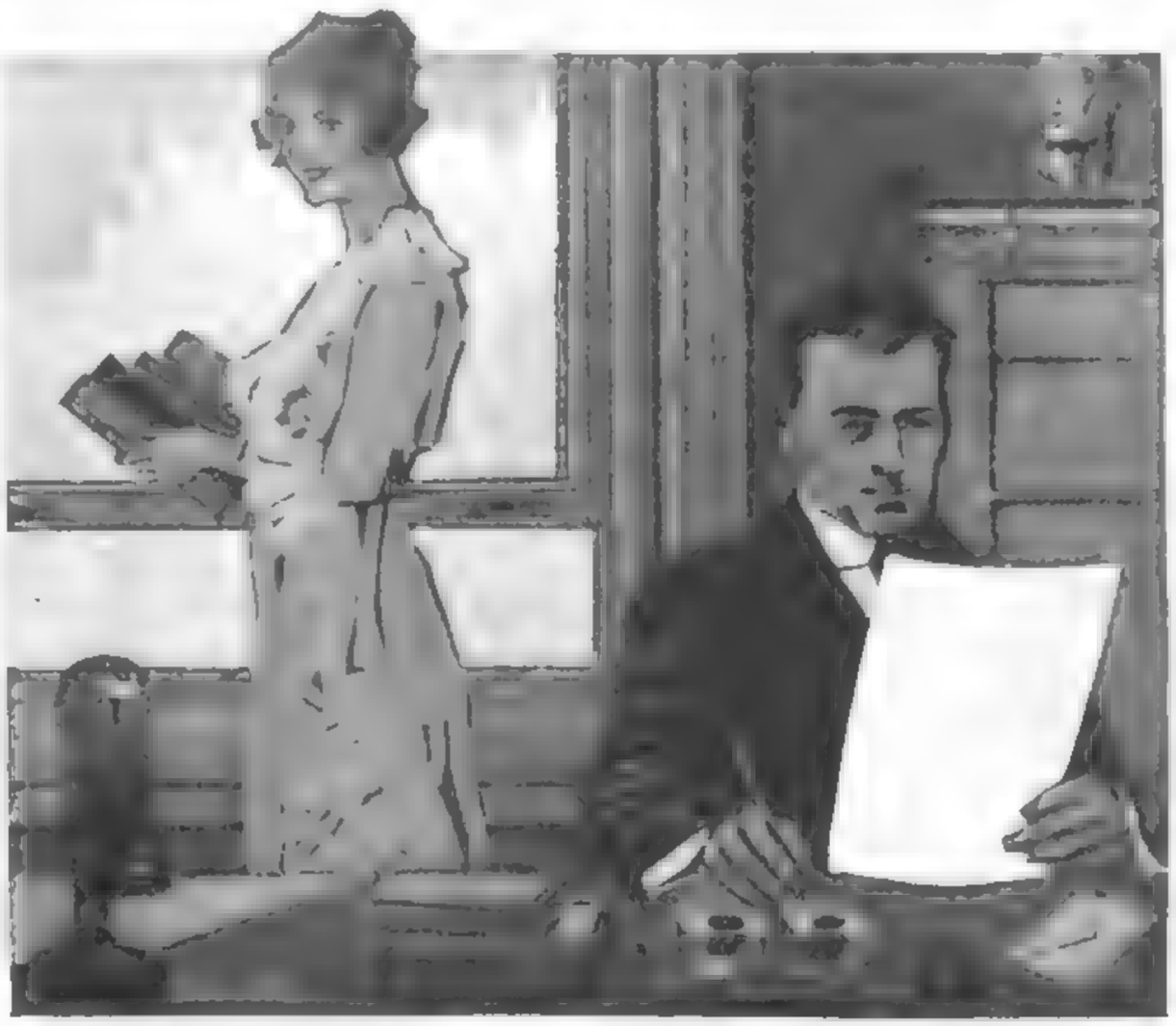
Keeping the Girls Guessing

"GIVE us each a helmet or two!" said the soldiers. "The lieutenant in charge guards them the way the diamond-mine folks guard their diamonds. They pretty darn near search us like they do the diamond miners. Not literally, you know, but I notice the M. P.'s running their eyes over our uniforms to see that we don't bulge anywhere. The lieutenant says what with the way staff officers and souvenir hunters come here asking for them that soon there won't be a bit of German equipment left in the whole place.

"So for us buck privates there'll be nothing doing in the giving line. But, lady, seeing that you're reasonably well heeled in the helmet line yourself, I don't mind telling you that I've managed to hide three, and I'll take them home in my raincoat to-night, and to-morrow I can stick them under my armpits and get away with it all right. I am sending them to my sister, and she's to tell the world that one's for her and two's for my best girl. That'll keep my best girl guessing. Lately she's been writing me these I-wonder-if-we-haven't-made-a-mistake letters; so I'm not going to waste any helmets on her till I see how we really stand."

A little while later I stood in the post office and saw an enormous pile of souvenirs of all shapes and sizes, posted by our soldiers, just ready to be shipped overseas. I followed those souvenirs in my mind's eye; I visioned their far-flung career all over our country, from the glades of Florida to the edges of the western deserts. I saw a motor van distributing them in the heart of a big city. I saw a rural carrier with a horse and buggy stopping at the crossroads and setting helmets wrapped in towels or sacking on the top of zinc post boxes.

And the people at home look at them and finger them and dimly see what they mean. Little boys put on the helmets and have mock battles. Here and there a souvenir is wet with a mother's tears, because her boy didn't come back. By and by they won't be shown to visitors any more. Everybody will have seen them. The family won't take them down and dust them quite so often; and Jim, with the bullet scar on his cheek, will rarely be asked to fight his battles o'er. But, nevertheless, those souvenirs will never lose their significance. They have a life of their own, because they are a symbol of the fact that our boys fought the good fight.



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THE paper you use for your letterhead is only one of the factors involved in the question of good correspondence. But it's the finishing touch that gives the first impression to the recipient when he unfolds your letter.

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HIGH, LOW AND CLOSE

"You Sold Me Out? What Have I Got Coming Then?"

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

ACTION, quick and direct, was the characteristic business trait of the male member of the firm of Ben B. Downey & Co. It was in witness of the efficacy of this trait that Mr. Downey now held in his hand and fingered lovingly three one-hundred-dollar bills. These bills were the fruits of that single operation which in the first three hours of its existence the new firm had successfully concluded.

But the firm possessed other qualities. Under the humble addendum of "Co."—a wretched abbreviation which often covers a larger multitude of sins than charity—there were masked the name and character of Miss Maisie Wells, whose prettiness came near to beauty. One of Miss Maisie's assets was woman's natural conservatism and this manifested itself now in a brow clouded with apprehensions.

"But how are we going to keep the money till morning, Ben?" she asked anxiously. Though there was a steel vault in the offices which the firm members had so abruptly inherited from their late employer, James Leroy Wyman, James Leroy was in jail for the kiting of faked securities and neither partner could be so indelicate as to break in upon his present rueful reflections with anything as jarring as an inquiry for the combination of his late safe.

"You keep two of them, Maisie," suggested her partner nobly, and passed the bills over with an almost reverent air. "They'll be safer with you than with me and to-morrow we'll open an account at one of the banks."

Need it be remarked that these two young people were both serious-minded? Life to them was still a great adventure—something big, wonderful and inconceivably thrilling—and one of its finest thrills possessed the two of them just now, coming as a sort of happy reassurance in the moment when they had taken one of Fortune's biggest dares by briefly considered entry into business partnership after having known each other only since somewhere about the stroke of eight upon that same blessed morning.

Maisie accepted the bills contemplatively.

"You take the other hundred," she directed in practical tones, "and go right down to Sam Berger's and get you a new set of scenery. I don't blame you for being proud of them second lieutenant's bars, but I've got a conscience about anybody splurging round in a uniform on their own private business. Seems to me the uniform's kind of sacred to something else."

Primarily this speech revealed several things about Miss Maisie's heart and disposition; but it also gave a hint of certain defects in the girl's early education which time and study had not yet entirely overcome. As to these latter, however, Ben was nothing daunted, for he had perceived in his young partner qualities that far more than counterbalanced any mere grammatical imperfections. Already in his brief acquaintance she had displayed loyalties that were admirable, ambitions that commanded respect, and a genius for discerning sympathy that—if its story could only be told—had put him that day in the business directory of the city of San Francisco. Ben looked into the earnest gray eyes as if startled at this sentiment about the uniform breaking out of her who, at her typewriter desk, was intended to impress the outward world as his secretary, though in reality she was his partner.

"Right-o, girl," he voted emphatically, and turning, swung open the door that for the first time he might give serious consideration to the sign which had been placed upon it so recently that he had not yet had time to observe it critically.

BEN B. DOWNEY & CO.,
TRADERS

"Fine!" he declared, turning back from the spectacle just in time to observe Maisie concluding a mysterious movement of some kind and to note that the bills were no longer in her hands.

"Sure you've put the money in a safe place?" he remarked with a kind of involuntary solicitude.

"The old First National's never been robbed yet," declared the girl, and bent upon young Mr. Downey a glance that was significant yet calm and steady. The very circumstances of their so recent association—which already began to seem some years in length—made it necessary that Mr. Downey should be allowed to perceive that at all times and under all circumstances his partner was a lady and a very particular lady at that. Partnership—mere business partnership—was a thing that could not be presumed upon.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" said Ben, and blushed slightly.

"Better get somethin' neat but distinguished-looking. Nature hasn't been the kindest to you, Ben, in the way of a figure, you know. Get something with lines in it that'll make you look taller'n what you are and not so chesty where the last button in your waistcoat will be when you get on civies."

Maisie possessed a shrewdness that, despite sophistication, was vastly attractive and the charm of her ever ready and ever practical sympathy was unmistakable. Ben flushed again, but smiled understandingly, appreciatively.

"All right, partner," he declared and stood playfully at attention as if before his captain.

Maisie contemplated him critically—and approvingly. He was wholesome-looking if not handsome; he was strong if he did not have the figure of Apollo; he was energetic if he did make foolish blunders; he had large self-confidence and he was learning rapidly. To-day he had encountered one ignominious defeat and scored one glorious success. By this last the firm was in funds for the opening of to-morrow's business. Yet now at the hint of a mere angle in the lift of her brows he had placed the larger portion of that fund in her keeping and she had accepted it. A pang of conscience pricked her.

"You're the senior partner, Ben," she began, "and——"

"Senior?" resented Ben. "We're equals."

"You're older, I mean."

"By a guess, five years," admitted Ben. "I'm twenty-six."

"Let the guess stand," said Maisie, shrewdly noncommittal, though suspecting that it was gallantry that had led Ben to err by some three years in computing the cycle of her life—that is if he was anything like an accurate guesser. "You're senior, we'll concede that; and I'm not going to let you dodge responsibility. Take a glance at that sign again."

"What's the idea?" demanded Ben, baffled by his partner's sudden changes, yet humanly he went back for a moment to the contemplation of the sign. Still finding no reason for disapproving it, he closed the door and turned to find Maisie completing another of those mysterious movements and advancing upon him with—once more in her hand—the two one-hundred-dollar bills, now somewhat rumpled. Her purpose was obvious. Ben backed away, protesting, but Maisie insisted.

"I admit I was wrong," she argued; "but I get thrown so hard and so far every little while—like to-day with Wyman, for instance—that I get a kind of distrustful note in my disposition. That's why I was willing to take the money off you."

The feel of the two additional notes in his hand was good, Ben had to admit to himself; but he would not yield.

"You know you can trust me, don't you, little partner?" he smiled.

"Yes, I know it," smiled Maisie in return. "You bet I know it!"

"Well, I know I can trust you," he said with a sudden turn, and thrust the bills back upon her in a way that she could not refuse. It seemed almost as if, notwithstanding what he had just said, Downey was afraid to trust himself with the money.

Maisie recalled for a moment a question that had been in her mind once before. She recalled that when she had met this young man, who had been demobilized only yesterday and should therefore have had a month or two of pay besides travel money in his pocket, she had found him moneyless and even breakfastless so recently as that very morning.

"Say, Ben," she inquired soberly, "you don't play poker, do you?"

"Who? Me?" The keen blue eyes opened wide in assumption of innocent surprise.

"Gamble nor nothing?" went on Maisie in a tone whose friendly intimacy made even mild dissimulation base.

"I have played poker, partner," he admitted, reddening. "I'll confess that's why you found me broke this morning. I played poker last night—but I won't play to-night. I won't even play a slot machine on a music box till we get this money in the bank to-morrow."

"Then don't you!" warned Maisie, and had just womanly tact enough to know that, having won this much of confidence and assurance, it would destroy all the effect thus gained to press him to further protestations.

"What time shall we open the office to-morrow morning?" she inquired.

"Ten o'clock's not too late for me," assured Ben. "I feel as if I'd lived about a hundred years to-day, and when I hit the feathers I'm going to hit 'em hard."

"You come in at ten," proposed Maisie, all sympathy as usual. "I'll open the doors at nine and take care of anything that comes up. Mr. Winkle might be round wanting to buy another property, or sell what we pinned on him."

And the smiling red lips and fine white teeth of the girl did themselves into a comradely grin.

"All right—so long, little partner," and Ben B. Downey extended his strong enthusiastic palm.

Maisie placed her own warm small hand in it for a moment and the two parted as partners should—with a mutual exchange of level glances from honest and admiring eyes. But after the door had closed the young woman's eyes continued in imagination wistfully to follow the figure of Downey in its progress down the hall toward the elevator. She liked Ben—after this one long day's acquaintance—liked him better than any man she had ever known since Charlie. And now that Charlie and Mabel—well her evenings were sometimes lonely, and Ben might have suggested celebrating this successful close of a trying day with a little dinner together at—say the Portola and then

(Continued on Page 36)

THE growing tendency to consider a car's possible second-sale value, is frequently a deciding factor in favor of the Hupmobile.

Buyers know—by what they hear, if not by actual experience—that *The Comfort Car* does "stand up" in really remarkable fashion.

They also know that owners, almost to a man, hold their Hupmobiles at considerably less than average depreciation.

These facts, coupled with extraordinary performance and truly exceptional economy, add their weight to the general impression that the Hupmobile is an especially desirable car.

(Continued from Page 34)

perhaps Pantages afterward. But he did not, wherefore Maisie after a sigh cheered herself up philosophically.

And now following Ben: Sam Berger is a man with a heart—a specially soft heart where ex-soldiers are concerned. He is also an admirer of squared shoulders, solid bulk, and the doorknob-chin type of young man who knows what he wants and is stout enough to battle for it—especially if these physical qualifications be adorned with a radiant and ingratiating smile. And such a smile was illuminating Ben Downey's countenance now as he entered the clothing mart—the smile of hope and pleasant anticipations. That was why Sam, instead of motioning one of his able assistants forward, salaamed broadly and took the customer on himself. "Something about sixty dollars?"

Ben was mentally staggered, but remembering that he was a rising young business man now and recalling that Maisie once before that day had estimated seventy-five dollars as the amount required to array him properly, he nodded, though suspecting that by that single undulation of the head he added to his standard of living at least one hundred per cent; for a man with a sixty-dollar suit of custom-mades can never eat where it would have been Ben's frugal inclination to eat—just to mention a single detail of resulting increased expense.

Sam priding himself on artistry in salesmanship chatted affably while he allowed the young man's eyes and inquisitive fingers to guide him.

"Lively times to-day on the mining exchange," he remarked.

"Mining exchange?" Ben was a little slow. Times had been so lively that afternoon in the sale of rooming houses that he had found it difficult to realize that there could have been any other sort of commerce at all.

"Big strike in Tonopah District, you know," said Sam, talking volubly. "Biggest ore body uncovered since old Comstock days. A year ago Nevada Divide stock was sold for three cents. Now it's ten dollars and everything else is jumping with it. Seems as if everybody in San Francisco was trying to get into the market. Nevada Extension opened at seventy on 'change to-day and jumped to ninety by noon."

"That so?" said Ben, studying with admiring eye the herringbone pattern in a set of pigeon-gray garments that it struck him would comply with those helpful hints to happy dressing issued to him by his partner.

"Yes," enlarged Sam, pleased to note that the eye of his customer was already hooked. "Friend of mine bought ten thousand at seventy-one and sold out at eighty-seven and eight. Made sixteen hundred dollars in less than two hours."

"Believe I'll try them on," said Ben, and Sam pointed the way to the usual cramped and curtained dressing room.

"Fits you fine," he decided when Ben emerged, contemplating the suit, it is true, but with signs of abstraction.

"Made sixteen hundred in two hours, huh? Must be a great game for the rich."

This remark revealed to Sam that the matter of uppermost interest in the customer's mind had switched at the moment when as a matter of selling psychology it should have been held steady as the beam of the sun at noonday; but humor the patron—that was a rule of his store.

"Oh, the little fellows can play too," he explained amiably. "Lots of new companies being organized, stock for sale at three or four cents a share. That's the way to make the money. Bet on 'em when they're little; then if you lose you don't lose much and if you win you win big. It's like playing long shots. Friend of mine—a lady friend—was telling me to-day she ran seventy-five dollars into six hundred and twenty this morning just leaning on the rail."

"The rail?"

"Yes, kind of horseshoe rail round the pit at the stock exchange. The brokers are in the pit, though it isn't really a pit. You can go to the rail, call one of 'em, order a stock and they buy it for you; or tell them to sell and how much and they sell it for you."

"Anybody can play?" Ben was twisting his body and contorting his face to get a view of the back of the coat in the glass.

"Anybody that's got the money. That's the only ticket of admission you need."

"Hum!" said Ben, contemplating the hang of the trousers. "Too short, don't you think? Ran seventy-five dollars into six hundred and twenty to-day, you said?"

"Yes. No—not too short. Just about right. They're wearing 'em higher now."

"I've Got a Conscience About Anybody Splurging Round in a Uniform on Their Own Private Business"

"Sorry, but I don't like the suit," decided Ben bluntly.

"Show you something else," proposed Sam, with the diluted smile of one whose disappointment may be great, but whose patience is inexhaustible.

"Don't seem to see anything in your stock that I care for to-day. Thanks just the same." Downey disappeared behind the curtains, leaving Sam surprised and a little dazed, but still smiling even though sadly.

"What time does the mining exchange open?" inquired Ben when he came out, garbed once more in his uniform.

"Nine-thirty," grunted Sam, suddenly grown laconic and viewing his late prospect with the eye of cold distaste.

"Where is it?"

"Bush Street."

"Thanks," said Ben as he thrust out an honestly cordial hand. "I might come in to-morrow night and buy two suits."

"Do!" urged Sam, melted by such frankness and beginning to be able to laugh at himself.

Ben went out and to a place where those little red chevrons which denote a discharged soldier were on display in the window. While one of these was being sewed upon his arm word was passed round in a shop where they sell clothes of distinction on the following precept:

"Don't talk to customers about the fortunes being made on the mining exchange until after the sale is cinched."

But it was really hard to keep anybody from talking that night about the astonishing activity on the mining exchange. Naturally Maisie heard it.

"Chic-looking suit, dearie—awfully chic," she had remarked to Constance Cathcart, going up in the Jones Street car. This remark was sweetly made, but it was meant to be a little bit cattish; for Constance's was a finer suit than a mere stenographer in a real-estate office was likely to be able to afford unless she lived on peanut husks or sawdust flakes or some other substitute for food, though the plump body and full-cheeked features of the lady of the suit predicated that she did nothing of the kind.

"So glad you like it, Maisie," responded Constance just as sweetly. "It must be hard to have to wear seedy clothes these days." And she bestowed a sympathetic glance. Inevitably Maisie winced, though knowing that her suit was far from seedy—unless it were seediness to fail to class up with the really distinguished garments Miss Cathcart was displaying.

It was, however, Miss Constance's bounden duty to herself to explain to Maisie how she came to be thus effectively arrayed. "Got a little tip on Blue Mule day before yesterday," she said. "Played it strong for all I could beg or borrow; cleaned out something beautiful before it got on the toboggan. Then I switched to Blue Bell and gathered a little more, when my woman's mind changed again and I pinned a little bet on Blue Bucket, which——"

"Why all these blues?" interrupted Maisie, affecting languor, though in her heart of hearts she was sitting up and leaning forward like a jockey on a horse's neck.

"I had the tip on Blue Mule and took the others just because blue is my favorite color."

"Interesting," conceded Maisie.

"I got this suit for myself and some awful swell silk lingerie. Stop off at the top of the hill and I'll show it to you, dearie."

"Kind of hurried to-night," explained Maisie. "Thanks."

"I got mother a hat too—real chic-looking it is—and a suit for Will. He's in Poly High, you know, and these half-grown Indians of boys certainly are hard on clothes. That much, anyway, I've got out of the market and put where the wise ones can't take it away from me. All the rest I'm speculating with to-morrow. It's a great game—speculation—I'll tell the world. Well, good-by, dearie!"

"Believe I will drop off with you," decided Maisie. "I just do love pretty lingerie. What did you buy, pinks or blues? With your complexion, you know, it's all the same to you."

This, I fear me, was rank deceitfulness on the part of Miss Maisie Wells. It was resort to base flattery for purposes that were ulterior, because she had sagaciously decided in her small head that if money was to be made in mining stocks the firm of Ben B. Downey & Co., traders, might make some of it. It behooved a member of it, therefore, to be informed concerning them; and if she dropped off the car and went into ecstasies over Miss Cathcart's investments in fluffs and frills she might—by strategic remark and veiled inquiry—elicit considerable data upon the subject of the mining exchange and the methods by which operations were conducted thereupon.

Meanwhile this same busy little bee of speculation was buzzing in the brain of partner Ben. He had dined sumptuously yet frugally at Herbert's. The talk as he caught it from near-by tables was all about mines and mining. After his repast he edged up to the bar more to sample the conversation there and stand surveying the crowd from the vantage of a foot upon the rail than for the sake of the glass of mineral water he ordered and sipped in leisurely contemplative mood. Here once more the talk was of mines and mining. Outside at the tobacco shop on the corner he purchased a cigar and, while lighting it, heard some one in the group before the green baize counter whisper excitedly: "Yonder! Yonder he goes. Old Cack Johnson. He's made a hundred thousand in eleven days. Got his mine besides."

Ben, following the glance of the other eyes, saw a tall man—a very tall man and spare—with his hands in his

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"HERE IT IS!"

5:30.

Dad's home.

And, of course, gets the *important* news first.

The Paramount-Artcraft Motion Picture Theatre Program for the week is here.

No wonder wholesome, stick-together families welcome that little program.

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures are the whole family's Playtime Schedule—five or six million families all over America.

Dad's just a *big* boy himself—enjoys those seat-gripping, breath-catching pictures as much as the children. So does Mother.

It's a daily invitation to forget Center Street—and live joyous, carefree lives of adventure and romance—*together*.

Behind Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures is the ideal of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—BETTER PICTURES!

That's why the programs of the better theatres are welcome everywhere. That's why the better theatres send them out.

That's why they go into the library table drawer where everybody can find them.

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "THE TEST OF HONOR"
*Enid Bennett in "SLEEPING OUT"
Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in "[illegible]"
Label Claydon in "MEN, WOMEN AND MONEY"
*Dorothy Dalton in "[illegible]"
Dorothy Gish in "I'LL GET HIM YET"
Lila Lee in "A DAUGHTER OF THE WEST"
"Oh! You Women" A [illegible] Production
Anita [illegible] Picture
Vivian Martin in "AN INNOCENT ADVENTURESS"
Shirley Mason in "[illegible]"
*Charles Ray in "JEAN [illegible]"
Wallace Reid in "[illegible]"
Bryant Washburn in "PUTTING IT OVER"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book.)* A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh [illegible] Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The Wild Heather"
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*Wm. S. Hart in "SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"
Mary Pickford in "[illegible]"
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "[illegible]"
Paramount-Hodge Comedy "[illegible]"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "[illegible]"

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice-Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Artistic Director*
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 36)

trousers pockets, pigeon-toeing up Powell Street with the bent knee of a walker whose technic of locomotion has been acquired in toiling up the steeps of mountains or along the guttered bottoms of narrow rock gulches. Unhesitatingly the male partner in Downey & Co. disengaged himself from the crowd about the counter and started up the street, trailing the miner-speculator. Curiously? Yes, but by no means idly. Already, in fact, there was clear intent in the trailer's mind, for—it will be remembered—action, quick, bold, direct, unhesitating action, was the prime business asset of Mr. Downey.

At the corner of O'Farrell the tall man halted and gazed about him speculatively with three avenues of white lights inviting. Each led to a different part of the city's joyous night life. Drama to left of him, vaudeville to right of him, palatial hotels in front of him—all beckoned and enticed. And here old Cactus-From-The-Desert halted and considered how he would dally away the evening hours of a rich and plenteous leisure.

"Excuse me," smiled Ben, "but you're Mr. Johnson?"

"Called, by gum!" admitted Cactus as one who wasted few words.

Cack Johnson, viewed straight in the face, impressed one as a man in the forceful early fifties with the ordinary complement of nose and eyes. His most noticeable feature was a wide clean mouth with firmly clamped lips, in the right-hand corner of which the stub of an extinct cigar was hermetically sealed. Cack's eyes were clear and the desert tan was on his cheek. His suit was snuff-brown and his wide Windsor tie combined with a shapeless black hat worn at a desperate angle seemed to suggest that, instead of a plodding prospector who had struck it rich at last, Mr. Cactus Johnson was a Bolshevik poet. Apparently, too, to be accosted thus upon the street and called by name by a total stranger was not altogether foreign to his experience nor entirely displeasing, since he betrayed small surprise and viewed the landscape of the young lieutenant over with a growing benevolence in his expression.

"My name's Downey," said Ben.

"Don't doubt it a mite," conceded Johnson with a twinkle. Young men were always interesting to him—straightforward young men.

Ben found this twinkle encouraging. He was used to having people like him, at first sight anyway.

"I'm a young business man from Kansas," he continued; "just out of the Army and getting my start here in the city. I was thinking of putting a little money into mining stocks to-morrow and it occurred to me that you might be willing to tell me what was good, Mr. Johnson."

"There's nothing good, young man, to tell you the truth; and I sure would not tell a tender, hopeful young thing a lie. I sure would not."

Mr. Johnson's manner of speech was emphatic, but the apparent satire of his words was entirely belied by the kindly twinkle in the eyes. Ben blushed, however, as feeling that he was being perhaps justly rebuked for his presumption.

"There's nothing proved up yet but one mine," went on Cactus, "and that's so wonderful you couldn't add nothing to it, but the stock's all held close. Wisht to the good Lord I had some of it." And Cactus sighed modestly. "The good stock's always held close as soon as anybody knows it's good."

"But you," persisted Ben, trying to soften his persistence with the honey of his smile, "you've got a property. You've made a lot of money in the last ten days."

"That's because a lot of chance takers are willing to bet the same kind of rock is lyin' at the end of my crosscuts as the real mine is showin'. I've made money out of them. They haven't made any money out of me—yet."

With the conclusion of this speech, Cactus, by a most amazing labial contortion, chewed his cigar stub right over into the other corner of his mouth without touching it with his hands; yet continued to look down upon Ben from the height of some six-feet-five with an air of benevolent paternity.

"But you hope to strike the same rock?" ventured Ben.

"Hope, my son," reflected the desert sage, "is the solid block of sea foam on which the stock exchange is built."

This sounded discouraging. Here was a man who made his money in the stock exchange and yet disparaged that mystic shrine of finance boldly and without apology. But Ben came back once more:

"And yet, Mr. Johnson, you patronize the stock exchange yourself."

"Be patronizin' it about nine-thirty," admitted Cactus laconically.

"So will I," said Ben determinedly. "What would you advise, Mr. Johnson?"

For the first time Mr. Johnson's lips loosened into something approaching a smile. Evidently he admired steadfastness.

"How much have you got to invest?"

"No," said the Captain; "the Only Soft Thing About These Tips is the Man Who Plays Them"

"One hundred dollars only," admitted Ben; "but I suspect, Mr. Johnson, that my little old century spot is as big to me as all your bank roll."

"Only if you lose it it's easier to duplicate the pile," commented Cactus. "Well, young man, here's my advice: Put the hundred in the bank. Then you'll have it."

Chuckling, Cactus Johnson started to cross the street, but Ben Downey laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Johnson," he insisted almost reproachfully, "I ask you: Is that the right policy to enjoin upon a young business man—the nothing-risk nothing-lose policy? Will it lead to success? I ask you now."

Mr. Johnson halted with startled eye. Cactus did not believe in the nothing-risk nothing-lose policy himself.

"Called again, by heck!" he acknowledged with an amused smile, and again by one of those remarkable feats of labial dexterity switched his cigar from the north to the south side of his face. This movement with Cactus Johnson usually signaled a change of course.

"Well, young man, if you will you will, I s'pose," he rumbled from somewhere deep inside his long body, and from his right outside coat pocket he extracted a sheaf of folded and more or less crumpled telegrams, which he began to scan thoughtfully one after the other in the light of the street lamp. Finding nothing to his satisfaction in this pocket, he plunged into the left and brought out another deposit. Before one of these he paused unusually long and then thrust the whole mass back.

"Devil Dog was listed at four cents to-day," he remarked with eyes narrowing shrewdly. "Buy it on first call to-morrow and watch it. The higher she goes the harder you hold, see?"

"I'm awfully grateful to you," exclaimed Ben, pushing out a ready hand.

Cack took it without enthusiasm.

"Prob'ly doin' you an injury for life," he grunted, "but you'll see me on the rail in the morning. I'll introduce you to my broker. So long!" And Mr. Johnson moved onward.

"Now why did he do that?" inquired Ben of himself, a glow of gratitude and wonder suffusing his whole person. "Just because I went up to him and asked him straightforward. Battling Bolivar, but it's a good world! Anybody's willing to help a young man along."

Ben's honest intent now was to turn in at his modest hotel and seek that repose which tired youth demanded, but in the next block of his progression up Powell Street he met Captain and Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Jackson was that soft, fluffy, clinging vine of a woman who early that afternoon had fainted in his arms and whom he had rescued from great distress by negotiating the sale of her rooming house so that she might pursue an erring husband and rescue him from the clutches of a designing Red Cross nurse. But the husband having appeared before the transaction had been completed and the Red Cross girl having turned out to be a myth, nothing remained of the affair but gratitude to Ben on the part of both husband and wife, whose billings and cooings over their glad reunion could only be interrupted long enough to sign the papers dealing with the transfer. Now both greeted the young man effusively and invited him to come into the St. Francis and listen to the music.

But Mr. Downey's mind was neither upon the music nor the conversation which filled the intervals between. It was entirely occupied with lightning computations

(Continued on Page 40)

At $1975 What Car Rivals The Hudson Super-Six?

Does Any Other Name Appeal Like Hudson? Developed By Four Years' Experience — It Approaches the Perfection Men Had Predicted

Owners of Hudson cars understand the perfection that has been attained in the new Super-Six. They have had experience with its reliability and endurance. It was they who have done so much to aid in its development.

And therefore it is natural that when the new Super-Six was announced, the first buyers should be those who knew the car best.

Its Quality Never Questioned

Not since the first Super-Six—four years ago—proved its leadership on speedway and in road test, has anyone questioned its position.

It was the coveted car of thousands who could not obtain deliveries and of other thousands who could not meet its price.

Now production is greater than ever. More buyers can be accommodated than has been possible. And because of the new price it comes within the buying range of more people.

People have accepted less wanted cars because there was a difference in price. But that situation no longer remains. The price of the new Super-Six is little different than that asked for other cars whose popularity has never approached that of Hudson. It is lower than some cars. It is only a trifle higher than many others.

Before you make your choice, look over all the fine cars. Let your decision result from the known qualities and their comparative prices.

Here is Hudson Proof

The new Super-Six is just such a car as you would expect. It typifies all the experience gained in building 60,000 earlier models. Every speed and endurance test in some way influenced an improvement in its performance and endurance.

As a result the new Super-Six starts easier, rides easier and runs more smoothly. All the old qualities are retained—many are enhanced.

Think of the value of such a test as the double trans-continental run in which a seven-passenger touring car made the round trip from San Francisco to New York in 10 days, 21 hours. Or the 24-hour run in which one man drove 1819 miles. So also of the many speedway contests. Records more minute than the temperature charts of the most careful physician, were kept of every phase of Hudson tests. As a result Hudson engineers found ways of enlarging Super-Six attributes, not possible under other circumstances.

That is why each new Hudson is superior to its predecessor. It is why the new model is more desirable than any that has preceded it. And it is why it can be bought at a lower price.

As Always in the Past, Hudsons Are Scarce

There have never been sufficient Hudsons to meet normal demand. Mid-season has always seen a Hudson shortage. This year is no exception.

Dealers are keeping delivery lists made up in the same sequence as orders are placed.

Some dealers are already sold out for weeks ahead. The situation grows more acute daily.

So see about your Hudson now.

(1076

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 38)

which ran somewhat as follows: Nevada Divide sold at three cents a year ago; now it was worth ten dollars. If he bought Devil Dog Divide at four cents a share one hundred dollars would give him over two thousand shares. Two thousand shares at ten dollars a share—well, say that Devil Dog did not do quite as well as the great father of all Divides had done—five dollars a share for Devil Dog would make ten thousand dollars out of his one hundred dollars. Fine! Eminently fine! Ben's only regret was that he had but one hundred dollars. It was a shame not to make more when ——

"Great activity on the mining exchange, we hear!" cheeped in Mrs. Jackson, leaning forward and looking into Ben's eyes with those swimming brown orbs of light that, but for the lucky chance of her having an apartment house to sell, might have been the ruin of his business career.

This remark from those plastic lips which had once been blissfully much nearer to Ben's recalled to him that Mrs. Jackson possessed seventeen one-hundred-dollar bills like unto his own single bill, for he had that day paid twenty of them into her hand, of which she had returned to him three.

"Great!" he declared, brightening. "I'm going into the game to-morrow. Wouldn't you like to join me in some of those speculations? The opportunities just now are very tempting—certainly very tempting."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson happily, but with a wistful glance toward her husband, "I wish we could. I—I believe I will, John. Just a little bit—a mere flyer, wouldn't you say?" And she was coaxing the big dark-browed army captain at her side.

But the captain's features framed a frown. He shook his head sternly. Ben saw and understood, but there was that dream of many thousand dollars in his mind.

"Wouldn't take a little chance on something pretty soft that I've dropped onto?" he bantered, looking the captain full in the eye.

"No," said the captain, fired by the challenge in Ben's tones; "the only soft thing about one of those kind of tips is the man who plays them."

This was harsh, but Ben B. Downey was just as adhesive as glue when he started after a thing. He was determined to increase his capital, and the place to seek to increase it was the place where he knew that money lay. He laughed heartily, therefore, as if the sally were witty without being unkind.

"Tell you what I was going to propose though," he pressed on. "I've dropped onto something that I want to play before office hours in the morning and I was going to ask you to loan me about five hundred till, say, four in the afternoon, by which time settlements for the day are made."

Upon the fluffy little Mrs. Jackson's face there was an instant look of acquiescence—and it was her money; but on husband's face, who evidently was keeping it for her, the expression was again that of a stern and rock-bound coast.

"Don't like to seem ungracious, Lieutenant Downey," the captain declared, "but not for the stock market. I am against the stock market."

Ben smiled and saw his chance for a tiny thrust.

"Been burnt?" he asked.

"Yes!" said the captain bluntly, and the conversation switched to other subjects. But the fever of speculation, the Midas dream of sudden riches, the gleam and the glimmer of that thrilling hazard which was coming to him to-morrow, still held sway over Ben's thoughts. And the bright flame of hope was thrillingly heightened when at parting the soft pressure of Mrs. Jackson's hand left something crisp and hard in his palm. When they had gone he saw that she had left him two one-hundred-dollar bills. Bless her little heart! Woman! Tender, sympathetic, helpful woman! What would the world be without her? The business world even!

Mrs. Jackson's pin money no doubt; the rake-off she had claimed for spending from that roll of seventeen hundred. "I'll pay her back! I'll pay her back two for one!" Ben promised himself impulsively. Just then his eyes, wandering across the lobby of the hotel, encountered once more the figure of Cuck Johnson, standing, his overcoat upon his arm, gazing placidly and with mild interest at the coming and going of the crowd, which—to a man who had spent most of the years of his life in the vast solitudes of the intermountain deserts—was far more entertaining than any staged or screened spectacle. Eventually his roving glance lighted upon Ben. Now it is a peculiar fact in the psychology of generosity that when one has given a person something and experienced satisfaction in the giving the impulse presently arises to give again.

And there was something more to give, for Cactus had visited his key box in the hotel office and found three more telegrams there, one of which related to Devil Dog. He beckoned Ben toward him.

"Here," he said, "is my broker's card. They're open all hours to-night cleaning up. Hot-foot it down there now and give your order. They'll place it in New York and save three hours' time and several cents maybe on the price."

Ben was increasingly grateful and would have lingered to express that emotion at some length, but that the hand of the benefactor upon his elbow urged him toward the door and he hurried out, imagining that Devil Dog was about to burst into something like volcanic activity on the morrow.

"Battling Bolivar!" he murmured and made his way rapidly toward the address upon the card—"Upton & Connolly," at a number in Bush Street.

The financial district at night presented an air of darkened abandon that was in marked contrast to the brilliancy of uptown illuminations. Nevertheless lights streamed from several glass fronts in the vicinity, proclaiming where the brokers and their clerical forces, brought to the ragged edge of physical collapse by the stress of the last few days, toiled endlessly in the hope of getting caught up on their books with that immense volume of transactions which the feverish activity of the last few days had unexpectedly flung upon their shoulders.

A lithe man with keen, deep-set eyes and a tired voice, but with a kind of mechanical snap still pervading his manner, stepped up to the rail, greeting Downey's entry almost resentfully.

"Here's three hundred dollars," the young man announced, laying his currency on the counter. "I want you to buy me Devil Dog Divide in New York at four or as near to that as you can get it."

"Can't allow but fifty per cent margins now, y'understand," crabbed the tired broker. "Too much activity for usual one-third."

"What!" exclaimed Ben, expressing incomprehension but having his ejaculation interpreted as protest and surprise.

"That's all," came the answer short and decisive, but an answer which was mercifully also an explanation. "You give me three hundred; I buy you six hundred—not a dollar more."

"If that's the best you'll do," assented Ben, still not entirely comprehending.

"Better believe it," said the broker, snapping up the money. "See me at rail in mornin'," and the man of few words and weary ones turned his back.

By this time Ben had gathered clearly that for his three hundred dollars the broker was going to buy him six hundred dollars' worth of stock; and it struck the young man that the brokerage system was a very benevolent institution.

"Battling Bolivar, but it's a lucky world for me," he chuckled and walked woodenly up the street, so much of the wine of hope in his head that feeling had departed entirely from his legs. Next morning he bent his footsteps, not to the office of Ben B. Downey & Co., Traders, but to the famous mart of mining shares. It was rather an ordinary looking structure and the largish room into which at somewhere after nine o'clock he followed the crowd held a horseshoe-shaped inclosure, roughly forty feet in diameter at the widest, surrounded by a rail mounting telephones at intervals. Back of the standing room behind the rail was a thin fringe of seats in rising tiers, while above was a gallery for mere spectators. Across the open end of the horseshoe farthest from the public stretched a court-like bar or bench, lifting itself high and to be occupied presently by some clerks and a sort of master clerk, who acted as presiding officer of the exchange.

The pit was restlessly tenanted by twenty-five or thirty bustling men of all ages, most of whom now moved along the inside of the rail, apparently counseling with and accepting orders and instructions from the great mass of traders who wedged themselves tighter and tighter against its outer circumference. Ben got it quickly that these restless-looking individuals who slouched to and fro with a kind of weary nonchalance were the brokers, and made out among them the man who had accepted his money the night before. Connolly did not look so tired now and the snap to his movements was more spontaneous. He saw Ben and nodded to him. Eventually as he passed along the rail, shaking hands and exchanging comment with this one and that one, he came opposite Ben and leaned over to whisper:

"You're in at ten."

"It was selling at four, I thought," faltered Ben, disappointed.

"Was!" smiled the broker knowingly. "New York curb going wild over that stock. We were lucky to grab it off at ten and it had hit sixteen there before twelve o'clock, which was half an hour ago. It's liable to open here at twenty."

"At twenty!" gulped Ben, his disappointment departing. "Then I've doubled my money already."

"Congratulations!" laughed Connolly, as if to double his clients' money was his hourly habit, and moved on along the rail, leaving Ben cerebrating wildly.

It was a sensation difficult to describe that possessed the young speculator. It was like the exhilaration of a wonderful race—a race about to be started—and yet a race in which he was already returned a winner, though he stood to win more and more. All these people at the rail were like owners watching their horses at the barrier. This was indeed the sport of kings! Ben felt the lure, the pull, the lust of it and was eager for the race to be off. The hands of the clock pointed to nine-twenty-eight. In two minutes, he learned from excited comment at his elbow, the calling of the stocks would begin, though he continued hazy as to just what this calling meant.

A bell jingled loudly through the building and the air about him was full of final excited whisperings to brokers as traders reached across the rail and nearly pulled the arms of their agents from their sockets in the excitement of desire to get one last word with them. Then the master clerk stood up and began reading a sort of roll in stentorian tones. He read some names and the silence that answered was like the silence of the slab room in the morgue at midnight; he read other names and a chorus of shouts burst forth, with brokers shaking their fists at the man in the pulpit of finance and making gestures this way or that at one another, holding up two or three fingers, or one, and then turning and sliding out of the crowd as if on skates to note something in little books they carried always in their hands.

Ben was at first merely confused. Then he began to get it. The clerk was calling the names of the listed stocks and when he had called a certain name, the brokers who had orders to buy that stock shouted the bids, while those who had orders to sell it rushed and tore madly at them, each seller trying to crowd the other sellers out of the way and secure for himself the sole attention of the buying member. When there were many buyers the seller held his ground stoutly, fighting backward inch by inch, postponing sale till it could be made at the topmost level. When conditions were reversed it was the buyer who was mobbed and fought a stubborn battle of delay till he had purchased at the bottom price obtainable. This was the process by which prices were raised and lowered. It was the old, old law of supply and demand. Ben hoped that everybody in the world was wanting Devil Dog Divide this morning and it seemed that his wishes were to be realized, for when Devil Dog was called it was greeted by a clamorous shout.

A dozen voices bid—many brokers were wanting Devil Dog. The few sellers were mobbed. They backed around the pit desperately as men who fought for their lives, with the other brokers barking after like groups of ravening wolves. The pursuing pack tore at those in front of them, seizing men by their arms, their shoulders, their collars and flinging them incontinently aside in an endeavor to confront the selling member and hurl their bid down his throat. A bedlam of hawking cries resounded. Sales were made and recorded rapidly until only one broker remained who offered Devil Dog, and round him the tide of battle surged. He was a gray-haired man; his vest was torn open, his black Windsor tie was unmoored at one end, he panted from excitement and exertion; but he held his back stiffly against the vantage ground of the pulpit-bar while the two most stalwart and most persistent of the buyers, having battled the rest of the buying group off, confronted each other before the one place where Devil Dog was still to be had, with the ousted bidders still struggling to break in.

"One!" shouted the red-faced stalwart, smiting his opposing bidder on the chest with a blow that was meant to push him back across the Rhine.

"Two!" vociferated the smitten, coming back stoutly with hand and voice.

"Three!" fired back the apoplectic one, and again he struck a resounding thwack upon the opponent's doughty chest.

"Four!" retorted the other with a bull-like roar and another retaliating blow.

The little gray man clung panting to his record book as if it held his stock and glanced warily, avidly from face to face.

"Five!" Slap.

"Six!" Slap.

"Seven!" Slap.

"Eight!" shouted the man of the bull-like roar, and struck again, for with each cent of rise the opposing bidders had smitten each other until the spectacle was more like a give-and-take boxing match than an ordered business transaction.

But now the red-faced stalwart was hesitating as if some tentacle of reason had reached out and collared his enthusiasm—some silvery line of memory perhaps, which warned him of the limit his customer would go.

"Eight!" bellowed the aggressive one. "Eight!" and he thrust the hesitating bidder scornfully away.

"Sold!" shouted the little gray man, whereat the whole contending mass fell silent and separated, innocuous as a knot of sand, while only the seller and the buyer leaned together, making notes in their trading books.

The voice of the clerk rang out monotonously once more and the calling of the stocks went on.

"Devil Dog!" exclaimed a loud-voiced man at Ben's elbow. "Well, what do you know about that? It's been kicking around the floor for a month; now it opens at eighteen, jumps to twenty and goes one point at a time to twenty-eight. What do you think of that?"

Ben thought it was fine.

"It'll go to thirty by the time the call is over and general trading begins," predicted the neighbor.

Thirty! Ben B. Downey was not a porcine creature after all. He computed swiftly. The stock had opened at twenty, which doubled his six hundred. If it went to thirty he would have eighteen hundred, less some slight commissions and the three hundred dollars his broker had kindly advanced.

Fifteen hundred already! That was too good to last. It was something to be snatched while it floated like a silvery globule in the sunshine. True enough, last night he had calmly contemplated running three hundred dollars into thirty thousand; but that was in a dream. This was reality.

Connolly, whose fellows called him Bob, came sauntering by, sweat pouring from his brow, two buttons minus from his vest and his coat pocket torn till it no longer held safely the sheaf of telegrams every broker seemed to carry there.

Ben plucked at his sleeve and whispered in his ear: "When you can get thirty for my Devil Dog, sell."

For a moment the broker looked surprised—looked at Ben with disapproval—as feeling that this was a time to buy Devil Dog rather than to sell it; but he said nothing contrary. It was not his place to advise his customers. He seldom did so—especially new customers. Besides, his commission was as much for selling as for buying.

"I can get it the minute the roll call is over," he answered confidently.

"Get it!" commanded Ben with the air of having made a masterful decision and entirely forgetting Cack Johnson's advice: "The higher she goes the harder you hold."

The instant the market was open Connolly went skidding and skating to the center of the ring, shouting: "Six thousand Devil Dog at thirty!"

"Sold!" yelped a man who leaped at him like a panther, fangs showing. And he was only just in time, for a whole pack came plunging down on Connolly.

"Got it!" the broker nodded triumphantly, and stopped a minute beside him at the rail.

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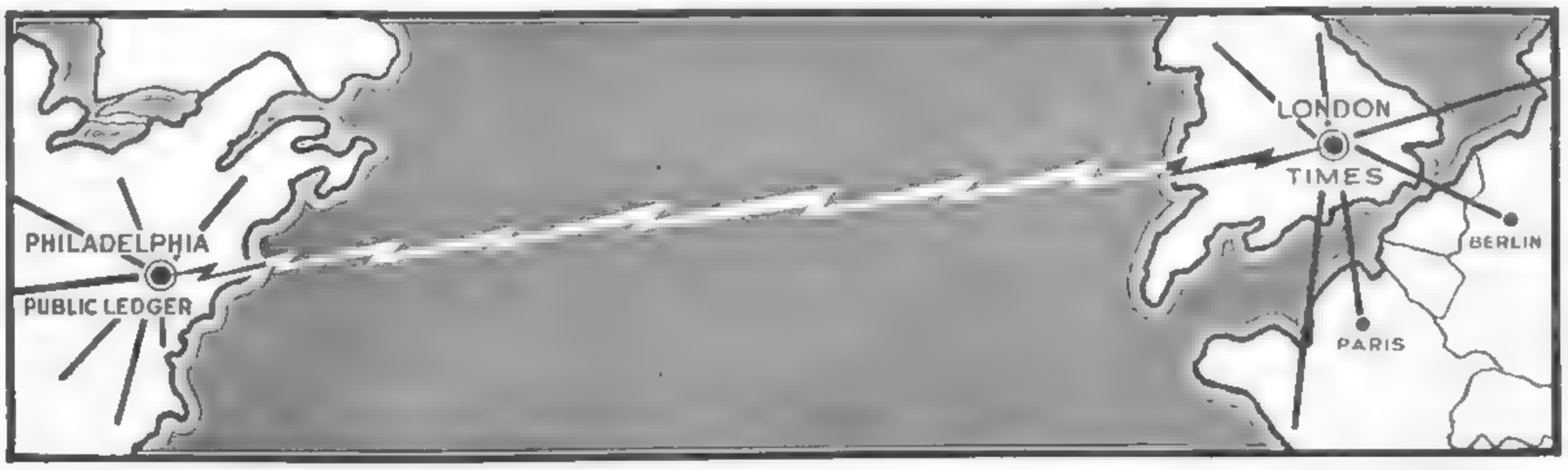

LONDON TIMES-PUBLIC LEDGER

CABLE AND NEWS SERVICE

The readers of the Public Ledger were served at their breakfast tables the morning of May 7th, with the concentrated essence of the treaty for which all the world waited, by grace of our exclusive right to the London Times service, which was rushed over to Philadelphia at record speed by our special correspondent in the British Isles, Raymond G. Carroll. No other morning paper in America was in so fortunate a position. This signal "beat," in conjunction with the London Times, cannot but recall another great feat of the same character and in connection with another eagerly awaited treaty. That was, of course, the historic coup of M. de Blowitz, who secured the text of the famous Berlin Treaty for the Times and distanced all competitors.

This Treaty of Versailles is a far greater international instrument. So the Public Ledger scored the highest possible success by being first in the field on this continent with its authoritative summary.

MR. RICHARD SPILLANE

Recently Editor of Commerce and Finance, New York, is now the Editor of the Business Section of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The Business Section is a complete eight-page newspaper in itself, covering entirely the Business and Financial news of the world, with its own special correspondents in the large centers of this country, London, Bradford, Manchester, Buenos Aires, Honolulu, etc.

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"When can I get my money?" inquired Ben, looking at his watch. "I'm overdue at my desk."

"Settlements at the office, three o'clock on," answered Connolly briskly, and turned to answer a beck from along the rail.

Ten-two was what the watch had said to Ben. Was that all? Unbelievable! That he had stretched his capital to fifteen hundred dollars and yet it was only two minutes past the time when he should have met Maisie at the office. Anticipating, he could feel himself swaggering in. He could hear her little shout of joy and surprise when he told her what he had done. How patronizingly he could look down upon that immature self of yesterday that had been worried by rent bills and furniture bills and the absence of a bank account! Only one fly struggled weakly in the unguent of pure delight. That was this stuff about deferring settlements till three o'clock.

Meantime the fascination of the game held Ben tight, made him an innocent, irresolute bystander at a contest in which he had a moment before held such an exciting hand. And it was a game! A glorious, soaring, exhilarating game! Devil Dog! Why, Devil Dog, which he had bought at ten and sold out at thirty, was now mounting well toward forty! Ben watched it climb and flutter, climb and flutter; up three or four points, then down one or two, but always ultimately climbing while an hour passed on. He wished he had stayed in the stock a little longer; then wished he had bought in again quickly. Now the price was faltering more and he felt it unwise to get in.

But there were other stocks. His eyes kept straying to the board whereon their names were listed and he saw that most of them were rising stocks. Under the stimulus of the activity in Devil Dog all the smaller stocks were rising. Four and five cent stocks were up to six and seven and eight cents; ten-cent stocks climbed toward fifteen and beyond. It was a great day for the bulls. A great day for optimism.

Then there were the few proud stocks above seventy-five cents, ranging on up to where Nevada Divide, the great father of all Divides and what bade fair to be one of the greatest mines in history, stood this morning at nine dollars and eighty cents, with the apparent intention of topping ten dollars before trading ceased. Ben had a feeling that it would be more dignified—less shoe-stringy—to deal in these more valuable stocks. Of course that took more money, but they were more substantial.

It was astonishing, too, how much the young man had learned rather unconsciously. While his eyes had been busy with the scenes in the pit, his ears like funnels had dribbled into his mind a thousand undesigned eavesdroppings of information upon a thousand phases of these operations that took place so swiftly before him. A sample of these was the remark of a young man in the blouse and flat-topped cap of an enlisted man in the Navy, for the speculators were of every age and sex, of every rank and station. "Most of these stocks haven't got nothing behind them but names for locations," opined the sailor wisely; "but those fifty-cent stocks and better—they're holes in the ground at least. Look at Nevada Rex. It's down one hundred and fifty feet and they're on the main breccia dike too."

Breccia was a new word to Ben, though dike, as far as he knew, was a thing to keep the water out of Holland. But this Nevada Rex—he kept hearing whispered information about Nevada Rex. There was more talk about Nevada Rex than about any other stock and more trading in it than in all other high-priced stocks combined. It was climbing too—ninety-one, ninety-three, ninety-six. And Ben knew now there was some grounding in reason for all these fluctuations, these advances or retreats in values. He was finding out what created them. It was due to information—or misinformation—rumors that traveled with the speed of radiograms about the rail. If for instance a working mine got an assay showing rich ores, the minute the news became known that stock not only rose, but others representing adjacent properties rose in sympathy.

"Nevada Rex will go to a dollar-ten before the market closes," prophesied one railbird excitedly—railbird on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, I am told, means always a woman speculator. "Waring's just got a hot tip on it. They've struck a new ore face."

"It'll go to a dollar and a quarter," piped a man. "Holy fishhooks, but somebody is going to clean!"

Ben B. Downey decided resolutely that he should be one of those somebody's. Yonder was Cack Johnson across there now. Ben might have gone to him for advice; but it would take too long to press out of the jam where he was and press into it again where Cactus was. Besides, Ben had a heady feeling that he did not need advice. He knew what he was doing.

"Oh, Bob!"

That was how far along Ben was getting on the stock exchange.

Connolly responded like a bushman to the cooey.

"My credit's fifteen hundred," Downey postulated carefully. The broker nodded quick assent. "Buy me three thousand Nevada Rex if you can get it before it goes beyond the dollar."

"Got you!" said Connolly, and was off like a shot into the maelstrom.

"Have it," he reported a minute later. "Dollar flat."

Ben turned with satisfaction indescribable to see chalked upon the board in the Nev. Rex column 3000 at 100. That was his transaction. To see a deal of his thus listed proudly on the greatest exclusive mining exchange in the world in what was practically an investment stock at the same time that it was speculative gave the young man a thrill than which he knew he should never experience but one greater. That would be when he should lead his business associate of a day—Miss Maisie Wells—to that altar whose fragrant incense of virtue and of orange blossoms opens the way into another kind of partnership—for Maisie, whenever he had time to think of her, grew upon him tremendously.

And, of course, in a large way he was thinking of her all the time. All this hazard that he entered upon, all this mad rush for business success, he now—manlike—told himself, was for her. For her—and there was poor Maisie, watching and waiting forlornly in the office, wondering why he did not come, fearing that some accident had befallen, fearing most of all perhaps that he had violated his promise to her and sat in at the little poker game in Powell Street.

But he need not have worried about Maisie—really he need not. Maisie was not worrying about him and she was not in the office, but sat daintily comfortable in one of a row of huge armchairs that confronted a long blackboard in a broker's office in a fashionable uptown hotel. No one could possibly have mistaken her for the wife of a millionaire, who in morning hat and coat fought the boredom of a too pampered ease and stimulated herself for an effective afternoon at bridge by a flirtation with mining shares. Rather might Maisie have impressed as some bravely furbished little out-of-town woman, who on holiday bent was having a quiet lark of it by spending her quarter's pin money in toying with the stock market. The girl was fetchingly clad in her snappiest tailor suit, a black-and-white check that was really quite stunning. Her eager eyes were asparkle with the glow of suppressed excitement; her oval cheeks matched the sparkle with an unusual flush that added to the charm of the picture she made. Indeed, if Ben could have seen Maisie now he must have forgotten for the time being all about stocks and markets.

And besides being a happy-looking creature, Maisie was having the time of her whimsical young life. She turned her two one-hundred-dollar bills into tens and twenties and sat down coolly to study the stock lists over.

Having gleaned all she could of the tips of Constance Catheart and the method used in playing them she exercised her independence of mind by scorning tips and methods utterly, giving herself up to quite a different style of procedure. The first stock that drew a second glance of her restless eye was Red Feather Divide. Red Feather! Why, that was like the single red feather upon her hat, which, pointing straight upward, lent an additional jauntiness to the girl's headdress as well as reflected its owner's aspiring nature. But Red Feather had another point to commend it. It was cheap—only two cents.

Now if Maisie had gone out from Tonopah that morning in an aeroplane and soared over Divide Mountain she would have seen that bleak camel-shaped black-topped eminence with the wide irregular peach-blow streaks upon its side pock-marked with prospect holes, pimpled with rock dumps and speckled with gallows frames and shaft houses. Round it in all directions she would have discerned the signs of other pimplings and pockmarkings, while on the adjacent uplands and wide stretches of arid flats she would have picked out black spots, crawling or standing still, with here and there small khaki insects that criss-crossed hither and yon, now climbing the steep faces of hills, now creeping methodically across the flatter stretches of sagebrush. These black spots would have been the automobiles of speculators and developers and the khaki insects would be surveyors running lines, or prospectors building monuments and cracking off samples of rock.

And somewhere amid these widening areas of staked-off desert, rimmed by the dusty clouds upon the alkali flats, would have been the Red Feather Divide. What faith of man, what optimism of prospector, what ingenuity of promoter had got Red Feather into existence it might have required considerable examination to discover. No doubt, however, the discovery would have been made and upon those scratched surfaces of the ground, upon those outcroppings or vein hints in Red Feather, there would have been revealed to the discriminating eye abundance of ground for such a measure of legitimate hope as is measured by two cents upon the board. Besides, what soul so mean and carping as to protest that hope at two cents a share is not cheap enough to make any prospect legitimate?

The expenditure of twenty dollars made Maisie the possessor of one thousand shares of Red Feather, and she experienced in consequence a feeling of sinful pride that was delightful. Desert Canary appealed to her next. It was a pretty name and as attractively priced as anything she had ever found downstairs in the emporium. Thirsty Burro and Laughing Mountain also caught her romantic eye—and there were others. Yet was there a kind of shrewd method in Maisie's shopping.

"Nothing above the five-cent counter, little girl," she was saying to herself; "and spread 'em out wide. They're so low they can't go down any lower, and if one of them happens to come up you may be lucky enough to be down on that one strong."

And besides being shrewd, Maisie was fortunate. This was the day when that sudden if mysterious activity in Devil Dog carried up all other stocks with it. Maisie's whole line soared sympathetically, some of them pushing off the five-cent counter entirely, so Maisie had to go Woolworthing off after them on other planes of value entirely. The degree of her self-satisfaction increased; the hour stole on toward eleven and she was still making money. Her investment had doubled and then trebled.

It was the childish instinct to take the money out and look at it that prompted her to sell. And between sales her mind wandered as Ben's had wandered—to the high-priced stocks. There was a sporting instinct in her blood that scorned a piker and she determined to switch her investments to this more dignified line.

Ben meanwhile was already in the dignified line and extracting great satisfaction from his position there—and naturally, because Nevada Rex continued to climb—boldly—now to one dollar and five cents, to one dollar and ten cents and at length to one dollar and fifteen cents. There it hung proudly for a time, then perilously; then it began to plunge. This was the moment when cold sweat broke out upon the young speculator's brow. Pressed hard against the rail he had watched the stock soar comfortably, knowing that every time it went up a cent it added thirty dollars to his wealth. That was a grand and glorious feeling. But when it turned suddenly and began to skid downhill like a boche flying from a marine it resembled a succession of unskillful surgeries, each without the easement of anaesthetic and each chiseling rudely thirty dollars' worth of quivering tissue right off the most sensitive spot in the whole fabric of his being. Men about him, too, were shouting feelinglessly, hilariously. It seemed as if he—an ardent bull in this market—was hemmed in by a pack of ruthlessly savage bears.

"What's the matter with it?" he demanded angrily, and looked about him for someone wise enough and considerate enough to impart some gushing streams of information to a soul athirst in the desert of alarm and uncertainty. But for a time, save for a few who were selling—desperately selling Nevada Rex out, crop and crupper—nobody appeared to have any information. But at last someone had it and was willing to let it out.

"Apex trouble!" this one reported gravely to Ben.

"Apex trouble? What's that?" Young Mr. Downey's face was innocent of the faintest glimmer of comprehension.

But the man was beckoning to his broker excitedly and did not stop to answer.

"Apex trouble? What's that?" Ben demanded of his neighbor on the right.

"Mining law in Nevada," the other man jerked out quickly. "If a ledge apexes on your claim for instance you've got a right to follow the dip—even under another man's claim. You could scoop him out."

Apexes? Follow the dip? Ben was stuck again—stuck twice.

But it is the delight of mankind to give information, especially if its impartation at a particular moment may seem to add to the sum of human misery.

"Apexes? Guess I don't quite get you," confessed Ben blankly, uncomfortably.

"Why, it seems they've found out that this Nevada Rex vein, which is so wonderfully rich, apexes—comes to the surface, that is—on the Golden Goose. That gives the Golden Goose people the right to go right under Nevada Rex and scoop out this ore. It generally means a lawsuit and it kills a property for a long time while the courts are untangling it."

The last of this information had almost to be shouted into the ears of Mr. Downey, for other traders were getting the story and were far quicker to comprehend it. Wilder and wilder the massed speculators at the rail had become, more vehement in their gestures, their calls, their supplications and their appeals to their brokers to heed them and obey them, which was mostly impossible because the center of the floor beyond the rail had become once more a seething human maelstrom. There voices barked incessantly. Brokers tore at each other like mad. Men seized other men and held them tight, shrieking hoarsely into their faces. Others they seized and hurled them far. The storm center was like a football scrimmage, a knot of struggling forms to invade which must be to hazard life and limb. Yet this hazardous center of that knot was the one spot into which every man seemed trying to thrust himself. Men leaped at it, dived at it, tore at it, gained it and were themselves leaped at, torn at and ousted—shot out of the center of the mêlée as if propelled from guns.

Such brokers managed strangely always to light upon their feet, sliding and skidding under the force of their own momentum toward the line of seats just inside the rail. There with hats crushed, a pocket hanging, a sleeve giving way at the shoulder, they halted and bent over markings in the little record books; breathing a moment, casting a sweeping eye at the rail for a recognizing nod or instruction from this trader or that one; and then turning, fought their way once more into the moving mass of legs, arms and bobbing heads. Nor did this storming vortex of human struggle remain ever stationary. It rocked and reeled and slipped to and fro round the pit.

Nor was the turmoil of shouts and hoarsely bawled cries in the pit much greater than that without the rail, where men also shouted and shrieked and waved frantic arms, with intermittent clingings to telephones and reaching of long hands back over massed heads to receive messages held up to them by runners.

Ben Downey felt himself the most sensitive unit—nay, the only sensitive unit—in this great, striving, panting, hand-to-hand conflict of human passions. He was suffering terrible agony. Each throb and pulse of it all shot through him like an exquisite pang. The pain was greater because he did not know exactly what was happening. In vain he looked for news of how the battle progressed upon the blackboard. The last transaction there was 1100 at 100, but that was eternities ago. Now the board boy stood idly looking down with a baffled, amazed expression upon his precocious features. The deals were coming too rapidly, or the confusion was too great for him to get head or tail out of all that maniacal yelling there beneath him.

At length he did catch a sale and record it away down the column, leaving a blank to indicate the unrecorded sales that must have taken place between it and the last record. He wrote, "2200 at 64."

"Battling Bolivar!" Ben groaned, and gazed woodenly. Sixty-four! Surely it

(Concluded on Page 46)

This summer, make up your mind to enjoy the comfort you envied last year in the other fellow, with the style the other fellow will envy in you, by wearing

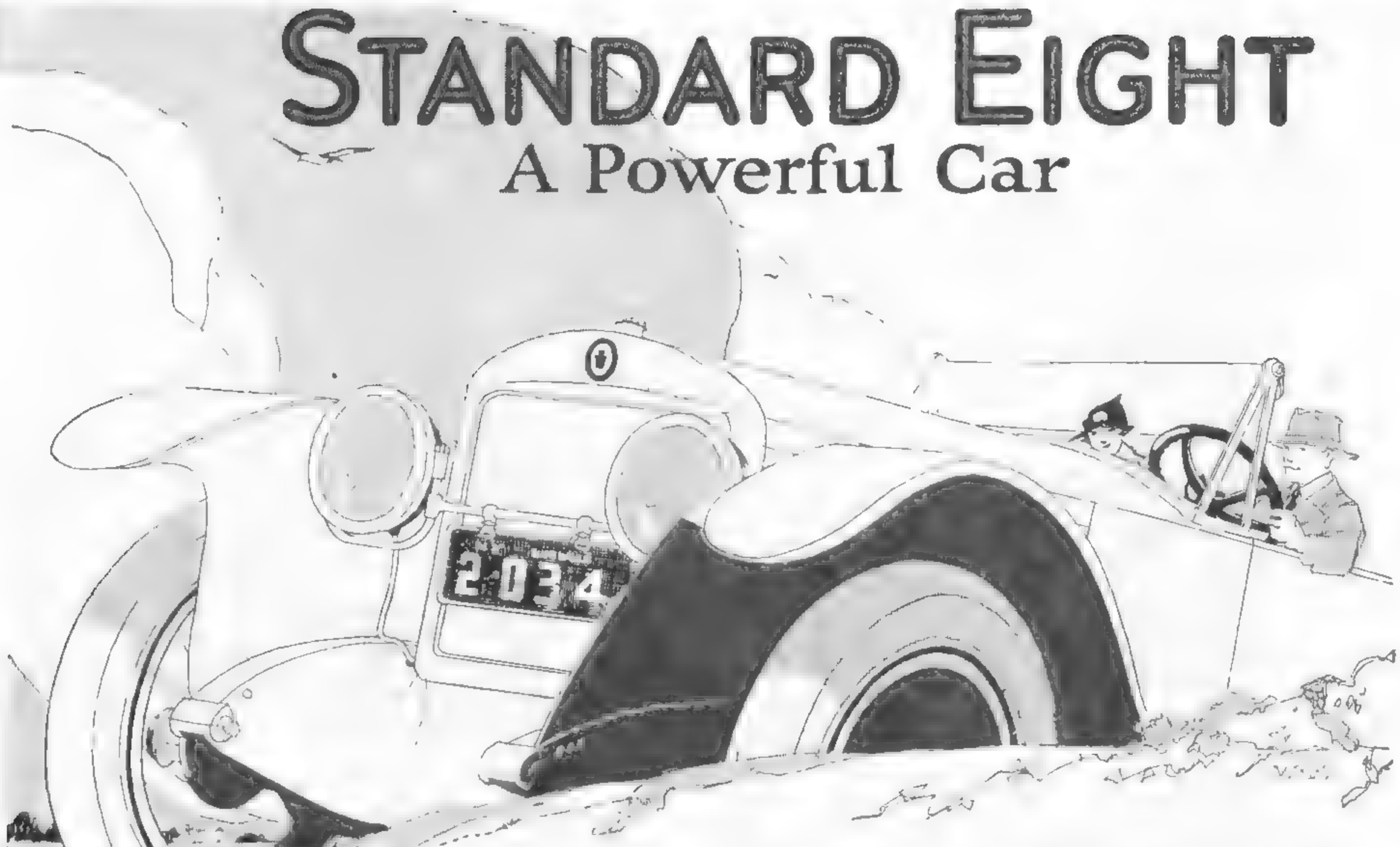
Keep-Kool

The National Summer Suit for Men

"Keep-Kool" is our trademark; it is not a general trade term.
Every "Keep-Kool" Suit has the label sewn under the collar.

The HOUSE OF KEEP-KOOL
The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

STANDARD EIGHT
A Powerful Car



Who denies that Power gives Pleasure?

What joy is there to compare with the feeling that the deep valleys and steep inclines of Earth's surface become mere plains when you depress your toe on a throttle.

To know this sensation you must go over a road where you *thought* there were hills, in a Standard Eight.

The eighty-three horse-power of the Standard Eight automobile levels hills. The hill which you see in front of you becomes an optical illusion—something to view scenery from, but a flat roadway so far as your motor is concerned.

This power has won many new friends. The Standard Eight is in such demand that it calls for quadruple production this year. All the resources of the Standard Steel Car Company—one of the world's largest industrial institutions—are behind this automobile, assuring the owner a car of power and permanence.

The enlarging of the factory, and consequent expansion of Standard Eight dealer organization, creates a real opportunity for dealers who measure up to the car. Write for details

Standard Steel Car Company
Automotive Department Pittsburg, Pa.

The handsome new Sport Model—built for comfort as well as for power.

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wasn't possible that this stock—his stock—had in these three or four turbulent minutes fallen from one dollar to sixty-four cents. Why every one of those cents subtracted thirty dollars from his profits—No! Profits? His profits had been wiped out when it dropped to one dollar. Now his investment was going. Going? Why if the stock was still tumbling—and, of course, it was, because the riot raged on—his investment itself was melting away. He had better, he perceived, get out while he had anything left to take out.

Frantically he tried to get the attention of his broker, but Connolly, coatless, collarless, bellowing like a sea cow—for in common with nearly everyone else he had begun to lose his voice—Connolly was in the very center of the mob, his flushed face drawn with anxiety, his black eyes darting cunningly, wrathfully, like a man who fought desperately to save some stake that was of vast importance to him. At length he threw up his hands arm's length, then staggered out of the toils of conflict with an expression of relief and, wiping the sweat from his eyes, he stopped with another broker beside him, comparing the last transaction as each recorded his end of it.

Excitedly Ben waved to Connolly, who slouched over wearily with no particular light of joy in his eye. Instead he regarded Ben reproachfully as if that innocent and perturbed young man had been almost the cause of misfortune to him.

"Better sell my three thousand shares," said Ben, trying to appear blasé, "and I'll get out while there's something left."

"Sell?" rasped Connolly indignantly. "You've nothing left. I've sold you out to save me. Your margin was wiped out absolutely when the stock went below fifty."

"Wiped!" gasped Ben, white to the lips. "Below fifty!" and he glanced anxiously at the board. "You sold me out? What have I got coming, then?"

"Nothing!" snapped the broker. "You're lucky when we figure up that you don't owe me some commissions."

A cold chill of the helplessness of ignorance, of incomprehension and of disaster turned Ben's veins to coursing channels of crimson ice.

"I—I don't get you, Mr. Connolly."

"Why," husked Mr. Connolly, his lip curling sarcastically at such mazes of mental darkness, "you bought that stock on margins—fifteen hundred of your money, fifteen hundred of my credit. The minute it dropped below one dollar somebody's fifteen hundred began to go. It couldn't be mine. You're the speculator, not me. I carried you as long as I dared, thinking the stock would turn—why, damn it, I know it's bound to turn—but when it got round sixty and I saw it going farther, why, man, I had to get in and fight like the devil to save myself. Part of it went at forty-six at that and I'm darned lucky if the overs take care of the unders."

Ben clasped the rail dizzily. The whole pandemonium of the pit seemed suddenly to have transferred itself to the pan of his own brain. Vaguely he comprehended that he had lost and according to the rules of the game. His fifteen hundred, which included Mrs. Jackson's two and his one, were gone, all gone. Yet not ten minutes before fortune in a glittering golden pile had gleamed before his eye.

"What's it all about?" demanded Ben savagely.

"Golden Goose," replied his informative neighbor on the right. "Golden Goose is rallying naturally on the strength of that same apex rumor, for what kills Nevada Rex is what makes Golden Goose lay eggs."

Apparently this was but the simple statement of a fact. Golden Goose was rallying sharply. The old scenes were repeating themselves. Again hoarse voices rose excitedly, again the faces of the traders in that packed space behind the rail turned alternately from watching the scenes in front of them to watching the column of figures on the board, for the rise of Golden Goose, while steady and exciting, was much less turbulent than the descent of Nevada Rex had been and the board boy was able to keep track of the sales.

Ben watched the advance helplessly. The fever of play was in his blood, which once more had warmed to the excitement of the game, but he could not buy in. His capital was gone. Waves of anger—at himself, at the market, at his luck—surged over him.

Steadily Golden Goose climbed until near twelve o'clock, when it had advanced from somewhere about sixty-one to ninety-seven. Then the ringing of a gong interrupted trading. The noon recess had come.

But operations would be resumed at one. There was no use in Ben's return after the recess, but he returned just the same, hungry from having morosely taken no luncheon, foot-weary from weaving to and fro pondering fruitless schemes to put himself in funds and recoup his losses by getting in on Golden Goose. But in the afternoon Golden Goose was perversely stationary. Nevada Rex had mysteriously revived and was soaring up again by leaps and bounds.

"Why, how's this?" demanded Ben, with a sense of outrage and injustice beginning to rankle. It looked as if the whole market had been rigged that morning just to tantalize and rob him.

"Suit's compromised," explained the informative neighbor, who now had established himself on the left instead of the right. "That's what I heard at noon."

"Over the apex matter, you mean?" quizzed Ben with a miserable hollowness in his throat.

"Yes."

Ben nodded dismal satisfaction. At last he was beginning to comprehend the moving forces behind these highs and lows, at any rate.

But Nevada Rex was skying more rapidly yet. In an irritatingly short time it was back at the dollar—the old dollar where Ben had bought.

"What's it mean?" he stormed wrathfully at Connolly when his broker incautiously came near. "It's robbery! It's stockjobbing! It's rigging the market—that's what it is."

Connolly gazed at Ben with wearied but sympathetic eye.

"Hard luck, old man," he conceded, "but the game was square. Nevada Rex jumped in and bought control of Golden Goose to save themselves. That's what all that buying was just before twelve. They got it figured out during noon that they had control and that put Rex on the hop again where it belongs. The stock'll go to one dollar and fifty cents before the close."

The day came to an end with Nevada Rex standing serenely at one dollar and thirty-five cents, one of the most remarkable diurnal fluctuations on record. With its end, Ben, utterly wretched, having scaled the heights and sounded the depths and feeling himself now crawling along the sticky inky bottoms of despair, took his way to Market Street, careful only that he should nowhere encounter the benignant inquiring eye of Cactus Johnson.

Reproaching himself that he had not even called Maisie on the phone during the noon hour, he forced himself to go up in the elevator to Room 916 of the Neville Building. The girl was sitting pensive at her secretarial desk.

"Ben!" she exclaimed, leaping up half joyfully, half in rebuke. "Where—where have you been is what I want to know." Then the keen eyes noted something that changed her tone to one of more consideration, though the words were words of gentle raillery: "Oh, been to your friend's funeral, huh? And where's your new suit?"

Ben walked straight past her toward the inner office.

"Come on in," he said. "I've got something to tell you." Maisie followed wonderingly.

"Get another partner," announced Ben, sinking into a chair. "I'm a flivver."

Maisie's manner changed again.

"Is that so?" she inquired, mildly indignant but perching herself jauntily upon the corner of his desk. "Want to get rid of me, do you?"

"You'll want to get rid of me when you hear my sad and humble story," wailed Ben.

"Friend," announced Maisie, again with mock seriousness, "something's botherin' you. I can see it. I can tell it by your mood of gentle melancholy. I gather it from your language. I absorb it from your general atmosphere. Ben Downey"—and the voice grew more solemn as she leveled an accusing finger—"it's poker! You've been playing poker!"

Ben shook his head. "The stock exchange," he croaked.

"Ben!"

Maisie had spoken sharply. She stood up straight and trim with her hands precisely behind her back.

"Some people are making big money on the stock exchange," the man explained wretchedly. "I thought I could do it. I put in the one hundred I was going to get the suit with and two hundred dollars Mrs. Jackson let me have."

"Mrs. Jackson!" Maisie stiffened a little more. "You were with that woman last night?"

"With her and her husband, just for a few minutes. I ran into them at the St. Francis and we had a dish of something—an ice, I guess."

"Oh!" remarked Maisie—a rather involuntary exclamation it was, and one of which she was herself perhaps hardly conscious, but it denoted relief quite clearly.

"And I put the whole three hundred in mining stocks and lost. But oh——" And Ben's face brightened ludicrously at the memory of the brilliant prospects he had looked upon. "But, oh, Maisie, what a run they did give me for my three hundred! I was fifteen hundred to the good once and then later it looked as if I was going to cop off four thousand; but—but the stock broke and took a nose dive. It went down so fast that before I could get word to my broker to sell it was on the ground and not even looking up."

Ben concluded his narrative as solemnly as he had begun it, and for a moment sinister silence reigned in the private office of Downey & Co. The lady partner, still with her hands behind her back, looked gravely and virtuously out of the window.

"It will be a lesson to you perhaps," she said hopefully after an interval. "I do not think, therefore, we should dissolve partnership solely on that account."

Dissolve partnership! Ben started violently. Had he in his humiliation and misery been fool enough to suggest that? Gazing now at this lithe figure of a wise, grave, self-contained woman, whose slight shoulders accepted so bravely and unflinchingly the responsibilities of life, he knew that the one most unbearable thought in the whole vast universe of ideas would be that of having to dissolve partnership with her; with those shoulders, with those luminous, mischievous gray eyes, with those whimsical, tantalizing lips that were just now composed in lines so straight and sober.

"It certainly will be a lesson to me," he declared humbly, at the same time reaching out and endeavoring to possess himself of one of his business associate's hands. This attempt, however, after appearing to succeed became a failure, as Miss Maisie unclasped the fingers behind her back and transferred them to the front, where they toyed with the cord upon the window curtain at least for a time. But gravity was a pose that Maisie's sunny nature could not long endure even for a laudable purpose.

"It's lucky," she said, turning with a cheery smile, "that I kept the two hundred. I've paid the rent, one hundred and fifteen dollars, and the balance on the furniture bill, seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents, and now I think I'll just about walk down with you and buy you a suit of clothes myself."

Ben was staggered by the change of manner, but he had presence of mind enough to recall to her that, having paid these bills, she would have no money left.

"Oh, yes, I have," responded the lady with an amazing degree of pleasure in her tones. "Yes, I have"; and to the man's astonishment he saw that she held in her hand a roll of money.

"Maisie!" he exclaimed in awed tones. "Where did you get it?"

"Mining stocks!" laughed that young woman surprisingly, accompanying the laughter and the speech with a most impudent and a most adorable elevation of the chin.

"You? You?" Ben looked for a moment as if an idol had fallen. "You have been playing the market?" he faltered.

"Fair for one partner as 'tis for the other," responded Miss Maisie, grown suddenly serious from the reproach in Ben's tones. "I forgave you when you lost. You're not going to hold it against me when I win, are you?"

Ben smiled weakly.

"Partner!" And his voice was now full of humble contrition oddly mixed with amazement and admiration. "Partner, I'll never hold anything against you at any time. But tell me about it."

"It was easy enough," began Maisie and again she perched herself upon the corner of his desk. But her mood became immediately more subdued than that in which one usually relates a triumph. Indeed as she began to recall the story there was an expression on the girl's face as if she were hardly sure it was a triumph; a slight tendency almost to shudder at the memory. "I heard about what mining stocks were doing last night from a friend and I thought that I would just drop in at a broker's office on the way down town. First I got to looking at the board and then I took little nibbles at the lower-priced ones. It seemed to be a day when any boob could win because the stocks all rose up just like a tide.

"Well, just sitting there and nodding my head once in a while, Ben, I had honestly made so much money that it scared me—oh, seven or eight hundred out of two—and I sold out straight and clean. But once the money was in my hands I got my nerve back and was going to buy in once more when something got the matter with the market. It had been boiling up like a pot of beans and now it went down again just like the fire was out. The longer I watched it the scarier I got, and then all at once the excitement quieted down and things got steady once more, with men looking at each other kind of pale and a couple of women wipin' their eyes off in one corner cagylike so nobody would see 'em. But I saw 'em. They had lost. I didn't know but what that was some of their money burning in my hands right then. Actually, Ben, I felt like maybe I was a thief. I knew I wasn't going to play stocks any more, but I hated to take all that money away, so I just took out three hundred dollars—two hundred that was ours and one hundred to pay for my time up there this morning—and I give the rest back to the broker."

"Gave it to him?" groaned Ben.

"'What'll I buy with it for you?' says the broker. He didn't get me at all, you see. Besides, it wasn't his money any more than it was mine, so I says: 'Oh, I don't know. Something that I won't have to stay here and watch,' I says. 'Something that's got solid bottom to it—if any of them have.' So he says, 'Well, here's a stock that's on the bottom now and liable to look up any minute.' 'I'll take it,' I says.

"But what was it, Maisie?"

"Frisk me! I don't know," responded the girl frankly, "only it was a bargain—marked down from a dollar-fifteen to forty-seven cents—something like that."

"From a dollar-fifteen?" asked Ben, eyes bulging.

"That's what he said."

"To forty-seven?"

"Yes," smiled Maisie; "it made a noise just like a real bargain to my woman's ear and I just jumped on it. 'Buy me that,' I said, 'and send the certificates down to my office when you get 'em. I can't stand round here all day,' I told him. 'I've got business to attend to.' That's how he came to give me my money in the middle of the day that way."

Ben had leaped up like a crazy man. "And did he send them?"

"Yes, they just came in a minute before you did. I haven't exactly had the heart to look at them. It seemed like opening up a lot of liabilities of some kind."

By this time Maisie was leading the way out to her desk, with Ben following madly to where she picked up and handed to him a long manila envelope marked "Ben B. Downey & Co." He examined the contents.

"Nevada Rex!" he shouted. "Battling Bolivar! Maisie! You have bought Nevada Rex. Six, ten, eleven hundred shares of Nevada Rex—at forty-seven—and it closed at one-thirty-five. It's the very money I've lost."

"Then it don't hurt my conscience a bit to take it," declared Maisie, immediately radiant over the transaction. "How much does it figure?"

"Something better than fourteen hundred dollars," gloated Ben.

"Let's sell it then and get out."

"Sell it? Yes!" agreed Ben; "but get out? How else can we make fourteen hundred dollars in a day?"

"I'm not so buttoned-up sure myself," admitted the girl. "The ups and downs made me awful nervous, but the finish is nothing to shed tears over."

"Let's breathe," proposed the excited Ben, and he sat down and fanned himself with the certificates. "And figure on what we're going to do to-morrow."

"No," demurred Maisie, practical as ever. "Let's figure on what we're going to do to-day. Let's close up the office and I'll take you down to Sam's and see that you get that suit of clothes myself."

"I told him I might be back," recalled Ben.

Through the Gate of Horn

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

THE young man's face was pale. His jaw, hard-set in a grip of self-control, lent his clever handsome features a suggestion of force remarkable for his twenty-two years. At maturity his intellect, backed by so much character, would be formidable. He turned to the window, stared out of it for a long moment. Then he switched round upon the girl:

"So that's your last word, Betty? Finish?"

Her eyes dropped under his, were raised again in a volition which dared to match itself—though she was tremulous with the effort—against the challenge of his voice. Their blue depths were charmingly sincere.

"I cannot help myself, Jack." She shook her head pathetically. "You ought to understand."

His voice came grimly, with intent to wound:

"You are selling yourself to James Arrowsmith. Yes, I understand."

She shuddered, turned away her head in despair of sympathetic comprehension. There was a silence, during which both gazed down vistas of gloomy thought. Then she looked up again, diffidently venturing another appeal to his magnanimity:

"You know father's position ——"

He nodded sardonically:

"I know. He thinks his business is safe if James Arrowsmith is his son-in-law instead of merely his go-ahead competitor. He's wrong. Arrowsmith would cut his own brother's throat if he met him on a dark road and thought he had a dollar in his pocket. He's just a modern brigand."

The girl sighed.

"What can I do, Jack? Father ——"

He blazed out in a sudden fury:

"Oh, yes, I know! Father! I can't help your father being a fool! It's not my fault that he can't recognize potentiality in a man—that he is only capable of appreciating a success that is already made, which he can measure by a balance in a bank! Give me ten years and I'll eat James Arrowsmith!"

The girl shook her head sadly.

"Ten years, Jack—it's a long time ahead. We have got to deal with things as they are to-day. And to-day —"

"I'm nothing!" he said bitterly.

She looked up at him.

"You are just a promising young man fresh from college, Jack. With a big future before you, I am sure of that—but it's only a future."

"I've started, anyway!" he exclaimed. "I've got that job on the Rostrum—begin next week. And I'm going to make good!"

"Of course you are—but—we can't marry on your pay as a very junior subeditor." She shook her head again. "We must be reasonable, Jack. If I saw any chance ——"

"Yes," he interrupted brutally; "if you saw any chance of my driving you about in six months' time in a big motor car like James Arrowsmith's—then you would condescend to love me."

She stood up, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, don't, Jack!" She turned away her head, pressed her hand to her eyes, dropped it in a hopeless gesture. She faced him again, her sensitive mouth quivering at the corners, her expression appealing from misery to compassion. Evidently she hardly dared trust herself to speak. "You know I love you!" Her voice caught, almost broke. "You know I love you now—shall never love anyone else. All my life I shall remember you—if I live fifty years."

His short laugh was intended to express that terrible cynicism of youth losing its first illusions.

"Cut it out, Betty! In fifty years you will be seventy. No doubt you will be a charming old lady. You may even be sentimental; you can indulge safely in the luxury then. But you won't even remember my name. You'll be interested only in the love affairs of your grandchildren."

She smiled at him involuntarily—and then consciously maintained the gleam in her eyes, quick to emphasize and elaborate the note of comedy he had accidentally struck. It was escape from threatening acrimony.

"And you, Jack? In 1969? Will you remember my name? Will you be even sentimental, I wonder? Oh, I should like to see you—a cynical old grandfather, telling your grandchildren not to marry for money but to marry where money is! Oh, Jack!" Her voice was genuinely mirthful. "You will come and see me and talk their affairs over with me, won't you? We shall be two such dear old cronies!"

He had to concentrate on his frown, endangered by her infectious sense of humor. "I shall never marry," he announced gloomily. "So there's not much use in promising to discuss my grandchildren's affairs with you fifty years hence. I shall never love another woman."

She ignored the somber vaticination, determined to keep on a safer plane of futurity.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to see, Jack, fifty years ahead—and all that will happen in the meantime!" There was just a hint of seriousness in the light tone, in the bright eyes that smiled into his. "If one could only know!" Her face went wistful. "I often wonder—these crystal gazers and people—whether they can really see." She looked up at him. "Jack! You are so clever and know everything—don't you know any place where one can go and really see what is going to happen?"

He smiled, half in pleasure at her flattery, half in the consciousness of being about to say a clever thing. The smile was wholly youthful, despite his assumption of withered cynicism.

"Yes. The place to which you are sending me."

"What place?" Her tone was puzzled.

"Hell!" he said shortly.

She wrinkled her brows.

"I don't understand."

"Of course you haven't read Vergil," he said with the crushing superiority of the newly fledged graduate. "It's in the sixth book—where he takes Æneas into Hades. He describes two gates there—a gate of horn and a gate of ivory. They are the gates through which all dreams come. Those that pass through the ivory gate are false dreams; the true ones come out of the gate of horn. I will sit down beside it and report if any of them concern you. You haven't left me much other interest," he concluded bitterly, "and this life will be just hell."

She looked at him in a short silence.

"You are being very cruel, Jack. Do you think there will be much happiness for me?" She turned away her head.

He laid both his hands on her shoulders, compelled her gaze to meet his.

"Then let me give you happiness! Betty, I love you! I love you! I care for nothing in the world but you! Rick it! Forget everything except that you love me and I love you! You will never regret it. I will make you the happiest woman on earth, as I shall be the happiest man. You cannot live without love. I love you, Betty! And I shall always, always love you! Trust yourself to it, whatever happens!"

She withdrew herself from him, shook her head hopelessly.

"I can't," she said wearily. "I have promised."

"Arrowsmith?"

"Father." Her tone answered all the implications of his question with a dreary finality that left no issue. Her sigh was a seal upon resignation.

"Then it's good-by?"

She nodded in a forced economy of speech.

"Good-by."

He picked up hat, stick and gloves and moved toward the door.

"You've nothing more to say to me?"

She shook her head, her eyes brimming with tears.

"No, Jack. Except that I shall remember this birthday as the most miserable day of my life. You have not made it easy for me."

"Why should I?" he asked, the uncompromising egotism of youth suddenly harshly apparent. "You refuse the best gift I can offer you—myself!"

"I can't help myself. But"—she hesitated on the pathetically forlorn appeal—"you might be kind." Her eyes implored him.

He struck himself upon the forehead with a dramatic little ejaculation that matched the gesture.

"Bah! It all seems like an evil dream to me!"

She smiled at him sadly.

"I wish it came out of the gate of ivory, Jack—and not out of the gate of horn!"

He flushed, his raw sensitiveness resentful of this boomerang return of his own witticism.

"You can keep your sense of humor for James Arrowsmith, Betty! Good-by!"

He snatched open the door and went out. He could not visualize her standing there listening for his shattering slam of the front door, running to the window for a last glimpse. He thought of her only as mocking at the tragedy that was so real to him.

In a furious rage with the universe as constituted he marched blindly out of the house and straight across the pavement with intent to quit even her side of the road. His brain in a whirl he looked neither to right nor left, careless of an environment which was at that moment scarcely real to him. He only half heard the raucous scream of an automobile horn, a warning human shout—and then something struck him violently on the side, followed it with a crashing blow on his head.

He could not see Betty's face, tense and white, bending over his senseless body as it was extricated from under James Arrowsmith's plutocratic car and—after her emphatic prohibition of hospital—borne into her father's house.

He felt himself shoot upward in the vast familiar elevator of the Daily Rostrum Building. His head was full of important business—interviews with senators, statesmen, financiers, which had filled his busy day. With practiced mental control he screened these matters temporarily from his consciousness, cleared his brain for the immediate tasks that awaited him. The elevator stopped opposite a door which bore his name. As he opened it he heard, with the little glow of observed success, the awed recognitory whisper of one of the two seedy journalists he left behind in the lift: "The editor!"

He entered the big room, hung with wall maps above the low-ranged bookcases, where a lady clerk was arranging his afternoon tea on a little table by the side of his massive desk. His secretary, evidently alert for his entrance, appeared at another door.

"Mr. Bolingbroke is waiting to see you, sir!"

"Good! Show him in!"

He settled himself in his big chair, glanced at the pile of papers on his desk, looked up to nod a curt greeting to the keen-faced young man who entered.

"Five minutes, Mr. Bolingbroke!" he said warningly, with a gesture toward the papers that awaited him.

The young man smiled.

"I can do more business with you, sir, in five minutes than I can with another man in fifty," he said, extracting a wad of typescript from an attaché case. "Here's the draft of the last article."

He took it, leaned back in his chair, ran his eye over it. It was headed "The Cutthroat Combine. The Arrowsmith Apaches Uneasy for Their Own Scalps. More Points for the Public Prosecutor."

He skimmed through it rapidly. It was a scathing denunciation of a predatory trust with which the proprietors of the Daily Rostrum had quarreled. Chapter and verse were given for a series of malpractices which, substantiated after this publicity, would infallibly bring the wrongdoers before a court of justice. He leaned forward, picked up a pencil, struck out a few sentences, made other points more telling. Suddenly he frowned, scored out a paragraph.

"You're too tame over this infantile-mortality business! You want to let yourself scream over it. That's the note that'll wake 'em up! Get all the sentimental parents clamoring for his blood!" He handed back the typescript. "Rewrite the final paragraph and it'll pass." He glanced at his watch. "Four and a half minutes, Mr. Bolingbroke!" he said, an almost boyish note of triumph in his voice; "and I guess it's finish for Mr. James Arrowsmith!"

He turned to his tea as the journalist made his exit. Then he bent himself forward to the business on his desk.

As he ran through and signed letter after letter his own phrase "Finish for Mr. James Arrowsmith!" rang in his head, repeated itself over and over again with almost the distinctness of an auditory hallucination. A detached portion of his consciousness listened to it, was lured into a train of thought that was not unpleasant.

Of course he had no real personal grudge against James Arrowsmith. Without him —— He smiled as he set his signature at the foot of yet another letter. That was a long time ago! And he had prophesied it; he remembered, suddenly, his own words: "Give me ten years and I'll eat James Arrowsmith!" Ten years! He glanced involuntarily at the calendar in front of him, read the date—1929. By Jove, it was ten years! Ten years ago—Betty's birthday! He glanced again at the calendar—and dropped his pen on the desk with a sharp exclamation of annoyance. Good Lord, of course it was! It was Betty's birthday to-day! And he had forgotten it!

For a moment or two he stared in front of him, his brows contracted into a frown which was directed impartially at circumstance and himself. He had been so terribly busy of late—but of course he must find time. Poor old Betty! He took up the telephone instrument on his desk, gave a number.

"Hello! . . . That you, Betty? . . . Jack. Jack speaking. . . . Many happy returns of the day! . . . What? . . . Of course I remembered! . . . What? . . . Well, it's only five o'clock." His tone was one of self-extenuation. "I say, old girl! We'll go out to dinner—any restaurant you like! . . . What? You've got an appointment?" He repeated the words incredulously. "Oh, very well! I say, Betty! You haven't got a cold or

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This is Its Character

This picture is a glimpse into the lobby of Hotel Pennsylvania, New York; and fairly represents the character and the good taste and the luxury of that new and much-talked-of hotel.

And it will help you to understand why the Pennsylvania is the New York home of thousands of discriminating travelers who want the best that New York can provide—even before you know another reason for that preference, which is: because the Pennsylvania is more than a beautiful and dignified hotel; it is *a complete, and comfortable, and thoughtful,* hotel:

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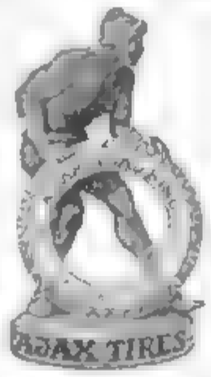

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anything, have you? . . . Oh, all right. . . . No, I only thought your voice sounded strange." He frowned. . . . "Very well; do as you like! Good-by!"

He put back the receiver with a vicious thud.

Throughout the remainder of the afternoon, while he gave directions to the series of subeditors who came deferentially into his presence, an obscure worry persisted at the back of his consciousness. Of course—he had to confess it—he had neglected her of late. How long was it since he had been home? Only a month? Or five weeks? The foreground of his brain working at full pressure on the problems continuously submitted to it for instant decision failed to solve the question—relegated it to be worried over by that independent consciousness at the back of his mind. It was a long time anyway! Of course she understood. It was the paper—the paper to which he was the slave—which practically he never quitted—he had a bedroom in the building—the paper of which he personally read every item that was printed and an enormous quantity of copy which was not—the paper which was his pride, his joy, his one interest in life! Of course she understood—but it was rough on her.

Poor old Betty! He thought of her strange voice, and winced with remorse. She had been brooding over no letter that morning. If only she would have gone to dinner with him! He felt that he could have explained things, put everything straight. But she had an appointment! What appointment? With whom? He put a thought out of his mind, and the thought peeped persistently over the barrier. Impossible of course! Preposterous! Docile little Betty. Besides—who could there be? His vanity was scornful of the idea.

Nevertheless, as he worked, an impulse kept rising in him, ever more powerfully, an impulse to go home—to go home at once. He fidgeted as he beat back the disturbing desire, had to concentrate himself fiercely upon his task. Suddenly, as though the obscure subconsciousness, which was after all his real self, had come to a decision in which his brain had no part, he surrendered. He was surprised at himself as he sharply pressed the bell button upon his desk. His secretary appeared.

"Tell Mr. Thomson to see the paper through to-night. Get me a taxi at once!"

The well-disciplined secretary barely succeeded in veiling his astonishment.

"Very good, sir. And if we get that cable from Yokohama?"

He bit his lip in an unwonted hesitation. Upon the contents of a cable expected that evening from Yokohama he would have to decide the policy of his paper, and upon the policy of his paper, as outlined in the leader that would be published in the morning, depended to a large extent the direction of the current of popular opinion—the current that would set in a few days toward peace or war. To-night, if ever, he ought to remain at his post. But the dominant impulse that had swept over him would take no denial. He felt like a traitor to his professional code as he replied:

"I may be back. If I am not, ring me up. You will find me at home."

His straight stare at the secretary challenged and browbeat the bewilderment in that young man's eyes.

"Very good, sir," he said submissively, and departed.

A few minutes later he found himself speeding homeward in a taxi that, despite the reckless audacity of the liberally subsidized driver, could not go fast enough. The momentary halts imposed by cross traffic seemed interminably prolonged delays. Of course he was a fool, he told himself—but his impatience increased with every second, set his fingers drumming upon the unread evening newspaper on his knee. At last! The taxi swung into the pavement in front of the tall block of flats where he had his city home. He jumped out with the feverish alacrity of a youth trembling lest he should be late for a first appointment, almost ran to the elevator.

Another moment and he was fitting his key into the latch. He swung the door open—was confronted by Betty in hat and furs, apparently just on the point of departure. She shrank back at his entrance, went white.

"Jack!"

The tone of her voice reëchoed in him like an alarm bell. He looked sharply at her.

"Where are you going?"

She stared at him, white to the lips, evidently unable to answer. He repeated the question in a level voice from which by an effort of will he banished the wild suspicion that suddenly surged up in him.

"Where are you going, Betty?"

She laughed a trifle hysterically.

"You are taking a great interest in my doings all at once, Jack! I'm going out of course. I told you I had an appointment."

His eyes met hers, held them till they dropped and she went suddenly red. He opened the door of an adjoining room, gestured her to enter, followed her. They stood and faced each other in a silence that seemed to ring with the menace of near event. He was the first to break it.

"Now perhaps you will tell me where you are going, Betty?" He held his voice on a note of politeness, but it was nevertheless sternly compelling.

Her eyes sought the carpet. Her bosom heaved deeply through a long moment during which there was no sound save the suddenly perceived loud ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece. Then on the wave of a resolve she lifted her head, confronted him proudly.

"I am going to leave you, Jack!" It was evident that she had to fight to keep her voice from breaking. "I—I have had enough of it!"

His ejaculation was characteristic:

"My dear! You must be mad!"

An answering anger came into her eyes.

"Mad or not—I mean it!"

"Leave Maisie?" he cried incredulously.

She smiled at him, more in control of herself now than he.

"No. I am taking Maisie with me," she said with deliberate calmness.

"But you can't! I will not allow it!"

"Perhaps you propose to sit here all day and watch her?" she asked with biting sarcasm. Then with a sudden change of tone indignation flamed up in her: "What is she to you? Is she any more to you than I am? Do you see her from one month's end to another? Do you ask after her? Do you write to her? Do you take the faintest interest in her? No! Once you leave this flat and go to your hateful paper you forget her as utterly as you do me!" Her eyes blazed at him. "Maisie and I are all the world to each other, Jack! And we will not be separated! We go together!"

The violence of this outburst from the woman whose docility he had so long accepted as naturally as he did that of his staff upon the Rostrum shocked him profoundly. At the same time a blinding passion of jealousy surged up in him.

"You shall not go!"

"I shall!" There was no mistaking the determination in her voice. "The moment your back is turned!"

The room seemed to reel about him. The hitherto so solid foundations of his existence had broken up suddenly beneath him. He could not have suspected so great a capacity for emotion in himself. He pressed his hand against his brow, closed his eyes tight in the sickening shock.

"Who is it?" he asked hoarsely. "The man? His name?"

Her eyes seemed to be probing the depth of his wound as they looked into his, but they showed no compassion.

"I cannot tell you." Her tone was unshakably firm.

There was again a silence, in which he fought for mastery over himself. He looked at her in uncomprehending despair.

"Betty! Betty, tell me why! Tell me why! You used to love me. Tell me why you've changed!"

She evidently was also fighting to keep his emotion from communicating itself to her. He thought as he waited for her answer that her head never looked more nobly beautiful.

"Do you remember, Jack? Ten years ago? Ten years to-day? You said to me: 'You cannot live without love!' You were right." A sob that almost escaped its check came into her voice. "I cannot live without love."

He looked for yet another moment upon the sad dignity of her face, upon the quivering sensitive mouth, upon the eyes that brimmed with tears—then with an impulsive movement he sprang forward, seized her two hands in his. The tears were in his eyes also, and in his voice.

"Oh, Betty, Betty darling! I remember! And I said 'I love you! I love you! Trust yourself to it, whatever happens!' Oh, Betty! Is it too late? Is it too late?"

Her eyes looked deeply into his, incredulous at first of his sincerity, then softening in a wonderful certitude. She let herself go into his enfolding arms, her mouth drawn wistfully close to his, yet still for a moment withheld. All pride went out of her suddenly. She implored, like a soul that has an unbelievable chance of life:

"Oh, Jack! You do love me? You love me still! Oh, Jack, Jack!"

She buried her head upon his shoulder, her body shaking with sobs.

He caressed her soothingly.

"My dear! My beloved! My dear, dear Betty! Of course I love you! You and Maisie are all I have in the world—and it's mostly you! Oh, I know I've been a fool! I've thought only of my selfish ambition. But, dear, try me again! I'll be so much kinder to you, so much more thoughtful. And we'll forget all this. Never remember it. I won't even ask you the man's name."

She half raised her head from his shoulder and swallowed tearfully.

"There—there wasn't any man!" she said; and broke down again into a passion of sobs that would not cease.

As he expected, the young man was waiting for him. Maisie was waiting also, standing very tall and rigid by the window, in all the dignity of youth measuring swords with the parental generation. He thought, as he came into the center of the room, how like her mother she was—her mother twenty years ago, when she had faced her father. He nearly smiled at the remembrance, checked himself with a thought of the matter in hand. This of course was quite different!

The young man rose to meet him. They shook hands with the amount of stiffness proper to the occasion. He found himself suddenly wishing that Betty were here after all. He had been hasty in telling her to keep out of the way.

She could handle Maisie more tactfully than he could. Very reasonable woman, Betty—she had seen his point of view at once. These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind as he invited the young man to a chair and seated himself.

There was an awkward silence.

He and the young man broke it at the same instant:

"You wanted to speak to me?"

"I think you understand, sir ——"

Both stopped likewise at the same instant, to make way for the other, and both failed to recommence.

Maisie stepped forward impatiently, stood between them, towering superbly.

"I don't see why you want all this icy ceremony, both of you," she said scornfully. She turned to her father. "Jim wants to marry me, father—and I want to marry Jim. And that's all there is to it!"

"Indeed!" He raised his eyebrows in mild sarcasm. "I wonder you thought it necessary to inform me of such a trifling matter."

"We thought it better to tell you." Maisie was cheerfully unscathed.

"Much obliged, I am sure. I'm very interested. I expect you will both of you want to marry lots more people before you've finished. I shall always be willing to lend a sympathetic ear when you care to tell me of the latest."

"Father!" broke out Maisie indignantly. He felt that he had scored. "This is serious."

"It always is," he said philosophically. "And you, young man? I suppose you are burning to add your testimony of the solemnity of this occasion to Maisie's?" He felt that if he could only keep it up on this tone he was safe. Maisie was apt to be so damnably stubborn and unmanageable once he failed to maintain superiority. As for the young man—well, of course he was only a young man. He could soon manage him!

This young man, however, was no whit abashed.

"I am, sir," he said confidently. "Maisie and I are made for each other!" he added, uttering the banality as though it were now for the first time new-minted for the lovers' lexicon.

"Really? It is a happy chance, for certainly Maisie's mother and myself omitted to take you into account when we named her at the baptismal font."

He had scored again.

The young man was impervious.

"Perhaps there are higher Powers than you, sir?" he ventured with polite deference.

"Even if you are the editor of the Daily Rostrum!" added Maisie viciously.

He resettled himself in his chair under this lively counterattack.

"Well, let us drop these witticisms," he said with some asperity. "Come to business. Let's hear your case, if you have one."

"Certainly, sir. I ask your permission to marry Maisie."

"I appreciate the courtesy. What is your income?"

The young man hesitated.

"Well—at present, sir ——"

"Nothing, I suppose?" He was still keeping his end up, was well satisfied with the tartness of that question. He nearly smiled as he watched the young man wriggle.

"I must confess, sir—but I have qualifications—and I am ambitious!"

"All young men are ambitious," he replied oracularly. "Let us hear the qualifications!"

"I graduated with honors at my university ——"

"Pooh! So did the man who sells my paper at the corner of the street!"

"—— and I have great hopes of getting a good job."

"Indeed! Where?"

"On your paper, sir."

He was staggered by the young man's impudence.

"My compliments! But as I unfortunately fail to share those hopes I must regretfully refuse the permission you ask for."

He had only just managed to keep his temper.

Maisie sailed forward to the attack:

"But, father, you have often told me that when you married mother you were only a graduate with your first job on the Rostrum! We don't mind struggling—we should like to struggle—just as you did!"

"Things were different then. That was a long time ago. In this year of 1939 life is much more difficult than when your mother and I were young."

"It only seems so to you because you have got old. It isn't difficult to us young people," said Maisie, smilingly positive.

He winced under the unconscious cruelty of this remark.

"Perhaps you will allow my experience to be the best judge," he said snappily. "In any case I refuse my permission! The idea is ridiculous! I do not think there is any more I need say, young man," he concluded, making a movement to rise from his chair.

Maisie pinned him down to it, both arms round him, kneeling at his side, her face—Betty's young face!—looking up to him in winsome appeal.

"Father," she said, and her voice was full of soft cajolery, "if anyone took mother away from you wouldn't you feel it dreadfully?" He had a sudden little flitting vision of a crisis ten years back. "Would life be worth anything to you? I mean it seriously." She paused for a reply he refused to give. "Well, father—that's just what life will be like to Jim if you take me away from him!"

"I don't see the necessity of the parallel," he countered feebly.

"Oh, yes, you do! And, father! If anyone took you away from mother—what would life be like to her? You know! Just a dreary blank! And that's what my life will be like if you send Jim away from me!"

"But ——" he began.

She put her hand over his mouth, a deliciously soft young hand, with a faint fragrance that reminded him ——

"No!" she continued inexorably. "Listen to me! I haven't finished. If anyone took you from mother and she knew where to find you—what would she do? You know! She would go to you, whatever was in the way! And, father, that's what I should do! Father," she said, and her tone was full of solemn warning, "would you like to think of your darling little Maisie starving somewhere in a top back room—and hating you, hating you"—her voice suddenly became almost genuinely vicious—"because you wouldn't give her husband a chance to earn his living? Would you like to sit day after day not knowing where she was, wondering all sorts of things—with mother sitting on the chair opposite and not daring to say a word—day after day, and year after year, and never hear from her any more? And all because you were a stubborn foolish old man who had forgotten what real love was!"

"But, Maisie ——" He did not himself know what he was going to say.

She snuggled up close to him, looked up into his face.

"Dadsie!" she said, and the voice was the voice of the child Maisie, who had so often looked up from his knee with just that irresistible smile which had brought strange tears to his eyes then as it did now—sudden tears he could not quite keep back. "Dadsie," she said once more, and her tone went straight to his heart, "you do love your little Maisie, don't you? And you want to make her happy. All her life you have wanted to make her happy, and you're going to make her happy now. You are going to give her Jim, her man—as you are mother's man—a chance to make good. You are going to give us both a chance to make good together—as you and mother have made good together. You are still going to be Maisie's dear, good, kind, generous father whom she will always love—aren't you, dadsie?"

The young man stood up.

"Sir," he said, "I've lost my father. And if I could choose another one—I should like it to be you!"

The older man warmed suddenly at the unmistakable sincerity of his tone. He was a good lad, after all—very like himself, he thought—twenty years ago!

"Dadsie!" implored Maisie, her arms still about him. "Dadsie, say yes! Just think it's mother and you starting for the first time!"

Something broke down in him; almost the barrier against unmanliness. He blew his nose quickly and his smile had a twist in it as he looked into Maisie's eyes.

"That's not fair!" he said. "But you've won. You shall have your chance. You can start to-morrow, young man; but, mind—to work!" He stood up and went to the door. "Betty!" he called as he opened it.

She stood there—smiling at him. He guessed suddenly that she had been there all the while.

"Well?" she said, her eyes happy.

He glanced round to where the two young lovers had stood But they had vanished together into the garden.

"I've been an old fool, my dear!" he said, smiling.

"You've been an old dear!" she replied, putting an arm about him and coming with him into the room. "You couldn't have made me a better birthday present!" Her eyes also were full of tears.

"Forty to-day!" he said. "And it only seems like yesterday since you and I ——"

"And you still love me?" she queried in a tone that had no doubt, looking up into his face.

"I still love you," he replied, happily positive. "Just as I did then!"

Arms about each other he led her in front of the big mirror over the fireplace, and they smiled at the reflected picture of their union. "She called me an old man," he said a little ruefully, patting his hair before the mirror. "I'm getting a bit gray too." He looked at her. "But you, dear, you haven't got a gray hair—and in my eyes you are just as beautiful as ever!"

She shook her head slowly at him in delight.

"And you are just as handsome!"

He smiled down upon her.

"Maisie accused me of being too old to remember what true love was," he said. "Do you think so, dear? Have we forgotten?"

"Darling!" she whispered as she snuggled close against him. They kissed, believing that their kiss was just the kiss of twenty years ago. It wasn't. It was a symbol of infinitely more.

He sat tapping his foot impatiently on the carpet of the anteroom to the council chamber of the Daily Rostrum. Behind the closed door the arcana of the chief proprietors were in secret deliberation. He glanced at his watch, his dignity fretting at this unwonted exclusion, an unacknowledged anxiety unsettling his nerves. He knew himself to be on the threshold of a new epoch. An enterprising, young-blooded syndicate was acquiring the Daily Rostrum, was even then in conclave with the old proprietors, agreeing upon the final terms. They had sent for him—had asked him—oh, most courteously!—to give them yet five minutes.

But he was resentful of those five minutes. Young Henry Vancoutter—not so very young now, though; he must be forty; let me see; twenty years—the chief proprietor, ought to have treated him with more consideration. He deserved better than to be left cooling his heels while the destinies of his paper—his paper, for he, if anyone, had made it, had lived for it for forty years, had been its unchallenged autocrat for thirty—were in the balance. The old man would never have done it, he thought, resentful of this rising generation. Never once was old Vancoutter lacking in the respect due to him, the prince of editors, who had made his property one of the most valuable in the journalistic world.

He wondered what the future would bring. Doubtless the policy of the paper would be changed—that was only natural of course. They must go ahead with the times. He nerved himself for an effort that he felt would be a tax upon his strength. Yes—perhaps they had fallen a bit behind of late. The circulation was not what it was—not half what it had been fifteen years ago. They had made rather a virtue of being a trifle old-fashioned, appealing to conservative instincts. Not in the old days, certainly—but for the last twenty years. And undoubtedly they had suffered from it. He must look up the side lines a bit—the radio service to private subscribers, for example. He drifted on to a vague calculation of the initial cost for the service of wirelessed cinema pictures of current events, mingled with advertisements, with which their go-ahead rival, the Lightning News, was making so great success with hotels and flat communities. His jaw set. He would beat them on their own ground. He would show the world that the editor of the Rostrum was still alive, was still a power.

Yes—he was not done yet. He could not—no one could—conceive the Rostrum without him. He was the paper itself. There was not the faintest possibility of his being replaced. It was unthinkable as practical near politics, as unimaginable as death itself.

He wondered what Betty would think of the changes. Poor old Betty! She was getting very frail; but, he thought cheerfully, considering that she was sixty to-day she was a wonderful woman. He glanced at his watch again, fidgeted with impatience. She would be waiting for him in the car outside—very nice of the old dear to come down for him every day as she had done for now, let me see, was it five or six years past? Ever since he had had his illness. Dear old Betty! He warmed himself with the thought of the splendid fur coat he was going to buy her as a birthday present that afternoon.

The door opened suddenly. Young Vancoutter uttered his name with a smile, murmured an apology, beckoned him in.

He entered, glanced round upon the familiar faces and the new ones gathered on each side of the long table. The new looked up at him with interest, the old bent over blotting pads on which they scribbled idly. He seated himself.

Vancoutter spoke in his familiar crisp tones:

"Mr. Trenchard, I have to inform you that the board has come to very satisfactory terms with the syndicate, who are in fact now the new proprietors of the Daily Rostrum." The speaker paused for a moment, cleared his throat. "You will of course readily understand that these new proprietors wish to have complete control of their property and that their ideas of editorial management may not coincide with ours—with those which you have so successfully and so worthily upheld for so many years."

He felt himself turn sick as he listened, pinched his lips together lest his emotion should be remarked. A mantle of ice seemed to compress him. Vancoutter continued, with an indulgent smile:

"We for our part of course have safeguarded the interests of a man who has served us so brilliantly, whose association with our paper ——"

"Our paper!" He almost smiled in bitter irony.

"—— has so materially contributed to bring it to that pitch of influence at which it is still maintained to-day. Therefore, as part of the purchase price paid by the new proprietors, ten thousand shares have been set aside as your property—and if you prefer it the syndicate has engaged itself to buy those shares of you, cash down, at the current market valuation ——"

He scarcely knew what followed. He had only the most indistinct recollection of several other long-winded speeches whose flattery was sincerely intended to soften the blow. He could not remember what he himself had said. Apparently he had kept his dignity; had duly thanked the old proprietors. Of all the welter of words he clearly recalled only: "The younger generation, Mr. Trenchard! A man of sixty-two owes it to himself to retire!" And they haunted him, rang over and over again in his brain like the knell of his life.

At last he escaped, went stumbling blindly down the stairs, forgetting, for the first time for forty years, the elevator. Betty was waiting for him in the closed car, her head peering out of the window. He groped for the door, almost fell into it. She helped him to the seat.

"My dear! What is the matter?" she said, white with alarm. "Are you ill?"

He clenched his jaw in the agony of his humiliation.

"Sacked!" he said briefly, the tears starting to his eyes. "Sacked at a moment's notice!"

She stared at him, unable at first to grasp the full significance of his words.

"Oh, no, Jack! No!" she said. "No! You can't mean it! It's not true?"

He nodded, gazing fixedly out of the window, away from her.

"It's true!" he replied grimly. "My life's finished!"

She felt timidly for his hand, pressed it without a word. He turned and faced her. They looked for a moment into each other's eyes, then suddenly he crumpled into her arms, a dead-beat old man, and sobbed like a child.

"Oh, Jack, dear! Jack!" she said, caressing the gray head, upon which her tears fell like rain. "At last we can be together!"

They sat side by side on the porch of the country house, overlooking the wide lawns, which swept down to a belt of trees and the river. Along the bank two young couples were walking in a close and intimate comradeship whose happiness was indicated by the bright young laughter that floated at intervals in the stillness of the sunny afternoon to the porch of the house. He watched them as they went, then turned silently to his companion. Betty sat, sweetly placid, a little smile just accentuating the loose wrinkles on the soft face, her eyes looking perhaps after the young people, perhaps into happy thoughts. He thought she was very beautiful as she sat there—and inestimably precious.

"Betty darling," he said suddenly, lifting her hand to his lips, "to think that you are seventy to-day!"

She turned and smiled at him, her gray-blue eyes darkening with grateful love.

"Nineteen-sixty-nine, Jack!" she said softly. "Do you remember ——"

His smile answered hers.

"Yes, dear. I remember."

She checked him with a little gesture.

"Hush! Don't speak!" she murmured, as though in awe.

They sat there, hand in hand, in silence, gazing over the lawns to where their grandchildren wandered with the lovers of their choice, in a quiet ecstasy for which they had no words. Love swelled in them, filled them with the soundless harmonies wherein life's discords are resolved.

"Hush! Don't speak!"

He opened his eyes. Betty was bending over him. Betty? He stared at her, puzzled. Where were the soft wrinkles, the gray hair? This was Betty—Betty as she used to be all that time ago. Then his consciousness readjusted itself suddenly to its environment. He gazed round on an unfamiliar bedroom, where Betty moved with an air of proprietorship.

"I have had such strange dreams, dear," he said weakly.

She bent over him again and smiled.

"From the gate of horn?" she asked. How charming she looked! He collected his thoughts with an effort; remembered, all at once.

"I hope so, dear. Please God, they are!"

She rearranged his pillow, smoothed the sheet under his chin, smiled again. "Go to sleep, Jack—lots more sleep!" she commanded gently, authoritatively.

Without strength or will to protest he let himself relapse once more into drowsiness. Suddenly he opened his eyes.

"What was the name of the man who wanted to marry Maisie?" he asked, as though he had been long puzzling over the question.

"Maisie?" She looked at him in blank lack of comprehension.

"Our daughter!"

A beautiful smile of tenderness, of something ineffably feminine, came into her eyes. What was it she gazed at in that instant of silence?

"Hush, dear. Don't talk!" she said softly, kissing him on the brow. "Go and sit again by the gate of horn."

For dinner–*tonight*

Libby's Olives!—plump, meaty, glossy Spanish Queens from the most famous groves in all the world—or, if you prefer, the dainty Manzanillas, either plain or stuffed with spicy pimentos.

Then again, *there's* Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles. And *such* pickles tender, fine grained little cucumbers, grown from pedigreed seed in rich soil, and hurried from the dewy vines to Libby kitchens where—with fresh-picked, young white onions and select Long Island cauliflower—they are cured and blended with pure vinegar and choice spices.

Libby's Olives and Libby's Pickles—what a "quickener" they are to drowsy, sluggish summer appetites!

Try them—for dinner tonight. Your grocer has them or will gladly get them for you. Keep a supply in the house for all occasions.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 506 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

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BlueBird will keep her happy

The bride of today faces homelife with *unqualified* joy

—for BlueBird locks out forever the dread of washday. Her hands will stay soft and white, with BlueBird doing the washing. Her face will stay youthful and fresh—with BlueBird to do away with the rub-board's ageing fatigue. Her home will revel in clean linen and clean clothes—with BlueBird, there is no wash-*work* to think of—even the wringing is done by *motor*.

BlueBird washes *finest* garments harmlessly—can't wear them, can't tear them. *All* clothes washed by BlueBird last 5 times as long as when rubbed on a washboard. BlueBird washes cleaner than *any* other method, and *quicker*—average washing done in about an hour—"on the line by nine."

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ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

Good Luck, and Keep Your Nose Down—By Gordon Dugo

TAPS and lights out! A moment, and total darkness folded in Section C, Barracks 17, Air Service Flying School, Cashin Field. There was a great creaking of strained cot springs, of groanings in spirit of the old bunk as cadets inserted themselves between tight-wrapped blankets for the nightly bunk fatigue. The fire of a cigarette here and there in recumbent heads waxed to a warm glow and waned again. Fell a partial silence of relaxation.

"Gimme a cigarette, Bustard," importuned a voice from the dark.

"Wait till I get one for myself, will ya? Where the devil are my britches? Here y'are! Want me to stick it in your mouth for ya?"

"No, I got it," said the voice, properly ignoring the sarcasm. "Now gimme a light."

"You got the gimmes too, Zoll? The world's gone cuckoo with the disease. Never meet any one any more, friend or unknown, but what the first thing is, 'Say, woncha gimme ——"

A match flared up, exposing two faces leaning far out of bunks toward each other. The cigarettes glowed; the match went out.

"Want me to spit for you now?"

"No, guess not. You're so good to me! Getting smart just because they gave you your Rules and Instructor's Card to-day! Think you'll fly soon! Very superior! Poor boob! It'll be weeks 'n weeks yet." Zollicoffer's voice held friendly envy with its raillery.

"I thank you, old thing, for them kind encouragement," Bustard replied with deliberately smug complacency; "but you're wrong. To-morrow I fly. It is written."

A voice at the far end, strong with despondency, chimed out in the darkness: "Pooh!" it said. "Pooh! Even if you're assigned you'll be sweeping hangars and policing round for weeks. We didn't enlist to fly. Everyone knows that. We got in because we loved fatigue work. Of course you'll be policing up! What's a kaydet for, anyhow?"

At this question a strong diversity of opinion manifested itself.

"God knows!"

"To hound."

"To do all the dirty work so enlisted and drafted men keep their tempers."

Sidewalk Patter in Barracks

"WRONG!" shouted Bustard. "A kaydet is for Kewee officers to practice on." Howls of approval greeting this offering, he continued: "Otherwise he should get off the earth." Then the tone of exasperating condescension returned.

"I'm going to get off to-morrow—fly off. You know I'm awfully sorry for you poor birds, though. Heaven knows when your chance will come. I'll probably be instructor to some of you."

"Where do you get that stuff?" inquired a wrathful voice. "I didn't wish you any harm, but now I hope you crash."

"Say your prayers to-night, Bus?"

"Not yet. But I saw old Allen up there dust off his Bible and read it for a full hour this evening—when his hands didn't shake too much. Funny how a man gets religious when ——"

Promptly the attack got the rise it was intended to produce.

"That's a lie! I didn't read it for an hour, or just this evening. I read it a little every evening, as any intelligent man ought."

"But you're not an intelligent man," charged Bustard.

"Got as much sense as you!"

"Don't deny it, 'cause I got caught too. The fact remains that if you had all that was coming to you, you'd never have enlisted in this service as a flying kaydet."

A shout of agreement.

"Good boy! Go to it, Bus!"

"That's no lie."

"The cream of the service is getting sour."

"They used to say that ooze was the lowest thing because it's at the bottom of the sea. But there's one thing lower now."

The response to this was instant, unanimous, powerful.

"You bet! A flying kaydet!"

"Quiet!" suddenly shouted Bustard in a stentorian voice; and then in dramatic Patrick Henry style: "I must rest, for I fly to-morrow."

Envious catcalls, derisive jeers.

"Listen to the hangar sweeper! White wings don't fly!"

"All because your name beings with a B too! Lucky bum!"

"Next army I'm in, my name's Aaron Aaron. You hear me!"

"Hell, look at me with a Z," mourned Zollicoffer. "I always get the leavings."

"Well," said Bustard calmly, "it does look as if we were taken alphabetically, I admit. But that's a wrong idea. I am informed we were selected because of sheer ability."

Cots fairly rocked and shrieked under the agony of writhing bodies.

"How'd you get in on it then?"

"How do you get that way, anyhow?"

"You're close, Zoll; soak him with one of your trench shoes."

Talk and tumult died away. One by one cigarette butts shot from the bunks like little falling stars and plopped upon the floor. Heavy respiration; more sporadic and fainter squeakings of springs; a gurgle here; the smacking of a slumbering mouth there as though thoroughly tasting something either very good or very bad. Quiet.

The Great Day Arrives

REVEILLE had blown at least five minutes ago. Two uneven, scuffling, half-awake ranks of white hatbands were leisurely forming outside along the barracks, facing toward the barbed-wire inclosure. The center of the line was near the door and here the later stragglers piled out and stood jammed against the rear rank and up into the door itself. If unmilitary, there was at least good tactics in the maneuver, for it hid certain kinds or lacks of apparel and yet enabled these gentlemen thus uncertainly clothed to answer to their names, then dart within immediately upon the word "Dismissed!" It was plain word had gone round that the C. O. still slept.

The cadet sergeant—big, deep-voiced, devil-may-care—stood under a solitary light that gleamed down from one of the posts behind him and faced this derisive, turbulent, impatient mob. In his hand he held a piece of paper.

"I think he's got the roll, Zoll," said Bustard, hustling out of his bunk and grabbing some clothes. "Ne'mind. I'll answer for you." And he hurried to jam himself in the doorway, clad in shirt, unspeakables and shoes. Zollicoffer, with a muttered "Aw right," turned sleepily in his blankets.

"Comp'ny, 'tenshun!" boomed the sergeant.

His eye caught the mass jammed in the doorway. A grin, slight but malign, came to his face. The farce had begun.

"Say! You birds think this is mass formation? How many ranks you got back there? Some day the C. O.'s gonna get awake and up and catch you. I'm telling you! Get in ranks! Fall in!"

The only answer to this behest was an uneasy swaying at the doorway and a protesting "Aw c'mon, sarge. Le's go."

The sergeant stepped back. His maneuver was ingenious, unexpected.

"First two ranks—forward, march!"

Highly tickled, the two ranks marched forward, and as they uncovered the motley crew their risibilities rose uncontrollably. Palpable consternation reigned behind them.

"Aw, sarge, what th' ——"

But the sarge, relentless, adamant, fulfilled his purpose.

"Ranks, halt! Now you guys fall in."

With argument, pushing, convulsive shovings backward and forward all along the line, and laughter, the ranks absorbed the recalcitrants.

"Shut up! You're at attention!" bellowed the sergeant. "Sections report!"

A short silence ensued. There were six sections to report.

"All present or coming!" shouted someone.

Raucous laughter.

"Blub-blub-blub!" reported someone else. More laughter.

The sergeant received these reports gravely.

"All present or accounted for," he said solemnly. Then out he roared, waving a hand in gesture of benediction. "At easy, men, at easy! I got a order to read."

Laughter halted in an immediate eager silence. Somehow they knew what this order was. The first batch of them were by it at last to be assigned to flying. It was momentous. For these men, who had struggled for months through ground school and concentration camp, who had been here at Cashin Field now for more than a month with no sign of a chance to fly and less of a sign of that far-away commission, would begin to see with this order their goal looming faintly ahead. Doggedly they had hung on all these months in spite of chains of disappointed hope, of threats, of discouragements thrown in their way; of abuse, of laborious fatigue heaped on them; of petty heckling and a thousand untold minor humiliations. Yes, they had hung on, chasing this will-o'-the-wisp thing, grimly keeping their spirits, their pluck, their courage, their folly and their laughter.

The sergeant began to read:

AIR SERVICE FLYING SCHOOL
CASHIN FIELD

HEADQUARTERS, CADET WING, August 6, 1918.

The following named men will report to the Flight Commander, Hangar No. 3, for flying instruction, at 7:30 A. M. this date:

ALBARD, A. J.	BASSET, L. A.	BOILEAU, T. F.
ALLEN, P. S.	BASCOMB, Q. C.	BROWN, S.
AUSTIN, R. E.	BELDEN, A. H.	BOWEN, M. O.
BALDWIN, T. S.	BLONDELL, G. E.	BUSTARD, R. C.

By order
MAJOR FILBURN.
T. S. PINKMAN, 2d Lt. A. S. M. A., Adjutant.

"Lucky hounds!" congratulated someone enviously yet happily.

"Whoopee!" yelped Bustard, dancing in his unspeakables. "Sitting on the world!"

"Bustard will take charge of these men and march them over in formation at 7:30," continued the sergeant. "Comp'ny, 'tenshun!"

The company snapped up, straight, expectant, preparing for a mad rush.

"Dismissed!"

A rush of feet and a wild orgy of slamming and shoving began at the door. It became dammed with twisting, heaving bodies. Curses, groans, laughter, heavy panting, gasping and the warning creak of the long-suffering door-frame. Suddenly the crush gave way and the trampling crowd fell in; then flowed back to make the morning toilet before mess.

It was this way every morning the C. O. overslept.

Mess was over and Bustard, having made up his bunk, was sitting on his locker in ill-restrained impatience.

"Zoll," he said finally, "I can't get a broom and I got to go. Will you clean up under my bunk for inspection?"

The obliging Zoll answered the request courteously: "No! Hell with ya!"

Whereupon Bustard, knowing full well that this was an affirmative, went through the sections with a prideful "Flyers on the line!" And having got his band together, marched them in column of twos toward Hangar Number Three and—joy!

Heckling by the Way

UPON the way they met small columns of older students in leather coats and helmets marching to their respective stages. The eyes of these veterans lighted with diabolic joy at sight of them as with consequential look and quizzical grin they cast at them the same old taunts which they themselves had once endured.

"Look at the ears on 'em!" By which expression it was implied that their aural appendages stood out like wings and that with sufficient speed they could probably take off.

"Oh, mamma! Look at the aviators!" in tones of childish wonder.

"A fine body of men!"

"Why so pale, dearies? Have you seen the bulldog on the meat wagon?"

The meat wagon was the ambulance.

"And all of them aces! Just think!"

Not for worlds would they have shown to these heartless faces the deep happiness that pervaded them. So they looked fierce and growled and swept by in step and at attention.

The doors of Hangar Number Three were rolled open. Within, their eyes now no longer controllable, they saw ships and ships, from the engines and propellers of which blue-denimed mechanics were removing the canvas coverings.

Bustard halted them on the side of the hangar next the flying field and left to report their presence. Feeling very new indeed and the object of every laugh and gibe they heard about them, they stood in an attitude of defiant embarrassment, making tight-lipped resolves that some day they would show 'em all!

Things were busy. Cadets were arriving and signing out coats, goggles and speaking tubes. They heard them called gosports. Instructors with silver R. M. A. wings upon their left breasts began to show up in boots, putties

and khaki flying suits. These gods collected in a close congenial knot, passing the time of day and joshing each other with unheard-of foolishnesses. A small dark lieutenant came jumping down a flight of steps leading from an office built upon the top of the hangar. He interrupted their frivolity and began a short choppy harangue besprinkled with profanity.

The awed dozen knew intuitively that only a stage commander could talk like that to instructors. These men flew and were gods; this man was a supergod.

"Lying down on the job," they caught. "Not getting men off the stage fast enough. Getting hell at headquarters all the time."

Their attention was distracted. Mechanics and cadets were getting the ships out. Tail high in the air on a brawny shoulder, they wheeled them to the dead line that bounded the flying field from the row of hangars, then turned them against the blocks. One of them got in the rear cockpit. Another got at the propeller. "Off!" they heard him say, and from the cockpit echoed "Off!"

The mechanic at the propeller turned it over vigorously and, leaving it nearly horizontal, stepped back. "Contact!" he cried. From the cockpit came sharp response: "Contact!"

The mechanic stepped to the propeller, put his finger tips upon the blade, swung his right foot forward, then back, at the same time skillfully throwing his weight down and away from it. The stick swung over and suddenly the engine went off with a crash of its multiple cylinders. The plane strained itself against the block, longing to be off and up. Down the whole long line of hangars the same things were happening. The air was vibrant with the din of warming motors.

Bustard returned with an enlisted man who had a sheaf of papers in his hand and a harried look upon his face. He was the timekeeper, the chief factotum of the stage commander.

"Gimme your instructor's cards," he demanded. "They gave you your Rules of the Field, I s'pose, yesterday?"

They all eagerly assented.

"Well, we're short on instructors and so can't assign you to any to-day. But just stick round. May want you for policing." With which cheering news he turned and left them, bearing away their instructor's cards, which they would see no more.

The eagerness and joy left the faces and old, old Gloom settled back into his accustomed wrinkles.

"And he said that so easy!" sighed Blondell. "I see where we sit round for another month and do fatigue."

"Dear ol' air service," sobbed Allen. "Well, it's a great life—for the first hundred years. They say they're the hardest."

Bustard was staring after the retreating timekeeper. He heaved a sigh. "This," he announced, "is the durndest war I was ever in."

Five minutes later they were sweeping out the hangar and picking up snipes and other refuse about the grounds.

Swinging the Prop

FOR a week this condition of affairs persisted. Each morning the hangar was swept and garnished. Yea, verily. But now—oh, glorious sop!—they could touch the ships—lovingly, tenderly, awesomely. On tiptoe from without, their hungry eyes ate up the cockpit—stick, rudder, instruments, safety belt and seat. Their itching fingers fondled the control; and every morning they helped put them on the line.

One day a trouble shooter—a mechanic—taught them to swing a prop. And on a dead motor they practiced diligently. Otherwise they sat on a bench near the dead line and watched the ships take off, circle the course and land. They began to spot ships that contained solo birds—cadets who were making their first trips round alone. And they saw some of these wild gentlemen land on their noses; they saw them land in a series of mighty bounces, like bucking broncos; they saw them come down to land and then, fear overtaking them, go on again with a roar of the motor; they saw them land on their backs, at which an ambulance dashed across the field, more furiously reckless than the solo artist had been. And they saw these green but hardy tyros miss the hangars by inches, each other by centimeters and the giant water tower by feet. But they saw few hurt, for God loved the cadet fledgling, even if the commandant of cadets and the D. M. A. at Washington did not.

To prove their zeal they ran out with helping hands to seize a wing as ships taxied in to the dead line for gas and oil and water. And when the wild driver of the gas wagon had dashed at the ship as if to demolish it and had stopped just short of that achievement by a scant inch with a scream of the brakes, they helped to gas it. One by one, nervously at first but with growing assurance, they began to swing the props to start the engines.

Each morning in the early dawn they saw with a never-ending fascination this mighty flock of birds leave the ground. By tens and twenties from the whole line of hangars the ships crept slowly out into the green flying field, switching their tails gently to right and to left in the grass like a swarm of giant grasshoppers going out to feed. Then turning lazily into the wind they stood, wings outspread, waiting, their idling propellers forming dazzling disks at their noses, in seeming drowsy-minded reflection as to whether to fly or not.

Suddenly a roar and a burst from the exhaust. A propeller had become an almost invisible shimmer. A drowsy beetle had awakened to gather speed—speed. The tail lifted clear of the ground and, like some graceful bird, the ship soared slowly up, up and rushed with a swishing crash over their heads and down the line of hangars. One after another they came in a stream of galvanized activity. The air was filled with them like a conclave of teetering gnats in spring. The dome of heaven echoed the vibrant hum of their motors as from a deep well.

Down at the stunt stage they took off sensationally, as befitted. And always a dozen pairs of awe-struck eyes watched them with bated breath. For these ships were driven by lone cadets almost through their training—cadets who never knew the reverence that filled those neophytic hearts. Instead of soaring slowly upward as did the common herd, these ships skimmed the ground at terrific speed. Then suddenly they zoomed, and as a giant wildcat springs they leaped straight upward fifty to eighty feet and took their sweeping flight away. And there at Hangar Number Three a dozen hearts were filled with unutterable ambition, unutterable admiration whose ecstasies found their only vent in slappings of each other on the shoulder and an "Oh, boy!" or a "Can a Kaydet fly!"

Later they could see these same boys high against the blue practicing their acrobatics in different sectors of the sky, darting into turns, looping, spinning, flying on their backs—resembling nothing so much as a school of fish playing and jumping in the water at evening.

The Prince in Khaki

EARS and mouths open for knowledge, drinking it all in and thirsting for more, they learned to recognize some of the stunts. Like old hands they would say: "That's a nice loop"; or, "How's that for an Immelman turn?" or, "That fellow's gonna do a tail spin. There he goes! Wow!"

On dual stage, which was their own, they saw the old, old round. The ships took off and landed—took off and landed monotonously. Like many another thing seen from the outside only, it began to seem easy. The ships appeared to take themselves off and to land in the same way. With that caustic criticism which only ignorance exercises they condemned to each other luckless cadets who performed these two feats poorly.

"Shucks! Look at that bird, won't you? I could do better than that myself without any instruction," said Allen of a particularly bouncy landing. And voicing the opinion of most of them he added: "Why, they land themselves!"

"Sure," quoth Bustard confidently. "Wish they would give me a ship and say 'Take 'er round.' Bet I could do it." And so thought they all until ——

A day came. The timekeeper appeared at the bench upon which they sat.

"Allen, Belden and Bustard!" he called. Three instantaneous "Heres" snapped out.

"You are assigned to Ship 143 with Lieutenant Ganes as your instructor. Report at once."

Three hearts gave mighty jumps. Their hour was close upon them.

A big, tall, self-confident lieutenant clad in a khaki flying suit and bearing upon his shoulder a gosport tube strode up as the three proprietors stood at their ship. Like automatons—rigid, straight, reverence in their hearts and eyes—they snapped to attention and saluted. He did not return the salute. Instead he gave them each a sharp appraising glance. Then he held out his hand.

"What are your names? Mine is Ganes. I'm your intructor."

"Allen, sir," said that gentleman and shook the hand timidly.

Belden and Bustard followed suit, giving their names and hands in some embarrassment.

"Allen, Belden and Bustard, eh? Well, just listen to me now: You can cut out that saluting and sir stuff while you're flying with me. The military is all right in its place; but this isn't its place. Not while I'm teaching you to fly. I can't get at you and learn to know you by stiff-arming you. So forget it—see? Now I'll show you how to inspect a ship. You want to get so you can do it rapidly and thoroughly. You can always tell a good flyer by the way he steps up and inspects a ship."

"He's a prince, isn't he?" whispered Allen to the others aside as they followed the lieutenant through the inspection.

"I'll say he is!" Bustard was emphatic. "You'd never hear a Kewee say 'Cut out the salute.' You can bet your berries on that."

"Yes. And I'll gamble he can handle a ship to a fare-ye-well too!" asseverated Belden, admiration trembling in his voice.

Their instructor turned to a mechanic who stood by.

"Is this ship ready to go out?"

"Yes, sir. She's been warmed up. She's all ready, sir."

"There's another thing, fellows," said Ganes to the three: "I may talk pretty rough to you sometimes. If I do don't get sore. I've been in this instructing game for some time and everything I say to you is in an attempt to teach you something. Get me?"

"Yes, sir," they all chorused promptly, then glanced at him guiltily.

"Forgot already," he laughed. "Well, let's go. Who's Allen?"

"I am," owned Allen.

"You go and get goggles and a coat. I've got helmets on the tube." He shook the gosport on his shoulder. "I'll take you up first."

He climbed into the front cockpit and Allen, coming back clad in a leather coat, climbed into the rear. Bustard and Belden crowded up close to him.

"This," said Ganes, turning to look at Allen, "is just going to be a jazz ride to give you an idea of how it feels in the air. Just relax and enjoy yourself." To the others he added: "I'll be gone twenty or thirty minutes. You want to watch this ship and when I come in be on the job. Run out and be ready to hop in. We can't waste time. And always remember to see that the safety belt is fastened on the fellow going up."

Bustard and Belden were helping the fussy Allen fasten his helmet, hang his mouthpiece and put on his goggles. They now belted him in.

"Ready?" called Ganes through the tube.

"Yes, sir," said Allen.

"Hear me all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dammit, cut out that sir, can't you? Off!" he said to the mechanic, who stood expectant at the propeller.

"Off!" repeated the mechanic and whirled the prop.

"Contact!" The mechanic waited ready for the swing.

The timekeeper lounged up.

"Who's going up?" he asked.

"Allen," said Bustard.

"A new bird, huh?" He jotted the time on his eternal papers and sauntered away.

Bustard and Belden stepped back with one last look at Allen, who bravely essayed a nonchalant grin, but achieved only its vague similitude.

Ganes pulled down his goggles over his eyes.

"Contact!" he snapped.

The mechanic swung the propeller, the engine opened up and, leaving a blast of blinding dust and pebbles in its wake, the plane taxied swiftly out into the field—another beetle lost to view amid the devastating horde.

A few minutes later the anxiously watching Bustard gave a shout and pointed as a plane thundered over their heads and turned down the line of hangars.

"There he goes, Belden; there's old One Hundred and Forty-three!"

"Dam' 'f 'tain't," said Belden, staring with all his eyes. "Old Allen! Scared stiff, I bet."

Thirty minutes later 143 came bowling into the dead line. Bustard and Belden ran to meet it. The mechanic, seizing a wing, held it fast; the plane swung round and stopped, the propeller idling lazily.

Allen Out and Bustard In

ALLEN, wan and ghostly, fumbled with feeble fingers at his helmet strap. Belden hurriedly undid it for him and took his goggles while Bustard unhooked the belt. He tried a grin that was horrid; then with senile fumblings of the hands and feet he climbed out. In consternation they eyed his deathly sickish pallor.

"Lord!" he muttered thickly, and lolled his head from side to side. Ganes was looking back at them from his cockpit, a mocking smile upon his face. The two returned his glance fearfully and questioningly.

"His jazz ride made him sick, that's all. I had to bank for ten minutes so he wouldn't ruin my ship." He laughed in infernal enjoyment. Then he spoke sharply: "Bustard's next! Hurry it up!"

Bustard jumped, gave one glance at Allen, shot the lieutenant another of reverential but challenging defiance and, divesting Allen of his coat, climbed in the rear cockpit.

"You won't make me sick," he gritted inwardly.

In all his trappings he felt like a trussed fowl. His goggles were amber in color and the wide sides bothered him. The helmet deadened his hearing, the mouthpiece of the speaking tube annoyed his mouth and the tight belt made him well-nigh helpless. He felt much like a victim bound to a torture stake.

"Ready?" came through the tube. The voice was fairly in his ears, blurred but intelligible.

He gave one last look at the worn and faded Allen face.

"Yes!" he yelled, remembering his lesson.

"Then we're off!" he heard, and the idling propeller leaped into energetic life. Fast and furiously they taxied out and, whirling round into the wind, stopped.

(Continued on Page 57)

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WRITE FOR WARREN'S PAPER BUYERS GUIDE

(Continued from Page 54)

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes!"

"Keep your eyes out for other ships. Let's go!"

The engine's purr broke into a roar again. The air from the propeller crashed and hurtled back past him, carrying the nauseous exhaust to his nostrils. They began to gain speed. Faster, faster! The earth rushed away, a blurred green under them. Bustard felt the ship grow more level. The tail was off the ground. Still their speed increased. Ganes was looking about—this way, that way, behind and in front—seemingly oblivious of the fact that there were any controls to work. Bustard watched the stick between his own knees; it was moving but little. The rudder had taken a slightly cocked position and was nearly still. A voice startled him right in his ear:

"You are now leaving the ground."

"Yes, sir," he answered inanely. But he looked out. He had noticed in a vague way that the bumping had ceased, that the riding was singularly smooth, but this idea had not entered his mind. They were rushing like devastating death toward the hangars. He popped his head over the side despite the whelm of air that gripped it, took his breath and sucked at his eardrums. They had indeed left the ground and imperceptibly were leaving it farther and farther below. The hangars were just beneath them now.

"This is a bank to the left," said the blurred voice in his ear.

The left wing dipped slightly and the plane gently altered its course up the line of hangars. Round the course they went. Bustard looked at the altimeter. Seven hundred and fifty it read. Again he dared look out and down.

An Atom Lost in the Heavens

THE men at the hangars were motes, the hangars toys. He could not tell that the ship was climbing, yet he knew it was. A thrill of a kind of pleasurable fear ran over him. He lowered his mouthpiece and tried to whistle. He could not hear it. Only the motor roared deafeningly in his ears and the air crashed and plopped back at him in relentless stream. He whistled again, with the same result. Then he shouted. But though his lips moved and his lungs strained he might as well have been a mute. The altimeter now registered about fifteen hundred feet. The ground below had plotted itself into squares and rectangles of green and black fields.

Here was the white string of a road. Trees and grass had merged; houses were specks.

He had long since lost all sense of direction. Nowhere was the flying field. And with it had gone, too, the sense of speed. He knew that they were traveling at seventy miles an hour, yet for any sensation of it he received they might just as well have been suspended in mid-air to some cloud or perhaps a star. The unabated thunder of the motor, the shriek of the air gave him his only knowledge of any motion.

At the nose the propeller whirled, almost invisible. The rocker arms on the engine bobbed up and down, up and down in swift, rhythmic assurance. The ship vibrated under the smooth, unfaltering firing. A sudden feeling of helplessness came over him.

He was lost—an atom in the vasty expanse of heaven. He was not even a jot or tittle in this mighty sweep of space. Caught in this the most enormously strange experience of human flesh, he seemed in a dream. The theory of flight as he had learned it deserted him. What sustained them anyhow? He looked at stick and rudder again. All preconceived notions of how they should act were overthrown. He would never be able to manage them. Without that calm, insouciant figure up there in the front cockpit; that indifferent individual who leaned his arm on the side of the cowl and stared round, he was lost—lost in the void until he should fall like some glorious meteor and his bones be gathered to his fathers. And then, as suddenly as it came, his feeling of helplessness left. A mighty faith in that figure before him, a wonderful veneration crept into his heart and drove it out. There was his god, and in the hollow of that skilled hand lay the fate of all that was mortal of him. And then the god spoke:

"Well, we're far enough out. Suppose you take the stick and see what you can do with it. Don't bother with the rudder. I'll handle that."

"Yes, sir," said Bustard breathlessly. This proposition was sudden—unexpected. He had longed; oh, yes, he had longed, but—his hour had come and he knew he was unequal to it.

"Keep those rocker arms down on the horizon and your wings level," went on the voice. "Now take it." Ganes' hands went above his head.

Fearfully, with every force of his body and mind in an agony of tenseness on that one thing, he took the stick in his hand. His eyes strained aligning the bobbing rocker arms with the horizon. To his horrified gaze the nose began to go up. He pushed the stick timidly. The nose went down—too far. He pulled back a trifle.

"Your left wing is low," warned a voice in his ear.

"Sir?" The "sir" came from him in a whisper of such excitement that Ganes looked back at him and laughed.

"I didn't say the engine had fallen out. Your left wing is down."

"Oh!" Bustard's staring eyes left the rocker arms an instant and flicked to the wing. Then he managed a small grin at the laughing face turned to him. Timidly he attempted to correct that wing. And behold! the right wing dipped.

"Your nose is too high. Bring it down."

"Yes, sir." Desperately he tried to fix it. For he thought these faults meant imminent death. The nose went down too far again.

"Look at your right wing!"

But things had gone to hell for him now. Nothing stayed put. His hand was too heavy, too inept; his eyes could not watch fast enough. The plane was pointing skyward or earthward; a wing was always flopping. The palsied flight grew momentarily worse.

"Look at that right wing and your nose!" bellowed the voice. He looked, and even as he looked he was doomed—in a mad and frightful incubus.

The stick suddenly leaped backward out of his hand. He saw the nose of the plane rear into the air above him. The universe, the very dome of heaven heaved and rocked about him. A bewildering, whirling confusion snatched at his senses. He whipped downward against his belt—falling, falling, falling! Dust and dirt from the cockpit blew up and bit against his face. He felt a dizziness such as he had never imagined or experienced in a revolving chair. Spun as a molecule must be in some powerful chemical reaction that seeks to tear it apart, he fought for his consciousness, his integrity of body and soul. As through a glass darkly he saw the bedimmed green face of earth crowding up toward him with indescribable velocity. Destruction owned him. And then ——

He found himself lolling, inert and lax, against the right side of the cockpit and they were sailing along again serenely level through space. A face wreathed in diabolic smiles looked back at him. Twinkling eyes behind amber goggles watched him. His pride rose. He sat up straight and smiled.

"See what happens when the nose gets too high and a wing goes down?" said a voice. "You go into a spin."

"Yes, sir," quavered Bustard, "I see."

But he didn't. He only knew that for what seemed hours—in reality it was but a second—his senses had been in abeyance, confused and struggling but grasping nothing; and that his consciousness alone, thus eclipsed and obscured, had remained with him.

"How do you feel?"

He summoned his voice.

"All right, sir. I mean—all right."

"Very well. I'll show you a steep bank to the right."

Heart throbbing, lungs breathless, Bustard braced himself and prepared his mind for unimaginable things. This time he wouldn't lose his grasp on events.

A Pair of Chastened Cadets

THE right wing tipped down and Bustard with his eyes followed it. Down, down fell its tip toward earth, until he could not sit upright, but leaned against the fuselage. The horizon spun about him. They seemed to be revolving faster and faster about that wing tip. Worse, the earth turned on it as an axis. In the whole whirling firmament it was the only thing fixed, stable, secure—that wing tip. Again his senses began to reel, and with an effort he turned his glance into the cockpit. What a relief! Things were sane in there—all except the stick, which was leaning marvelously on the wrong side. It should certainly be in neutral. What a topsy-turvy business! And he was alive, in a great unreality of the unreal!

The ship swam out of the bank.

"We'll go home," he heard.

Certainly it was time! They had been out hours. Bustard looked at his watch. Thirty minutes only! Inconceivable! The sum of all the emotions of a whole year gathered into one second of time could never equal this. It was a dream—vague, unique as a nightmare. His mind was hazy, laboring in the inability to grasp it all. With an effort to shake awake he looked out. The altimeter read 400. Surprising grace! The long white row of hangars lay beyond in front of them. Between his ship and them on the field a line of weaving ships like busy ants strung at uneven intervals across the green.

As his mind gripped on the scene the roar of the motor suddenly ceased, the plane tilted forward down for earth—for destruction. A terrible sinking sensation thrilled in his stomach. Resisting, he leaned backward, then forward. Straight ahead between the wings the ground rushed toward him threateningly. Closer, closer came the ground, and still they dived at terrific speed. A crash was inevitable.

Then as calmly and assuredly as the sun rises the plane leveled out more and more and, skimming across the field but a few feet high, it lost its impetus until with an almost imperceptible shock it settled upon the wheels and tailskid simultaneously.

"A three-point landing," called Ganes; and Bustard's first ride was over.

Bustard, stalking up and down at the bench, too excited to keep still, babbled at the mouth. Belden was in the air for his initiation.

"Can he fly?" innocently asked one of the unelect.

"Can he fly! Oh, no!" Bustard's scorn was crushing. He walked a moment.

"That spin! Oh, doctor!" He flung out his arms helplessly. "I'll never be able to fly. I know it. I didn't even know where I was. Did you, Allen?"

"No!" moaned Allen. "And I didn't care. Oh, Lordy, I never felt so unnecessary in all my life. I'm a heat wave." He held out hands that still trembled from nausea.

"I'll never fly," repeated Bustard in dark despair. "Shucks!" He threw out his hands again as some new proof of his hopeless incapacity struck him.

Upon the faces of the uninitiated came knowing and superior smiles. Bustard turned on them fiercely:

"Grin, damn you! You think it's all so easy, just as I did. You've got it coming to you and you'll get it."

But the cocky gentlemen on the bench only broadened their smiles.

The eternal dual duel had now started. The war between cadet and instructor was on. The grind of learning to take off, to fly the course, to land had commenced. No more jazz rides for them. Up, round and down again; up, round and down again—the stream of ships was doing it all day long, the same old thing in the same old track. Hard words uttered by instructors and taken meekly or sullenly or flaringly by cadets. Instructors laughing, joking with each other, seemingly happy and care-free. Cadets incarnate clods of hopeless gloom and dejection.

A Lesson in Banking

THE battle was joined! It was Bustard's second ride. They were ready to take off. Ganes looked back at him and asked the old, old question:

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes!"

"Well?" The tone was insistent. To Bustard that was curious; but he learned about that later, to his sorrow.

"Yes!"

"All right." He gave a satisfied nod. "Now I want you to follow me through with your hand lightly on the stick. Don't you bother with the rudder. Always look behind and in front for ships taking off or landing. Let's go!"

The engine opened up and they gathered speed.

"Push forward on the stick till your eyes pop out. Are you following me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well! Then as you gather sufficient speed, gently ease back and—you are leaving the ground. See?"

And it was even so. But to Bustard, who said "Yes, sir" with his hand lightly on the stick it was magic and he did not see.

"To make a bank to the left," continued the voice in his ear, "give right aileron and right rudder together." The plane did a banking turn.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir. But I don't ——" Bustard was very meek.

"Huh?" The tone was sharp.

"Nothing, sir."

"All right." The words were filled with a certain satisfaction.

They had turned down the hangars now.

"Now you see what you can do. Try a left bank when I tell you. Now!"

Bustard, eager enough to do and most certainly willing, but being in that most forlorn condition of not knowing exactly what to do; bewildered, too, by the air that thrashed by him, and the thunder of the motor in his ears, and his goggles and his helmet and his belt—Bustard did the right thing, but in too hearty a fashion. Also he did other things of which he wotted not. Unwittingly drawing it back, he gave the stick a hard push to the left.

"Good God!" Instruction requires strong language and the speaking tube actually vibrated. "I thought I showed you a spin this morning!" And the stick jerked violently out of his hands.

Bustard, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the plane had done anything unusual under his master hand except that the wing had gone down as he thought it should, folded his useless hands in his lap and leaned back in crushed silence.

"Try it again and don't act like you are rowing a boat. Go easy on the stick—and keep that nose down! Now!"

Bustard, gingerly this time, put a feather's weight against the stick and nothing more.

"Bank! Bank! What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"I'm trying to," said the patient Bustard.

The stick yanked from his hand. The gloom deepened. Bustard sank back again and mentally faced that great void that was his knowledge of the art of aviation.

"Now in landing pick your spot and then make for it. See that spot over there?" Ganes pointed to a space between two ships that had just landed.

"Yes, sir," lied Bustard. For though he peered through his goggles with all his eyes that spot eluded him. But he was expected to see it; he had done poorly enough already. So he lied.

"Well, I'm going to land there. Follow me through." The motor quit; the plane shot toward earth. Bustard, his hand gently on the stick, felt again that sinking sensation in his stomach. Vaguely he wondered if he'd ever get used to it.

"You dive the ship at about this angle and then twenty or thirty feet off the ground start to level her off like this."

They leveled out and skimmed across the field, settled easily and came to a full stop at that spot.

"Follow me through again and try to do better this time." They were off.

Round and round. Round and round. Now and then a "You take the ship," shortly succeeded by a violent jerking away of the controls. Forty minutes of it and then came Belden's turn.

Bustard climbed out of the cockpit. He was weary with the tenseness of it. Up there in an agony of concentrated straining effort where there seemed a million things to do and to watch and not half enough eyes or quick enough brains to do them all, he had not noticed it. Heavy fatigue of mind and body settled on him—and he was hungry; empty as a bee-gum tree. But the eventful first morning was over. They were flying cadets now, starting on their perilous voyage to that glorious goal—an R. M. A. commission and service at the Front.

Lieutenant Ganes had said: "You fellows will come out all right, I think. But there's one thing I won't have—alibis. Don't give me any. When you do a thing wrong I know as well as you why you did it. Don't try to alibi out of it. And don't go back now and do a lot of barracks flying amongst yourselves. You learn wrong things. All that I want you to know I'll teach you here. So long."

Nevertheless, that night they counted and recounted to envious ears, to any and all who would hear them, the experiences of the day. And the sergeant's "Lights out" left them in their blankets jabbering themselves and others to sleep with it.

Each flying hour saw the duel waxing more bitter. On the instructor's side the effort to teach and on the cadet's side the straining effort to learn seemed to work at cross purposes. For all this, heckling was necessary to keep the student in the proper state of humility. Pride never goes before a fall more certainly or literally than in aviation; and an unbreakable conceit generally hides a yellow streak. Yet to the cadet, loving and reverencing his instructor as an idol but blindly struggling against ignorance and ineptness, it all seemed unjustified, uncalled for, and it stung and bruised his very soul and cast him into the depths of despondency. Which was as it should be.

Bustard's Bad Quarter Hour

BUSTARD knew the why later; knew and understood and was thankful. But now he suffered mostly in silence, sometimes flaring back. He had learned to use the stick and rudder together in flying straight and level; but it taxed his every faculty. Each added minute seemed to burden him with new contingencies, new troubles. It was as much as he could bear.

There was something always wrong: a wing too low, the nose too high or low. Sometimes he received only a warning, wearied or cutting, through the tube. Other times the stick was yanked so violently from his grasp as infallibly to whack him on the knee and the trouble thus roughly and emphatically corrected for him. How he skidded! Especially on his turns, though for the longest while he could not detect it. How he was made well aware of it when the rudder kicked suddenly back and cracked him on the shins!

But he was learning, though he did not think it. Came a period when Ganes allowed him to taxi out proudly but slowly. Sunlight shone into his long-darkened heart.

"Now see if you can take her off. I'm not going to touch the controls unless you make it necessary. Fly just as if I was not in the ship."

Looking anxiously about him, then obliquing the ship after a fashion, he pushed on his throttle and made a wavering take off. It wasn't any great cracks—that take off—but he had accomplished it alone, or so he thought. He had not felt Ganes' feet upon the rudder. The ship was in the air; he was proudly happy and expected some small meed of praise. No praise came; happiness died a sudden uncouth death. The stick left his grasp with the now familiar but always startling jerk.

"Keep that nose down! Won't you ever learn? Didn't you see that ship ahead there?"

"Yes, sir. But I ——" stammered the smitten Bustard.

"Don't want to hear it! Rotten business! Take the stick." Ganes threw his hands up on the cowl to show he had released it.

Bustard, trying to watch his rocker arms, his wings, his rudder and at the same time the hangars so that he could start his turn, took the stick and began his bank.

"You're skidding," was shouted immediately in his ear. He tried to correct it. "You're banking too steep." He lifted the wing. "You're slipping." Despair filled his heart. But he had negotiated the turn.

"Get your left wing up." Intent on his work he did not hear.

"Did—you—hear—me?" The voice, loud and deadly, broke his concentration.

A face that said "You liar!" turned and gave him a hard stare.

"Since when did this tube go bad?"

Bustard made no reply. He made the next turn better. But now being afraid of too steep a bank and also suspicious of a skid, he drifted far over a big acreage of woods that stretched along that side of the field.

"I have the controls," said a resigned voice. The ship drove in a flash to safety. "I've told you to keep away from those fields until I'm tired. Suppose the engine went dead.

"If you want to leave your bones down there I don't. Take the stick."

He drummed on the cowl in a pose of patient weariness. A second later he spoke again:

"As you make this turn at the road pick out a spot to land on. Don't make that spot another ship. You probably would if I didn't tell you. I'll cut the gun for you."

I ask you now if, handicapped by such a wayward hand and such deceitful feet that the moment your eyes were turned they lowered the nose alarmingly or raised it suicidally or banked threateningly or skidded with a dash and verve as sudden as it was startling, for all of which troubles you addedly received solemn rebuke or sarcastic abuse almost before they occurred; I ask you now, how are you going to look for a landing space when the ground lies at best hazy and undetailed to an eye unfettered to rocker arms and when on that ground as it appears there is nowhere more than eighteen inches of space uncluttered by ships landing or standing or taking off—I ask you in candor, How can you pick your spot?

Another Alibi Gone Wrong

HERE was poor Bustard, eyes chained to rocker arms, busy already with more than he could properly do; here was Bustard, who did not know even enough to cut his throttle and could hardly have spared the thought if he had been asked—nay, commanded to do it.

He had made his last turn and the time had come. There was but one thing to do. Closing his eyes and trusting in a beneficent Supreme Being, he nosed the ship down. True to his word, Ganes cut the gun for him promptly. The engine died to idling speed, flaring back long tongues of flame from the exhaust. Bustard opened his eyes to them in panic-stricken apprehension. He glanced at the fire extinguisher. Just then the engine snorted viciously in gasps and the flames went out. Ganes had jazzed the throttle.

In consequence of this confusion, I fear Bustard forgot to level off—if ever he really understood how and when to do it—and they came hurtling at the ground in alarmingly tail-high fashion. Strong hands seized the stick, the plane began to behave and they landed.

Ganes lifted his goggles up on his helmet. There was an ominous silence in both cockpits. Bustard was summoning all his fortitude to meet the attack which he expected but which he was not entirely sure he deserved. Presently a pair of malign eyes turned to him.

"Do you know what level off means?"

"Yes, sir. But the engine flam ——"

"An alibi! An alibi!" screamed Ganes as if in pain. "Bah! A waste of time to talk! Take her off!"

Goggles were yanked down and the throttle thrown full on in one motion so suddenly that Bustard was caught unprepared.

The ship zigzagged across the field in ever-increasing speed with wild and terrifying dartings here and there as he attempted to control it. They gained the air, but Bustard knew to whom the credit was due. Gloomier gloom settled upon his spirits.

"Will you please keep those rocker arms on the horizon?" The voice was exasperatingly polite.

Bustard made no reply. He lowered them. His face was grimly black.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you."

"Well, why don't you say something then! Look out! You're skidding! You're skidding! You're skidding!" Ganes kicked his rudder a terrific blow and of course Bustard's struck him on the shin.

"Is it the size of your feet makes you keep skidding? What number shoe do you wear?"

"No, sir," answered Bustard with cold dignity. "The number of my shoe is seven and one-half C."

The tone of the voice and the manner of the reply caused Ganes to turn and give him a hard stare. The face was stern and set and angry. But the eyes were unwavering in their vigilance on the rocker arms and horizon. Ganes faced front again and chuckled.

"What's this ship turning up?" he asked presently.

"Sir?"

"I say, what's the tachometer read? The R. P. M.? I haven't any in this cockpit."

This was hard indeed. A foolish question like that when he was so busy. He did not know there was a purpose behind—the purpose to make him forget his tenseness. Bustard cast a fleeting glance at the instrument.

"Thirteen seventy-five," he shouted.

"Is it? Not bad for an old mote. Watch that ship! Here, I have the controls. All right! Take them! I don't like ships that close, especially these solo birds."

A few seconds later: "Now pick your spot and when you're ready cut your gun and dive for it. I'm letting you do it all this time."

Unholy, agonizing responsibility! More tense than a hypnotic subject—aching, uncomfortable from rigidity but only semiconscious of the ache—he sat bolt upright under his belt while every sense and power strained to meet the occasion.

The throttle was on the right. Driving with his right hand he would have to reach over with his left to cut it. With a motion that his fixed eyes did not follow he managed to close it—but then he forgot to nose the plane down.

"Dive it! Dive it!" screamed in his ear. He eased forward a little.

They were settling to earth in a very level, quiet way that was highly gratifying and much more comfortable to him. When they could come down so easily this way, what was the sense of diving so steep? He was quite satisfied. This wasn't so fast that you didn't have time to think.

But the stick was shoved roughly forward and their speed increased. The ground seemed quite close. It was certainly time to level off. And so at a height of about fifty feet Bustard went through the motions and made a fine exposition of what he considered a good landing.

He heard a gasping in the tube that sounded like a curse. Vaguely he saw, too, that the spot he had picked to land upon and the one upon which he would land, should he ever come down, were entirely far divergent places. As terror filled his soul and guilt like a wilting flood ran through his veins, the engine drowned all sound and round they went again with Ganes driving.

"Now," said a stern voice, "I've picked your spot and you're headed for it. Take the stick, cut your gun and land there. And for Pete's sake, nose her down! If you're afraid of the ground better quit now."

Afraid of the ground! Rage at the accusation filled him. Angrily he slapped the throttle shut and with violence he nosed the plane down. Every wire screaming, they shot like a bolt toward earth.

Bustard Hears Rough Talk

"BLOOD of an angel! Pull her up!" Ganes jerked the stick back like a flash. "You want to kill us both? Use some judgment, man! Now hold it in this glide."

Bustard, grim and still unappeased, held it.

"Now start to level off. Easy! Don't jerk! You're overcontrolling. Easy, easy! Back, back! Back, I say! Look out!"

Ganes snatched the stick. They struck the ground with alarming force. The shock sent them bounding high into the air. The engine sang out an instant; then they settled to earth again.

There was no ominous silence this time. Like an outraged tiger Ganes turned upon the luckless Bustard:

"If you've no better judgment than that I'll get rid of you. What do you mean by pulling off a death dive like that? I don't want this engine in my lap—not yet! Hold that stick back!"

Bustard meekly clutched the stick between his knees. He always forgot that stick when he landed. Ganes settled himself round more comfortably to his work.

"The last time you made straight for a ship. To make it worse you didn't nose the ship down when you cut the gun. Out of all the landing places in this big field"—he swept his hand—"you picked a ship to land on! I let you go, to see what you'd do. I thought I knew and I did! Like a blind dreaming fool you'd have landed on it. You're just a poor rotten ham.

"When I finally got you to put her in a decent glide, what did you do? Leveled off about eighty feet up in the air. With nearly five hours' flying you haven't the faintest idea of what you're doing. Five hours!"

Bustard was startled. He knew he had had but two hours in the air. However, he said nothing. This was just part of the injustice of it all and must be borne.

"Where do you think the ground is?" continued Ganes. "Are your eyes defective?" He paused a moment. Then, his injuries bursting out afresh: "Because I told you your glide wasn't steep enough you tried this time to stick her straight up in the ground. Tried to kill me. You had no more idea of leveling off than you have judgment. I've had enough of this to-day! We'll go in."

He jerked round in his seat and, almost at flying speed, taxied furiously up to the blocks at Hangar Number Three.

As Allen came to take his turn he gave an inquiring glance at Bustard. The solemn melancholy that set that

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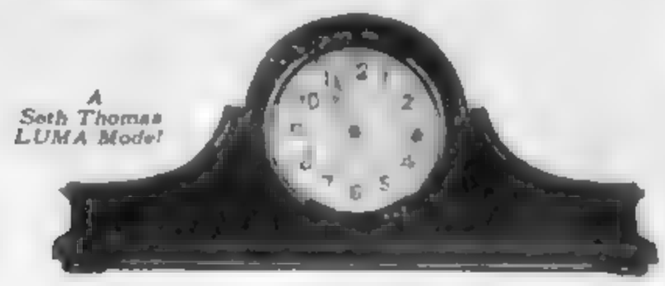


(Continued from Page 58)

gentleman's face in gloom told well the story. To Allen, Ganes gave a cheerful smile. The twilight in Bustard's soul became total darkness. He was certain now of what he had often thought: that he was the slowest-witted cadet that had been on the field in months. He was a prodigy of ignorance and inaptitude.

Toward noon a wind, slight but changeable as a woman's whim, sprang up. Bustard was due for the last ride of the morning. His funk had somewhat abated. Never was anything truer than that misery loves company. And company he had that day in the persons of Allen and Belden. So far as he could learn, what he had endured of sarcasm, abuse and ridicule was not a trifle to what they had received. So with spirits somewhat revived and a resolve to do or die, he entered again the grinding duel. His first minute with this tormenting god left him only the will to do or die.

His take off was not a success, it seemed, though he thought it was—supremely so.

"You're drifting! You're drifting! Lower your wing into the wind."

Tense, his eyes fixed on those inexorable rocker arms, he could not know that. All that he knew or wanted to know was that he was successfully in the air and that that air was knocking his wings this way and that in terrifying fashion.

The controls were jerked from him. Then he saw that, whereas he had left the ground toward Hangar Number Three, now he was far down the field going toward Hangar Seven, and drifting into the path of other ships. The controls were given to him again. And, oh, the fullness of those minute-hours! Never, it seemed, in history had such a violent wind blown. How foolhardy to fly in it! His turn was nearly disastrous. The plane tossed and rocked like a ship in a heavy sea. Would they come out of it alive? The controls worked harder than he had ever known. And he believed with reason, though he could see his hands, that Ganes was holding them braced against him with feet and knees. To him it was a wild, horrifying storm and he struggled with it like a stevedore. His eyes had never been more unwaveringly fixed, his senses and body never more taut. Had he but known that Ganes was making it worse by means of the rudder he would have slain him.

"Where in time are you going?" came the flaying voice.

"Crab, crab! Don't you know how to crab? Can't you fly without drifting? A little more rudder! There!"

More of the Same

There occurred now and then inexplicable upward lifts to the plane and then sudden sinking drops.

"What's the matter with you anyhow? Lost your nerve?"

"No, sir, but ——"

"But what?"

"It's so bumpy and windy. I never was in ——"

"Bumpy? Windy? Are you trying to hatch an alibi? You don't know what bumps and winds are! I soloed in a twenty-five mile wind! If you can't fly in a little breeze like this, what would you do in that? Kill yourself, I guess."

There was a sort of satisfaction in the way that prophecy was given!

The time to land came. Bustard cut the gun and nosed the ship down.

"You're drifting, you're drifting!" Again that warning! He would hear it in his sleep. "Lower your wing!"

The controls were struck to the right under his hand and the wing went down. Like any dumb, bewildered animal, Bustard tried to hold it thus. Slowly he leveled off and they shot across the field.

"You're still drifting. Don't you see it? As she settles kick with it."

"Yes, sir," said Bustard. But what should he kick and how much and in what direction? To save his soul he could not tell that the plane was drifting. If he could have told he could not have stopped it.

The plane settled with a side-swiping motion. He heard a gurgle of rage through the tube. They bounced and reared into the air. Accidentally Bustard in his wild working knocked his elbow against the throttle. The engine responded with its crashing din. He slapped at the lever with his left hand and cut it. They came at last to a stop in a series of diminishing bounds.

Silence—infinite, vast! Goggles were lifted with deadly deliberation.

Then: "You seem to be trying to make —— Will you hold that stick back?" Bustard clutched the stick quickly.

"You seem to be trying to make a three-point landing all right! Two wings and the propeller!

"You overcontrol all the time. You drift and don't seem to care whether you drift into another ship or wipe off the landing gear. Even when I tell you, you don't pay any attention whatever. I guess you don't hear me. That's always a good alibi.

"I know what's wrong with you! You're just a poor rotten ham, but you think you can fly. You don't listen to me because you know so much more than I about the game. I told you to kick into the drift just now and you didn't pay any more attention to me than if I'd been a mute. It's just stubbornness. I've seen it before and I'd advise you to get over it. Right now! There was only one thing that you did that showed sense or judgment—you gave her the gun when we bounced. But you ——"

So terrifically unjust was this tirade—even modified by the last modicum of praise, which, irony of it all, he did not deserve—that Bustard began a protest: "But I didn't know ——"

"That's enough! If you didn't know you could at least have listened to me. Take her off!"

That night the question, old as the air service, was flung at the three: "Did you solo to-day?"

And Bustard answered out of the bitterness of his heart and the blackness of his discouragement: "No! What's more, I never will! Nothing right; never is with him! Nothing suits him. I can't land and I know it! I can't fly and I know it! But that's no reason why he should always be bawling me out. I don't claim —— Aw, what's the use?"

The Dreaded Question

And until taps the three, surrounded by ambitious youths, flew the day over again. Then some jealous, unsympathetic voice shouted: "Well, you can put the ships in the hangars now. We don't do any night flying at this field."

The morrow dawned and became The Day.

The morning of The Day had nearly passed. Bustard made a lucky well-nigh perfect landing; a landing so good that he gasped his own astonishment. To Ganes' reluctant "Well, that's fair," he charged "You did it yourself."

Ganes turned round and looked at him.

"No, I didn't," he denied. His eyes studied Bustard speculatively. Then he spoke in tones, casual enough, words that brought the boy's heart pounding to his throat.

"Think you could take her round alone?"

The unexpectedness of it made the answer slow in startled hesitation: "Why, yes, I think I could."

"Well, I guess we won't try it now." And the stiffened Bustard relapsed.

From that moment Bustard knew that he could land a ship; not perfectly maybe, but at least without cracking. And fearful of his hour, yet courting it, his heart now yearned to solo. The fledgling had found his wings stronger than he knew and he ached to be away and gone, free from restraint and fussing and worry. And the ache grew!

But as one swallow does not make a summer neither does one landing make a solo bird. Round and round he went, badgered and bullied into sullen smoldering silence. With this sudden new confidence in his heart that he was not so poor as painted, his resentment rose and rose as the heckling continued and became more violent.

His last ride of the day was here, and from the looks of his instructor there was yet no sign of relenting. To-night he would face again that damnable question, "Did you solo to-day?" The face that laughed at others was flint to him; the mouth that warmly joked with others coolly flayed him.

A reckless, despondent rage possessed him and in it he took off. At the turn he banked viciously, the wing dipped terrifyingly low—and, I am sorry to say, he skidded frightfully. Yesterday had he done that, or even early this morning, he would have shrunk back meekly, knowing what to expect and knowing, too, that he deserved it. Not now though! A fierce, vindictive joy thrilled him as the burning words flowed hotly through the tube and he felt the controls being wrenched under his hand. He held to them in a feral desire for battle.

"Let go the controls!" came a snarl. "What's the matter with you, freezing on the controls like that! I'll bench you for a ——"

"If you're afraid, I can take her round alone," he snarled back in a voice not his own.

A silence ensued in both cockpits—a silence large with surprise. It would be a hard matter to know who was the more surprised. For with his words Bustard's fury evaporated as suddenly as it had burned. A sort of awe at his own temerity replaced it.

In silence the course was flown and in silence Bustard pulled alone, without one movement from Ganes, the most abominable landing a ship purposely made to withstand that kind can endure and remain unbroken. In after days, when he had become an instructor himself, he realized the consummate nerve Ganes displayed when he sat there motionless during that attempted landing.

The ship had not ceased to roll when the motor crashed out; for Ganes had given her the gun. Again in total silence the course was traversed. And now Bustard was worried. This man Ganes in front sat too still, too quiet, too ominously inert, as if awaiting, expecting something to happen.

Another terrible landing was committed. The ship came to a halt. The silence was fairly broken.

A face of fury turned back to him.

"If you make another landing like that I'll recommend you for discharge." The voice was quiet, even, deadly. "I know what's wrong with you. You think you can fly. You've probably been reading the Life of Guynemer. You're another Ace of Aces, I don't think! The poorest ass of asses. You want to solo! You're a good flyer! You make fine landings! If I wanted to save myself patience and the Government didn't need the ships I'd let you solo right now and kill yourself. But ——"

That reference to the Ace of Aces struck again to flame all Bustard's rage. He had never read the book; had no desire for heroics. Roughly interrupting he gritted out: "I'd take the chance."

The fury increased in the face before him.

"Getting sore, eh? I'll tell you this right now, cadet! No pupil of mine ever cracked a ship, and none is going to. My object isn't to teach you just to get a ship on the ground, as you'll find out. I'm not in love with this old tub, but you're not going to have a chance to crack her. When you make three successive three-point landings, I'll let you solo; and not before. Take her off!" He slammed round in his seat.

Strong Talk

Again they came down. The wind had changed a bit and the ship was drifting despite his utmost efforts. It hadn't helped his nerves any either, as they flew the course, to have Ganes bobbing round in the front cockpit like a very lively cork on water, waving to workmen on the road below or thumbing his nose at instructors as they came close to other ships. And now in this crucial moment he began to sing The Old Gray Mare. In infernal jumble it all came back to him.

How could he land with that going on? Yes, they were drifting, he knew it now; but annoyed as he was he could not concentrate. They were settling and drifting fast. A mighty fear of doing the wrong thing possessed him and possessed him so completely that he kicked the wrong rudder. The wheels touched the ground; there was a sudden slewing of the plane.

And in that instant hands and feet, furiously competent, snatched the controls. The gun went on and—a landing was made.

"Know all about the flying game, don't you?" Ganes' eyes gleamed triumphantly. "You know so much that you did exactly the wrong thing. When you should have ——"

"Yes, sir, I know ——" Bustard was humble now—ready, eager to alibi.

"Know what? What should you have done?" Very sharply Ganes took him up.

"Well, you were singing. And then I thought ——"

"I don't want to know what you thought. You can't think in this game. And never mind my singing. That's no alibi. What should you have done?" The eyes were hard and relentless.

"I ought to have kicked into the drift," said Bustard helplessly.

"Then why in hell didn't you?" He waited for an answer. Getting none he continued. "I don't know what's wrong with you; you did better at four hours. You've had nearly seven now and can't land a ship!" Bustard gasped.

Ganes suddenly pointed across the field.

"Now there's a solo artist that can fly! Watch him land. I'll bet he's not had as much time as you either. All I got to say is, you use poor judgment. I'll swear I don't see whatever led you to believe you'd fit in this service." He broke off into a shout. "Hello, you old apple knocker!"

An instructor standing in the field near their ship casually approached as he heard this greeting. He had a handkerchief in his hand and for a helmet he wore a woman's tan-silk stocking rolled up and pulled over his ears.

"Hi, old buzzard chaser," he answered languidly. "Say, what kind of a she-ip you got there? One of those Saint Looey Sash and Door Company she-ips?"

"Nope. This is a good she-ip. Turned out by the Amalgamated Coffee Mill Concern."

"Good she-ip, eh? I reckon she turns up nigh onto twelve hundred?"

The Short and Ugly

"Nearly! She's good all right, if she don't fall apart in the air!"

The other laughed. "Gotta solo bird yet?"

Ganes gave a fleeting, significant glance toward Bustard, who sat back and listened in gloomy silence to this persiflage.

"No!" he said, his voice registering disgust. "You got one up?"

"Yep! Had about seven hours and —— Here he comes now, but he won't ——" He ran out and waved his handkerchief frantically.

A ship diving down like the wind leveled off, but dangerously tail high. The wheels struck with a thud and the plane with its occupant reared high into the air. They caught a glimpse of the driver tensely upright in his cockpit staring straight ahead. The motor sang out and he was gone again, his attempted landing an abortion. The gloom partially cleared on Bustard's face.

The instructor came back to the ship, a mixture of worry and laughter in his countenance.

"I'm going to have to shoot that bird down," he said. "That's the third time for him. He's living up to what I told him all right! I told him if he saw he couldn't make it to give her the gun and go round until he could. That's judgment anyhow. It's a crime to crack a ship as long as there's gas in the tank. I guess he'll be out of gas all right soon. Then he'll have to come down!" He laughed. "Not changing the subject but"—his face took on a look of childish wonder—"say, mister, can you do a immigrant turn?"

"Nope," retorted Ganes in kind. "Lieutenant, who taught your kaydet to do the falling leap? Here he comes again. He might get down this time."

The instructor with the stocking helmet ran out to an open space, handkerchief aloft. And Ganes with a "Let's go" shot on the gun.

Bustard had mixed emotions as he took off. In the first place he was in better spirits because he had seen one cadet with twice his time make abortive attempts to land. He certainly could do no worse. Ganes thought—or said—he had had seven hours; that was all right. He'd show him! What kind of a fellow was Ganes, who could bawl him out so mercilessly one minute, as if that was all that mattered in the world, and then with an astoundingly cool nonchalance forget it all to engage in foolish repartee? It meant so much more than that to Bustard! Ganes was heartless. Ganes didn't want him to learn. Ganes was deliberately holding him back for some grudge. Ganes liked to make a mark of him. Well, he'd see, he would!

"You're climbing too much!" said Ganes.

Bustard watching the ship and busy with his thoughts did not hear.

"Did you hear me?" Bustard heard that; it was shouted.

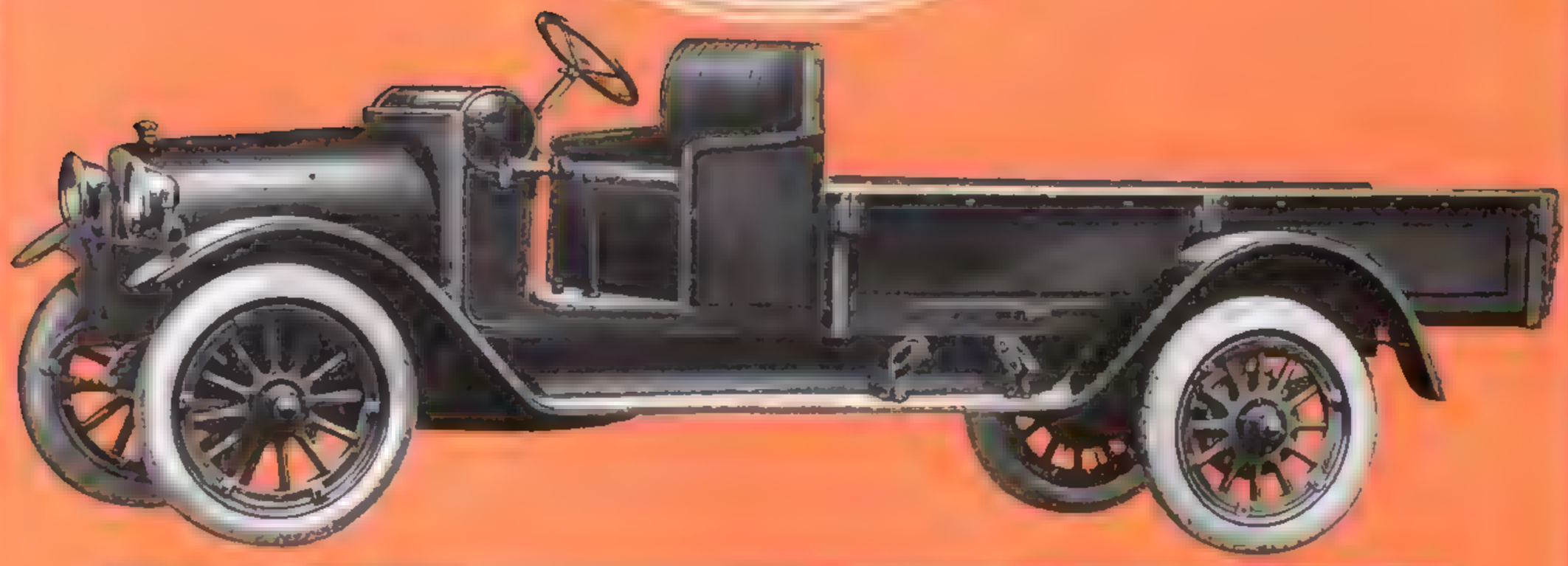
"No, sir. What?"

"You did! You're a plain liar."

For an instant Bustard was cold with surprise; and then all the half-suppressed

(Concluded on Page 95)

REO



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"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

RYE HAY WILLIAMS

By VICTOR SHAWE

BOOKKEEPER S–Smi methodically entered the last charge against one of the Smith accounts. Then he cleared his desk and beckoned the office manager across the room to him. "I have fired myself," he stated laconically. "Please make out an order for my pay."

The manager shrugged his shoulders. He could not understand such men. Good pay and good treatment seemed to count for nothing with them. This particular bookkeeper had come into the office as an errand boy some ten years before. Now, at the age of twenty-five, he was making twenty dollars a week and was being considered for the position of head bookkeeper. The manager watched with ill-concealed contempt as the fellow stopped for a whispered word with one of the stenographers before he left the office.

At the street entrance the ex-bookkeeper waited impatiently until the girl left the home-going throng and joined him. He took her to a near-by restaurant and ordered elaborately.

"Why the celebration?" she asked.

Many times Christy O'Connell had almost persuaded herself to waste no time with this man. There had always been a suggestion of indefiniteness in his attitude; a lack of purpose that boded ill for his future. And yet from the beginning she had liked him. His eyes were always steady, humorous, friendly. His mouth was wide, generous. In their friendship he had maintained a jestingly impersonal attitude that made possible a comradeship she valued highly.

It had been whispered in the office that he was soon to be given a better position. Apparently without reason, he had sacrificed whatever prospects he might have had.

"Tell me the story," she urged.

"You know Eggleston, the head bookkeeper," he said. "He is going to quit soon. I was afraid they might give me his job."

"His is a good position," Christy protested.

"Do you think so? I had dinner with him and his family the other evening. I learned something. He is past fifty now. Dyes his hair to keep looking young! He has been in the office more than thirty years and is making thirty-five dollars a week. He has been able to save about twenty-five hundred dollars. Can you guess what he is planning to do? Answer: Buy a poultry farm! Wouldn't it get you?"

A light of sympathetic understanding was in Christy's eyes.

"A little dairy farm is daddy's ambition," she said gently.

"That's just it," he replied; "your father and Mr. Eggleston—all the old ones—are living, planning, dreaming this back-to-the-soil thing. And I have had my dream of a home not in an apartment building—a home where children could have a wider horizon than a city street affords; and I have had my dream of a tall fair-haired girl who would delight to live in such a home.

"If I remain simply a bookkeeper," he continued, "it will be thirty years before I can save enough to buy such a place as I want. Think of scrimping and doing without things for thirty years in order to live contentedly when I am old—too old to really enjoy life!" He flung his arms outward, disclaiming the drab prospect.

"Not for me!" he declared. "No longer am I Bookkeeper S–Smi. Henceforth I am Mr. Williams, Robert Herndon—Bob, to my friends."

"What of the fair-haired girl?" Christy whispered.

"I have been thinking of her," Williams answered seriously. "When I marry I want my wife to have silks, jewels, leisure—the things every woman should have."

"If a woman has the necessities of life and the man she loves ——" Christy suggested.

"Oh, damn the necessities of life!" he burst forth. "Any fool can supply the necessities if he knows how to save. I hate saving!" he continued passionately. "I have saved nickel by nickel and dime by dime until I have over six hundred dollars. And I hate every nickel and every dime of it. To-night I am starting a new system. Instead of saving, I am going to begin spending. By the time this six hundred is gone I may know what I am good for. I may find I am a promoter or a salesman. I may be of the material of which financiers are made or perhaps only a bookkeeper with a grouch."

Christy leaned forward, her eyes bright with the thought of adventure.

"Let me help spend the six hundred," she coaxed.

For a month they reveled. Then one evening when he called for her at her home he left a small bundle. When they returned later in the evening he unwrapped the package and displayed overalls and a jumper.

"The six hundred is gone," he told her. "These are my livery of independence," he said, as he tucked the denims under his arm. He kissed a finger tip and laid it lightly upon her lips. "It took me ten years to save six hundred dollars," he said. "When I can make six thousand in one deal I'll come back and play with you again."

One night, nearly a year later, Bob Williams crept out from a stock car in a Northern Oregon railroad terminal. He was unshaved and dirty; clothed in ragged overalls; possessed of but a solitary twenty-five cent piece, his sense of humor and an abiding appetite. He decided to save the quarter until morning; so he climbed to the loft of one of the livery stables and burrowed into the hay for the night.

Early the next morning the men at the barn routed him out. He washed at the watering trough and pressed into service a piece of newspaper for a towel. Then he took the quarter from his pocket.

"Come heads, I eat you," he said as he spun the coin in the air. "Come tails, I drink you."

A chuckle of amusement roused him to the fact that he had an audience. "Do you always flip to decide whether you eat or drink?" he was asked.

"Not when I have two quarters," he replied.

Harvey Saunders, a rancher, smiled in comprehending amusement.

"Do you ever work?" he asked.

"Work is my middle name," Williams assured him. "I've had nineteen jobs during the past year. The first I lost because I didn't know enough; the next because I knew too much. Since then I've been fired for all sorts of reasons. The heck of it is, I know I must be good for something," he added plaintively; "but darned if I can find out what it is."

"Ever work with horses?" Saunders asked.

"Nope."

"Perhaps you can cook?"

Williams shook his head sadly.

"But I can eat," he suggested hopefully.

Saunders burst into a roar of laughter.

"I'm going to take you with me," he declared. "I have an extra horse along. If you can't ride now you'll know how by the time we get to the ranch." He produced a long wallet and gave Williams some money.

"Get shaved and have your hair cut," he said; "and buy a pair of riding boots and some new overalls. I'm taking a bunch of mares back with me. When you are ready you'll find me down at the corrals."

A little later as they were leaving town Saunders advised Williams to stay in the road as much as possible.

"This ride will be no picnic for you," he said. "When the mares break for the sage I'll turn them."

The road led southward across a rolling stretch of sage and juniper. Mile after mile they covered at a steady pounding trot. Soon they came to rougher country, where the plain was broken by far-reaching rims of red basalt. Then the road dropped abruptly between the sheer walls of a narrow cañon that led into the valley of a turbulent mountain stream. Here the mares drank eagerly and would have been content to rest and graze; but Saunders drove them swiftly back to the road again. They left the valley and climbed steadily upward, traveling more slowly as the grades became steeper.

It was almost noon when they reached the summit. On the south ridge after ridge from the timbered slopes of the Blue Mountains stretched like giant fingers westward toward a table-land that extended to the south and to the north as far as the eye could see. Beyond the plateau rose the jutting snow-covered peaks of the Cascades. For a brief moment Williams sensed the grandeur of the scene. Then the horses commenced trotting again, and he was conscious only of the racking jar of the horse he rode and of the stifling dust that swirled upward from the road.

The long shadows of the hills were blending with the haze of twilight when the road brought them round the shoulder of a low ridge. Beyond them and below lay mile-wide fields of alfalfa. Across the fields, half hidden by parallel rows of poplars, could be seen a group of white houses and red barns.

"A part of the Hay Creek Ranch," Saunders said. "We'll stay there until morning."

When Williams went to bed that night his body was stiff-muscled, aching, lame. The next morning his every movement was an acute agony. He hobbled painfully to the barn, where Saunders was already caring for their horses.

"You move round right spry for an old man," the rancher jeered good-naturedly.

"Huh! If you felt as nimble as I do you would be in bed sobbing for a nurse," Williams retorted.

Saunders grinned.

"You think you took a ride yesterday, do you? Why, son, yesterday we rode only thirty-two miles! It is nearly forty-five farther to my ranch. I'm figuring we'll make it to-night." Williams groaned.

They left the valley where they had spent the night and rode toward a timbered outpost of the Blue Mountains which Saunders called Old Grizzly. When they reached the summit of this mountain they could see far beyond them the clustered buildings of a little town that nestled in the valley of the Crooked River.

"Only ten miles to the town," Saunders said; "and eighteen more to the ranch," he added, smiling at Williams' expression of distress.

They passed through the town and, leaving the river, made their way up a dry cañon, timbered thickly with stunted juniper. Late in the evening they suddenly came to the river again. Here, on a high-walled close-circled flat, was Saunders' home ranch.

Williams adapted himself easily to the routine of the new life. Time passed swiftly for him. Unconsciously he began to adopt the dress and customs of the range.

The agricultural possibilities of the great plateau appealed to him. He was loath to accept the opinion of the ranchers that the soil was not productive. It was admitted, as a possibility, that rye hay might be raised; but most of the stockmen spoke slightingly of the crop. He had noticed, however, that Saunders had considerable land sown to rye. One day he asked regarding the value of it.

"Good old rye!" Saunders told him. "Plant it anywhere, in any way, at any time, and it will always make a crop for a fellow. It is not the best hay that grows, but it certainly is better than a snowbank when the alfalfa is all gone."

In the beginning Saunders and his riders had called Williams by his initials, R. H. Because of his growing interest in the crop, they came to give the initials a new meaning and began calling him Rye Hay.

Saunders had a ranch on the upper reaches of the Deschutes River, where he took his blooded cattle in the summer. Williams knew that the ranch consisted of an immense natural meadow.

One day Saunders told him to bring in a couple of horses; that they were going to ride to this other ranch. Williams had never been there and was glad of the opportunity to go. At midday they skirted the western slope of a long low butte. There, under a sheltering basalt cliff, they came to a clear swift-flowing spring. They watered their horses and let them graze on the grassy flat below the spring. Williams and Saunders lolled for a while in the warmth of the sunshine.

Below them lay the wide plateau of sage and juniper. On the west could be seen the bold outlines of the Deschutes Cañon. Beyond, the Three Sisters of the Cascades held their age-long vigil. Far to the north, like white clouds under the noon sun, could be seen the crests of Mount Hood and Mount Adams.

"What a location for a home!" Williams thought as his gaze returned from the distances of the mountains to the fertile meadow below the spring.

He knew Saunders owned the subdivision of land upon which the spring was located. But a rancher from the Deschutes River had been taking advantage of the fact that the spring was always accessible to the range stock, and had been crowding his cattle onto the part of the range tacitly understood to belong to the Crooked River ranchers.

"Isn't Bud Wilson crowding this way on your range?" Williams asked.

Saunders' face darkened.

"Bud is hunting trouble!" he declared.

With a gesture, Williams included the land below the spring.

"Suppose I file on as much of it as I can," he said. "I could shut Wilson out and prevent a lot of range trouble and perhaps make some money for myself.

"Here is more than three hundred acres of land that could be plowed without clearing either sage or juniper," he continued. "For two seasons such soil should produce at least a ton of rye hay to the acre. The third year it should produce at least half a ton. At the end of three years I should have nearly eight hundred tons. The average price of such hay is seven dollars and a half. There have been years, I am told, when the price has gone as high as twenty-five dollars.

"If you will stake me to the necessary horses and machinery, and loan me money enough to fence the place and to buy seed, I'll give you a mortgage on the crop. If the crop doesn't materialize I'll give you a deed to the place as soon as I get title to it."

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

Saunders studied over the matter for quite a while. The hay proposition seemed like a good gamble. He could easily drive cattle from his place in one day, and it was an even easier day's drive for stockmen on the Deschutes who might need hay. And, also, he saw a way to eliminate Wilson from this part of the range.

"I'll make you this proposition," he said: "If you will fence the place and leave an open lane to the spring, so range stock can have access to it at all times, I'll stake you to horses and machinery and loan you what money you may need. When you are ready to sell your hay let me make a bid for it; and after you get your patent to the land, if you want to sell, give me the first chance to buy it."

Williams agreed eagerly and the matter was dismissed as settled.

Later in the day, after they had left the open range and were riding in a forest of pine and fir, they came suddenly to the lava banks of the Deschutes River.

They dismounted, and Williams crept down the jagged rocks until he could put his hand into the current. The swift chill power of the river fascinated him. As he watched the resistless current a great idea came to him. He visioned the river diverted from its barren channel and turned out over the table-lands. He pictured the stretches of sage turned into fields of grain. He saw the junipers give way to shade and fruit trees; the trails remade into wide roads.

"Why couldn't it be done?" he mused.

"Irrigation?" questioned Saunders, sensing his companion's thought. "Some day it will come."

"Why couldn't we start the thing?" Williams asked; it seemed that a little blasting and a little ditching would be sufficient to turn the water.

"I've thought of it," Saunders said, "but it's too big for me—too big! It will take millions to build the dams and ditches, and more millions to clear and cultivate the land. The surveys have already been made," he continued. "A New York engineer, a man named Dunne, has done all the preliminary work. But for some reason capitalists seem afraid of the proposition."

Williams was loath to relinquish his idea. Whenever an opportunity offered he questioned Saunders, until he knew all Saunders knew of the preliminary work that had been done.

"Some day," he declared, "I'm going to start this thing going. It isn't fair to all the people in the cities who had rather be in the country to leave so much good land lying idle"

"Go to it!" Saunders encouraged. "I'll put up a few thousand dollars any time to pay your expenses while you are raising the millions necessary to make the proposition a success."

Under the old homestead laws there were various ways of securing government land. By means of his own rights and with Veterans' Scrip Saunders had obtained for him, Williams filed on four hundred and eighty acres of government land. After the first autumn rains he fenced this land. He plowed and seeded about three hundred acres.

The following summer brought bountiful crops. He cut and stacked nearly four hundred tons of hay. The next year was not so favorable; yet he put up close to three hundred tons of bright clean hay. The third summer came, and with it a drought and dry hot winds that swept across the table lands and valleys, burning and shriveling the grass and hay as if with flame.

Williams had planted his crop early the preceding fall. It had made a good growth before winter set in and it started well in the spring. In spite of the adverse season, he put up more than one hundred tons of hay.

Early fall rains started the grass anew on the ranges, and when the cattle were brought in for winter they were in fairly good condition; but throughout the district the hay crops had been unusually scant and many of the stockmen were threatened with a shortage of feed for the winter.

Williams planned to summer-fallow his place the following year; so he put off plowing until spring. One day in the early winter Bud Wilson met him in town and asked whether he had sold his hay.

"I'm not sure I'll need it," Wilson said; "but if you want to sell I'll take all you have at eight dollars a ton."

"Saunders has the refusal of the hay," Williams told him.

"Now let's talk turkey," Wilson persisted. "You're not tied with Saunders. All he holds is your personal note. If he did not know that I stand ready to loan you the money he would have closed you out before this. You don't need to stay on your place in order to get your title. I'll loan you money to commute with. Then you set your price and I'll buy you out—lock, stock and barrel—and take your hay at ten dollars a ton."

"My place is not for sale," Williams answered quietly. "And that talk about Saunders closing me out is a lie."

Wilson, good-natured, blustering and crooked, studied Williams closely for a moment. Then he laughed.

"Don't mind what I say about Saunders," he said; "but remember I'm offering you eight thousand for your hay."

"Come to me in the spring," Williams said. "Maybe I'll talk to you then."

Spring opened early and many of the settlers turned their cattle out on the range. Though nearly all the hay was gone, the more experienced of the stockmen held their herds close to the feedlots. These early springs were treacherous. Often after the stock was weakened by the tender grass, belated blizzards swept down from the Cascades, working fearful havoc with the cattle on the range.

Williams, taking six workhorses and a gang plow, went to his homestead alone. Saunders had said nothing about buying the hay; and Williams had said nothing of Wilson's offer, fearing Saunders might think he was trying to force the sale.

Day after day the black ribbon of his plowing widened. The days were clear and warm. But one day the wind shifted from the south to the northwest, and the sun, a dull red disk, set behind banked and threatening clouds. During the night snow began to fall.

Early the next morning Williams rose and cared for his horses. Plowing was out of the question. During the day he could only wait and wonder. Had he won? Or would Saunders and Wilson hold their cattle in their feedlots, hoping the storm would pass quickly?

Hour after hour the wet snow fell steadily. In the afternoon the wind shifted to the north and brought with it a penetrating chill. As the wind increased in fury an icelike crust formed over the wet snow. Williams knew the storm meant death to the stock on the range.

As night was closing over the plateau he heard, faintly at first, the bellowing of cattle. The sound came from the west. In a few moments Wilson opened the cabin door and crowded close to the little stove.

"We've made it!" he exulted. "In another hour the cattle would have been drifting with the wind and all hell couldn't have turned them."

As he talked the noise of the cattle increased; and the sounds seemed to come also from the east. Williams opened the door and peered into the storm. Listening he heard the shrill crying of Saunders' riders as they urged their cattle forward.

Wilson, too, realized that Saunders was coming and wasted no time in preliminaries.

"You hold the cards," he said. "And I'm glad to see you win, even if I do have to pay the bill. I can give twenty dollars a ton for your hay and still break even, if the snow doesn't last too long. I've been told you have eight hundred tons. I'll give you a check now for sixteen thousand dollars if you think that is fair enough."

"How many cattle did you drive over?" Williams asked.

"I brought everything," Wilson replied—"between eight and nine hundred head."

Williams believed Saunders would bring more than one thousand with him. The hay would be sufficient for two thousand cattle for about one month. Williams was doing some figuring on his own account when there came a tramping of feet at the door.

"I'll give twenty-five dollars a ton," Wilson urged as Saunders entered the cabin.

"You're a lucky devil!" Saunders greeted as he sought the warmth of the stove. "You have us where you can cross-lift us to your heart's content."

"What do you think of him?" Wilson grieved. "I just offered him twenty-five dollars a ton and he didn't even seem to hear me!"

"He saw me coming," Saunders said, smiling a wry smile. "He thinks he can stick us up for thirty."

"How much can you afford to pay?" Williams asked.

"It isn't a matter of how much I can afford," Saunders replied. "My cattle are here now and it is simply a matter of how much I have to pay."

"How much can you afford?" Williams persisted.

"I can break even at twenty dollars," Saunders answered after a moment's hesitation.

"Then that is what it will cost you," Williams told him.

"But where do I come in?" Wilson objected.

"You are the villain of the piece," Williams answered. "You do not come in. You go out. Do you remember the day you and your boss rider were branding a big roan calf on the other side of the butte? Your horses whinnied and pointed toward the timber. You took your field glasses and searched for several minutes before you finished the branding.

"I was up there in the timber," Williams continued, without waiting for Wilson to speak. "You say you have between eight and nine hundred head of cattle. Your neighbors believe you got about half of them the way you got that roan calf. I don't aim to sell you any hay; and so you stand to lose the whole bunch."

Wilson realized that Williams was thoroughly in earnest and his habitual good nature deserted him.

"Don't think I drove my cattle over here for the fun of it!" he flared. "You'll sell one-half of your hay to me and one-half to Saunders or I'll cut your fences and let the courts decide what I owe you."

"I thought of just such an emergency," Saunders said, speaking for Williams. "My boys are riding guard at the stackyard now."

For a moment or two Wilson stood studying the other men

"Put your cards on the table," he said at last abruptly.

"I am going to buy your cattle," Williams told him. "It isn't going to be a question of what you think they are worth. I'm going to sell my hay to Mr. Saunders for sixteen thousand dollars. And I am going to give you sixteen thousand dollars for your cattle. You'll sign a bill of sale giving title to them and to any other stock that ever shows up in Central Oregon with your brand, or any brand you may claim."

For a few minutes Wilson paced the little cabin. He knew that for some time the honest stockmen had been trying to force him off the range. He realized he was known as a rustler. He controlled a large ranch by contract, but in reality he was only a renter. For some time South America had appealed to him as a better field for his methods. Finally he faced them, smiling his easy good-natured smile.

"Make out your papers," he said. "I have a few dimes in the bank now, and with your sixteen thousand dollars I'll be able to see a good deal of the world before I begin rustling again."

There was no rancor or hard feeling in his tone. He had simply played a losing game.

"I knew you would be sensible," Williams complimented. Then he turned to Saunders. "Write Mr. Wilson a check for sixteen thousand dollars, if you will," he said; "and take care of the bill of sale for me. We'll go in fifty-fifty on the hay and the cattle. I owe you twenty-five hundred dollars already," he added. "Now I want to borrow a couple of thousand more to start that ditch we've been talking about."

Early the next morning Rye Hay Williams saddled a horse and rode north through the abating storm. For five long years he had dreamed of a tall fair-haired girl. He was going back to see whether she remembered him.

Four years away from city life, four years spent in the environment of the range, four years of hard riding and hard work, had made a stranger of the man who called at Christy O'Connell's home a few days later. But it was the same blue-eyed adorable Christy who opened the door for him.

Williams took both her hands in his and leaned forward eagerly, inviting her lips.

Christy drew away from him.

"Aren't you rather impulsive?" she asked coolly.

Williams released her hands and smiled a twisted mirthless smile. As she drew away from him he had caught a glimpse of another man in the little living room beyond the hallway; a good-looking fashionably dressed young fellow—such a man as he had been five years before.

Williams hung his soft brown hat beside the fashionable black hat that belonged to the other man and followed Christy into the living room.

He found it difficult to adapt himself to the situation. It was so different from what he had hoped. He wished he had written more often to her. But he had felt all the time that a man should not try to hold a girl's affections unless he had something of material success to offer. Now he wanted to make her understand and appreciate the life he had come to love. How could he, in formal words, bring to her nostrils the tang of the sage and the balsam of the pines and firs? How could he bring to her eyes the magnificent distances of the mountains and the purple haze of the hills and the crimsons and golds of the skies?

For a while they plied him with questions. He answered in short constrained sentences. Then the other man described a new dance he had learned. He went to the piano and played the music for it. And he and Christy sang some of the new popular songs.

When Williams rose to leave, Christy asked whether she would see him again soon. He had told them something of the Deschutes River and of the possibilities of utilizing its waters for irrigation.

"I leave for New York in the morning," he said. "I am going to see an engineer there. When I return I'll surely call again—if I may."

Williams knew this was an evasion and untrue. He knew he would not return again. At the door, in parting, he kissed a finger tip and laid it lightly upon her lips, as he had done once before.

"'By, little girl!" he said. "I wish you had wanted to be impulsive too," he added wistfully.

If he had taken her hands again; if he had leaned forward as he had done earlier in the evening —— Who knows? Half-forgotten emotions had awakened in Christy's heart during the evening. But Williams would not have her see the sorrow of loss that was written in his eyes. He turned away abruptly and left her.

The girl at the information desk in the outer office of Dunne & Co., Engineers, appraised Williams with eyes that missed no detail of his unpressed gray suit, his soft-collared shirt, his square-toed shoes

"No need to ask such a man for a card," she thought. "Who shall I tell Mr. Dunne is waiting?" she said.

"Mr. Dunne does not know me," Williams explained. "Tell him a man is here, from Central Oregon, who wants a dam built across the Deschutes River."

A moment later he was admitted to the engineer's office.

"Irrigation?" Dunne inquired briefly.

Williams nodded an affirmative.

"Whom do you represent?"

"My partner—a stockman named Saunders—and myself."

"Archie Saunders?" Dunne said. "How long have you been in partnership with him?"

Williams grinned.

"About ten days," he admitted. "I sort of wished this partnership business on him," he explained. "But I've been riding with him for several years. We've been cooking up this irrigation idea for quite a while. We figure that, where a hundred men are making an uncertain living out there now, a thousand can make a sure living if we can make irrigation possible."

"You've said it!" Dunne exclaimed, his eyes lighting with enthusiasm. "I've been preaching that thing for years. I made a survey of that whole district several years ago. Some day the project we planned will be put over." The light of enthusiasm died from his eyes. "But the time isn't ripe yet," he said. "The men who control the railroads won't build into that country until irrigation is an accomplished fact. And the men who could finance the irrigation project will have nothing to do with it until a railroad is built."

"You're pessimistic," Williams said. "There are several hundred thousand acres of a military road land grant extending across Central Oregon. Have you ever talked to the men who own that land?"

"What would be the use of talking to them?" Dunne asked.

"Their land is for sale," Williams explained. "I talked to them a few days ago. They realize that any movement which will draw attention to the farming value of the land in that locality will be of direct benefit to them. They represent millions of capital. If this irrigation project is started it is logical to believe they will lend their influence to carry it to successful completion.

"I stopped for a day in St. Paul," Williams continued. "I talked to Jim Hill. He is strongly in favor of the proposition. And yesterday I talked with Harriman. He said he'd be glad to see the project gotten under way."

"Hill and Harriman are at each other's throats all the time," Dunne said. "If one should express himself in favor of this thing the other would fight it."

"I believe not," Williams argued. "Both of them can see the worth of changing a desert into a grain field. I believe they would have no quarrel over the proposition until one or the other started to build a road into the district."

Dunne pondered over the matter for quite a time.

"I believe you have a regular idea," he admitted finally. "Are you going to let me build the dam and dig the ditches for you?" he asked.

"That's what I've come to you for," Williams confided. "I've been told you are a sort of single-minded, simple, honest guy. If there is a lawyer in the city like you we want you to find him. He'll have to be smart enough to organize us so that we can keep control of the outfit until the project is completed."

"I know the right lawyer," Dunne said. "And he is smart enough to organize us so that he'll get his fees out of the organization. But it is my personal opinion that most of these Carey Act projects are going to go on the rocks before they are completed," Dunne continued. "The chances are that all I'll get out of this will be the fun of engineering the job. I'm curious to know what you expect to get out of it."

"I'm a sort of simple-minded guy myself," Williams admitted. "All I expect to get is a bad reputation and a lot of experience."

"You'll get both," Dunne assured him.

The organizing and financing of that project is history now. In the money centers of the country the wise ones still tell, marveling, how a lad of thirty—a clear-eyed smiling fellow, with a curious sobriquet of Rye Hay—came from the West, with a vision of a desert country transformed, and accomplished the impossible in finance. They still recall the wide publicity the newspapers gave him at that time.

Christy O'Connell read the newspapers. At first, she was only casually interested in the news of a remarkable irrigation project that was being undertaken. But one Sunday she read an article about the man to whom the newspapers gave credit for making the thing possible. It is true the picture of the man did not resemble the picture of Bob Williams she had framed on her dressing table. And, even though the article told that he was a man past forty, and a product of the Central Oregon he loved so well, Christy simply shrugged her shoulders. She knew newspapers could not be depended upon for accuracy.

Christy's father could never quite explain how he came to join a colony of settlers who were going into Oregon to take up land under the new irrigation project. He was content with the knowledge that at last his dream of a little dairy farm was to become a reality.

Christy helped him to select eighty acres of level land not far from the Deschutes River. They favored that particular location more because of the scenery than for any other reason. Quite a community grew up round them. They called it Pleasant View. One of the men who had come in their party opened a store and established a post office. A schoolhouse and a community hall were built. Then a town-site company started a boom and a town grew up almost overnight.

The O'Connells took part in all the public and social activities of the community. They became acquainted with Mr. Dunne, the boyish-looking engineer in charge of the irrigation construction. But the man of whom the newspapers had written so much, Rye Hay Williams, had become a figure of romance; a person seldom seen, but of whom all manner of stories were told.

"A queer fish," was the summary of public opinion; "a man who could have been elected to Congress and who was content to become a county commissioner; a man who would go a mile to look at a good horse, but who wouldn't walk across a street to meet a pretty girl."

Little by little the lands that were to be irrigated were cleared and ditched and made ready for the coming of the water. Finally a day was set for turning the water from the river into the main canal. And that day was chosen by the settlers as a day of celebration.

The day before the celebration Williams and Dunne decided to ride the length of the canal to make sure there was no break or barrier to divert the water in its course.

It was a long ride and hard. So they grumbled at each other and scolded as they rode; for they realized this would be almost their last day together, and each feared lest he show the affection he felt for the other. Their instinctive liking for each other had developed into a warm attachment during the months they had labored together.

"Where are we now?" Williams demanded; the sun was setting behind Mount Jefferson and he was hungry.

"We are about four miles from Pleasant View," Dunne told him.

They had come to a road crossing the canal.

"If we go by way of the road can we shorten the distance any?" Williams asked.

Dunne consulted a pocket map.

"Yes," he said; "we can save more than a mile by leaving the canal here and then turning to the right on the first crossroad we come to."

"Are you sure?" Williams asked in a querulous tone. "These darned settlers are establishing so many new roads a fellow never is sure of where he's going."

"Didn't I just look at the map?" Dunne demanded. "I'm telling you the map shows that if we turn to the right on the first road we come to it will bring us right to Pleasant View."

A little farther on they came to a newly fenced lane that led to the right.

"This isn't a road," Williams said positively; "this is just a trail."

"It doesn't make any difference whether you call it a trail or a road," Dunne said. "The map shows Pleasant View is due west of here; so let's be going."

Williams went with him, grumbling again.

They rode for a little distance and found their way barred by a wooden gate that opened into a well-kept yard. A cozy looking bungalow stood a short distance from the road.

"It looks like an honest-to-goodness home," Dunne said. "Maybe we can get something to eat here. . . . Hello, the house!" he called.

A girl came out of the house and walked down to the gate. She was enveloped in a snowy white apron. A sunbonnet rested across her shoulders. Its ribbons were tied in a wide bow under her chin.

"The map was right," Dunne told Williams triumphantly. "I told you if we took the first road we should come straight to a pleasant view!"

Christy O'Connell crossed her arms on the top of the gate. She bowed gravely to Williams; but she smiled her most inviting smile for the benefit of his companion.

"Good evening, Mr. Dunne!" she said.

"We've lost our way," Dunne explained. He did not even glance at Williams as he continued: "My ditch rider, here, told me this lane was not the right road. He seemed peeved because I insisted on coming this way. Perhaps we may be able to ride across your place and find a road on the other side that will take us to town."

"Sorry," Christy answered; "but there is a cañon on that side which is too steep to cross. You'll have to go back the way you came and turn to the right at the first road you come to."

"Thank you!" Dunne said.

He hesitated a moment and then started to turn his horse. Williams stopped him.

"Wait a moment!" he said. "The young lady most likely is from the East. If she knew the custom of the West she would say: 'Dismount, strangers. Put up your hosses and I'll get you a bite of something to eat.'"

Christy made a polite little curtsy.

"Dismount, strangers," she said. "Put up your horses and I'll be pleased to get you a bite of something to eat."

The men dismounted and Christy led the way to the barn. While they were caring for their horses she went to the house. Dunne began whistling a weird little three-note tune.

"Why all the hilarity?" Williams demanded.

"There is to be a dance to-morrow night," Dunne explained. "I'm betting something," he added; "I'm betting I dance the first dance of the evening with our tall fair-haired hostess. And I'm betting I dance Home Sweet Home with her too."

"I'm calling your bet," Williams said promptly. "I'm offering any two horses I own against that little knot-headed fuzz-tail you ride that she dances neither of those dances with you."

"Who will?" Dunne wanted to know.

"I will," Williams stated calmly.

"My steed against two of yours!" Dunne said. "It's a bet. Why, you piece of cheese, you haven't a chance in the world!" he gloated. "Because she knows who I am. You heard her call me Mr. Dunne, didn't you? And I've put the poison in your hash. You're just a ditch rider!"

As they started to the house Dunne realized, for the first time, that he did not know Christy's name.

"I'm going to get in bad right at the start," he complained. "I met her once at some irrigation meeting and she'll think I should have remembered her."

"You should have," Williams decided judicially. "Now I'm going to convince you I'm a regular sport," he added: "If I'm not mistaken in the location, this is where that little Irishman O'Connell lives. I've heard he has a right good-looking daughter."

"That's who she is!" Dunne exclaimed. "Christy O'Connell! Now I remember her." Then he looked suspiciously at Williams. "Where do folks get the notion you never notice girls?" he asked.

Christy had dinner ready in a surprisingly short time.

"Is it proper to eat with the menfolks?" she asked. "Or should I wait until you've finished? I'm awfully hungry!" she added plaintively.

They decided that, though it wasn't quite the proper thing, she might sit down with them. As they went to the table Dunne remembered his manners.

"By the way, Miss O'Connell," he said casually, "this is Mr. Williams. He's one of our most faithful men—has been with us since we started this irrigation project."

Williams acknowledged the introduction gravely. Miss O'Connell hesitated and then offered her hand. When the dinner was finished Christy told them she was going to leave the dishes until after she had milked.

"Why not let Mr. Williams do the dishes?" Dunne suggested. "He is a homesteader, you know, and is accustomed to baching and doing dishes. And I am good at milking," he said. "I'll go with you and help."

"You're awfully good!" Christy told him. "But I hate milking," she confessed. "So I'll let you do it to-night and I'll help Mr. Williams with the dishes."

A moment later Dunne found himself on the porch with two milk buckets. He had never milked a cow in his life. He feared he was in for an unhappy experience.

A quarter of an hour later he started slowly back to the house. He hadn't had any luck at all.

He found no one in the kitchen; and the dishes were still on the dining table. He went out on the porch and then walked slowly round the house. He found Williams and Christy where they had gone to see a certain view of Mount Jefferson Christy was fond of. But they were watching no far horizons when Dunne saw them. They were in silhouette against the gold of the evening sky. Williams stood with one arm across Christy's shoulders and the other round her waist, and both her arms were round his neck as she drew his lips to hers.

"You kids come right back to the house!" Dunne called sternly.

Obedient, they came slowly, loitering as they came. Williams kept his arm round her waist shamelessly. Once he stooped and whispered to her; and her laughter rang clear and silvery, vibrant with pure happiness.

"Fast work!" Dunne commented judiciously when they stopped in front of him. "But where do they get this skirt-shy notion about you?" he asked Williams. Then, with sudden suspicion: "Let me see that picture in your watch."

Williams opened his watch and showed the picture of Christy he had treasured for so many years.

"And you said you were a sport when you told me her name to-night!" Dunne said reproachfully.

It was Dunne who washed the dishes that night, and Christy and Williams who milked the cows. Christy would not listen to their proposal that they should ride on to the town for the night.

"Daddy and mother are there now," she said. "They have put in the day helping prepare things for the celebration to-morrow. I was with them most of the day; but I had to come home to milk the cows. I am going to ride in as soon as I'm through milking in the morning," she told them. "And I like good company," she added.

That night Christy readjusted the dreams she had cherished since the hour she had persuaded her father to leave their Eastern home. It had been her belief she would meet Williams again and that they would find their happiness together. But she had always thought of him as the man who had made possible this great irrigation conquest; the man whose achievement had been featured in the newspapers throughout the country. Now she had found her R. H. Williams, and he still loved her. She didn't care if he was just a homesteader and ditch rider.

The next morning, after the cows had been milked and the breakfast dishes washed and put away, they saddled their horses and started for the town.

"Let's do this right," Williams suggested. "Let's go back to the canal and ride in as we intended."

So they went back to the canal and rode along its banks. And as they rode they heard such a sound as one hears along little ocean-flowing streams when the tide turns the current back upon itself—a birling sound, as the Scotch say. Soon beside them came a trickle of foam, yellow and slow moving; and then, like a flood, the water came. For a distance they raced with the stream, shouting like children at play.

Then they came to the town; and the people who crowded the streets recognized Christy's escort. They waved their hands in greeting and cheered.

"Oh, you Rye Hay!" someone shouted; and others took up the cry.

Christy had reconciled herself to the thought that her R. H. Williams was a ditch rider. Now he was being cheered and greeted as the famous Rye Hay Williams. She couldn't quite figure the thing out. There was a puzzled look in her eyes as she turned to him.

Williams reined his horse close to hers and squeezed her arm in a lingering affectionate grasp. He was smiling whimsically, teasingly.

"Don't look at me like that!" he said. "Act as if you knew me!"

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RIVERS AS SCENE SHIFTERS

By ENOS A. MILLS

TWO pirate rivers in the Andes displaced the Continental Divide and came near to starting an international war. The boundary line between Chile and Argentine Republic originally followed the Continental Divide. This was assumed to be permanent. But it was not. The steep Chilean rivers ignoring the old topography committed swift and picturesque piracy. Eroding rapidly headward with flank advance they beheaded Argentine rivers and compelled the waters of these to flow to the Pacific. They broke and displaced natural and national boundaries.

Streams struggle for existence and sometimes break through an established stream boundary and invade the headwaters of an adjacent stream. The invader geologically is called a "pirate" and the stream seized is said to be "beheaded." The international commission selected to settle the disputed boundary line found that no map had ever been made of it. The survey then made revealed an interesting river habit—piracy; which included invasion, seizure, river adventure and a revised geography lesson.

The shifting channel of the lower Rio Grande is about as permanent as a mirage, and the bank and island residents of this stream may wake up any morning and have topographic allegiance to the nation on the other side of the river. It is difficult to say whether this kind of stream is a born adventurer or is endeavoring to make a permanent peace commission necessary.

Stupendous are the changes wrought by running water, as the Grand Cañon shows. Every stream is a landscape artist, a continental sculptor, an erosive power of first magnitude. There are no eternal hills. The earth's surface is being steadily lowered by the aged and endless activity of rivers. Old surfaces and scenery are melting into the new before the ever-changing rivers and the changeless sun. The artistic relief work of streams—hills and dales, countless cliffs and cañons, valleys and plains—is all about us.

The struggles of streams in hills and mountains appear almost in the nature of feuds decades long. Territory and channels are taken and retaken. These feuds have oscillated watersheds on the map and resulted in that determining topographic power known as geographic environment. The earth channels created by streams have directed the movements of man and predestined his development even hundreds of miles from their original scenes and ages after they ceased to play in path making.

In the Adirondacks there were contending Indian tribes who never quite settled a boundary line. And amid these poetic and geologically ancient mountains old river channels, like ruined cities beneath Troy, appear to be about nine deep. The Potomac River heads in behind a mountain range and owes its present prestige to past piracy. The Appalachian and Blue Ridge Mountains are full of graphic records of river piracy and mountain-stream feuds. These contending streams cut channels and gouged new gaps without the slightest regard to the old régime, and with no thought for innocent bystanders or new geography lessons. But their audacious and influential piracy contributed something to posterity. Cumberland Gap, that strategic thoroughfare of both peace and war, through which the westward course of empire took its way, is the channel of a beheaded stream, a base level cut through a mountain barrier abandoned by the pirate.

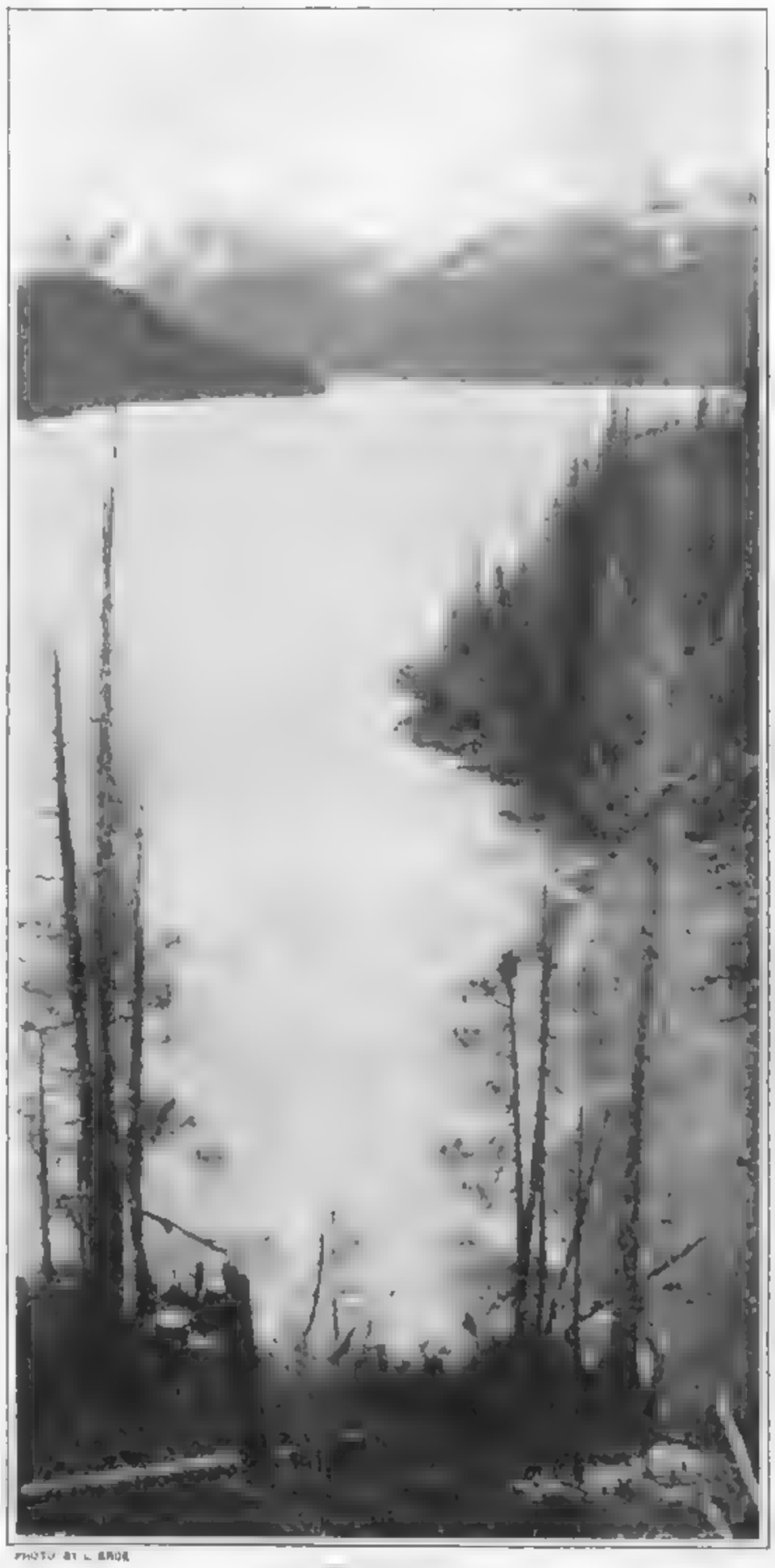

PHOTO BY E. ERDE

The Wars of the Waters

ALL rivers lengthen by cutting headward. Stream piracy may result from advantages possessed by one stream over its competitor—steeper grades and softer rocks, which enable it to cut its way more rapidly, to lengthen its lines, to seize and intrench itself successfully beyond and behind the neighboring stream, which has to cut through resistant rock with slow grades. However, the pirate often has his day and is then outpirated. An obsolete stream on the other side of the top cuts through into a stratum that gives easy going; or warping of the surface gives it high speed and all the power for piracy.

The geological story of the Tennessee River is one of rare romance and piratical adventure, one of the best in river biography. This stream of mighty flow and now deeply intrenched main line of communication has had a turbulent and contentious past. Parts of its stirring records have been washed out; others time has only camouflaged with forest, vine and flower. The Tennessee River is made up of three ancient and once honored rivers which formerly flowed in other channels, each over its individual course and toward a different point of the compass. It is a union of streams formerly independent, and of watersheds which once had different connections and allegiances.

Sometimes after a stream has lost out and become old and decrepit a sudden upheaval or a soft geological stratum occurs—and old landmarks are swept away and the long-fixed watershed conditions are changed.

The middle courses of the river usually are safely intrenched for long periods, but if it reach the sea the ever-lengthening lower course that the stream builds for itself is over a channel subject to breaks, bendings and abandonment. Or, as sometimes happens, it is drowned through submergence.

There is severe competition in the animal world. Species crowds species and endlessly contends for place and food; but at times there is a truce. Often they coöperate, frequently a species forms alliance with a foreign one and with this fights a common enemy. Much of their advance is due to coöperation and mutual aid.

But a stream's source seems never to be settled. The war with its competitors does not end. Its competitor suddenly speeds through local uplift or easier excavating and seizes the entire summit. After centuries of successes, when a stream source has almost secured all the coveted watershed it has dug itself in—is deeply intrenched—then the current changes and it loses. It may sink into insignificance or even be completely absorbed and eliminated from the map.

Rivers, like glaciers, make vast and picturesque excavations headward—"backward," as an old prospector put it. By this apparent working backward, by advancing one direction while flowing the opposite, they remove hills and sometimes dig a channel through a mountain barrier.

Yellowstone Lake for ages sent its waters to the Pacific. But something, not many centuries ago, appears to have blocked the old outlet. The waters proceeded to add interesting revision to the geography of this wonderland; they abandoned an old and added a new section of Continental Divide and cut a channel that gave connections with the Atlantic. This added the falls and the Golden Cañon with sunset colors—a new and shining landscape.

Running water thus is the mighty artistic director of the earth. With its ever-active rivers it is constantly making scenes and constantly changing or merging them into new ones. The topography of any section is geologically described as being born, going through periods of youth, decline and old age. It is changed. A river is the topographic scene shifter.

Rivers in Youth and Age

RIVERS have their day. They have youth, growth, decline and old age. A river has an adventurous life, so much so that geologists, who use mostly mathematical words, tell of a river meeting with "accident," being "beheaded," "drowned," and "struggling for existence." Many a river has a biography well set with excitement and dramatic scene.

Countless fine-toothed streams are constantly combing and raking the entire land surface of the globe. Flying squadrons of clouds fill the sky and drop untold tons of tiny water bombs upon the earth. Gravity directs the gathering and the transportation of the wreckage. Frost and chemistry are also diggers—the forces used to break, loosen and dissolve the surface. The fluency of water in connection with gravity, evaporation and precipitation gives it alliances and perpetual motion for transporting the materials gathered from the surface of all continents. Speedy streams help dig with tools of sand and stones the countless channels that we know.

The sea, sending its messages by cloud and storm, lays tribute on all the land that lies above the surface of the waves. Each little drop of water conducts a little grain of sand back to the sea, and with the cooperation of chemistry each drop also carries salt and lime and phosphate in solution for sea gardens, coral building and the flavor of the sea.

Excessive saturation, soft strata, steep slopes cause earthworks to slip and to move as landslides. The débris of these forms dams, more or less permanent, in river channels, temporarily overwhelming the stream with sediment to transport. The Cascades in the Columbia, the Rapids in the Colorado are in part wrecked peaks and cliffs from a former place in the sun.

Beaver ponds are constantly silting up with sea-bound sediment, hampering erosion and stream success. Millions of these have filled, reduced sediment delivery and added empires of rich soil, changed boundaries of life zones and invited meadows and forests to expand. But erosion never ceases.

Each year the rivers of the United States alone mine and move 513,000,000 tons of solid matter in sediment and 270,000,000 tons of land surface in solution back into the waters of the sea.

In boating down the Mississippi years ago I landed on an island, where I met a man who explained to me the island's origin. When a young man he was going down the river and his steamer struck a snag and sank. A sandbar quickly formed in the eddy. It is well known that many sandbars form round a mere snag in a river. Unable to rescue his sunken boat the man took up his residence on this sandbar, which had grown into the island we were on.

"Have you ever thought," I asked him, "how much lime solution from Kentucky caves is annually carried into the sea?"

"Enough to give the present oyster population a three years' supply," was his instant reply.

The overturning of my boat in the upper end of the Grand Cañon caused me to rise from the waters heavily laden, with several pounds of fine rock flour, marble, mica and iron sagging my clothes and suddenly giving a strange stiffening overload of armor that impeded every move.

The Grand Cañon is a masterpiece of erosion, a record of running water. The material removed in the forming of the Grand Cañon was transported and built up in the delta of the Colorado.

The old ever-muddy Missouri River still flows on. It is heavily laden with liquid land taken from everywhere which will be piled somewhere. A wit has said that the Missouri is too thin for cultivation and too thick for navigation. But in this dull river the imagination sees fertile tree-fringed farms across which happy people move, and delta landscapes where the restless ocean washes mysterious and adventurous sands.

Every stream is a scene shifter; it pulls down old landscapes, carries them far away under the sky, then readjusts and recasts this old material. A wholly new substantial landscape is given its impressive though transient place in the white light of the sun. The Amazon, the greatest river on the globe, each day pours an inconceivable quantity of sediment into the sea. Day and night, ever flowing through the seasons and the years, many mighty rivers are pouring their loads and building enormous deltas out into the seven seas. Slowly the earth is becoming lower and wider. A thousand deltas are filling in the sea.

The seas with surge, current and breakers ever wage their endless roaring war on these encroachments. But on many sectors of the battle front of sea and land the land has made the effective drive. That shifting ally of land and water, the wind, generally aided the sea; but a continuous stream flow pours forward a never-ending supply of sediment reserves which gravity eagerly, steadily conscripted from thousands of square miles of surface; and these reserves of little grains of sand were so strategically, steadily advanced that the little drops of water bent back.

The area of the delta of the Ganges is greater than that of the state of Pennsylvania. Numerous cities of prominence stand upon deltas that streams built during the ages of the past. Interlaken is upon a lake delta. Hwang-ho delta has built out 350 miles. In 1851 the Hwang-ho River quit emptying into the Yellow Sea and shifted to the Gulf of Petchili 300 miles to the north. As this was between dikes with a surface level fifteen to thirty feet above most street and farm levels its change was disturbing. Generations ago a Chinese Mogul laid the foundation of the seaport city of Pu-tai. This city now is forty-eight miles inland from the seashore. Once Adria was a port at the mouth of the River Po. It now is fourteen miles inland.

The Mississippi Delta

NEW ORLEANS, now a considerable journey from the mouth of the Mississippi, is built wholly upon a delta, and so low-lying is it and so built up the river bed that the traveler climbs flights of stairs to get aboard the steamer.

Every day the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi, pours more than a million tons of earth sediment and solution into the Gulf. The delta of this river is each day advancing its ragged, sectored shore line nearly one foot into the Gulf, advancing about one mile every sixteen years. In the course of a generation or two this ever-growing land area will compare favorably in size with some of the European nations that are struggling for a place in the sun.

In drilling a well at New Orleans some years ago a piece of wood was struck 1042 feet beneath the surface. The Mississippi River delta contains age-old wreckage; it is a continental contribution built by the Father of Waters.

PHOTO. BY L. GAGE

It is a mingling of mountain fragments and broken farms, the blended ruin and richness of ten thousand plains and peaks. In it side by side lie remnants of Pike's Peak, an Ohio hill, the heart of old Kentucky, a part of the Mammoth Cave, lava from old Yellowstone fires, glacial silt from Canadian mountains, dust from the Great Plains, sediments from rocks that were formed in ancient seas, and even the black meteoric dust of burnt-out worlds and stars. A delta may be a combination of all geological rock strata and of all life that has lived its little day and returned to dust, and may carry even the wreckage of other worlds than ours.

A polished piece of granite in this delta may be as old, almost, as the earth. Erosion on Canadian mountains unearthed it. The southward sweep of the ice king seized it, carried it a thousand miles southward, grinding and reducing it, then depositing it in Ohio. Here a flood seized it, rushed it to a sandbar in the Mississippi River, and it lingered. By slow stages it rolled its way down the Mississippi channel and at last came to rest within sound of the sea.

Sections of this cosmopolitan delta may submerge in Nature's melting pot, become a stratum, lie buried and forgotten for ages beneath the sea, then reappear in fiery volcano or uplifted stratum, in new landscape slowly wasting under the erosive forces of unmeasured time.

Scientists tell us that this continent is being lowered at the rate of one foot every nine thousand years. Continents have been uplifted and worn down again and again. Geologists say that the sedimentary rock strata of the earth have a total thickness of forty miles. But we are in these scenes such a little while—make a mere transient visit—that we cannot see except with revealing mathematics and poetry that the most substantial landscapes and age-wrought scenes are moving pictures—moving through a vast orbit of endless change.

Landscapes Absorbed

EROSION showed monumental results during the Mesozoic Era. The earth entered this era with mountains towering on all the continents in the northern hemisphere and the rivers changing their landscapes. The rivers, though acting leisurely, were ever eroding and made changes vast. Mountain horizons were peopled with ponderous and ancient life; the earth circled away in alternating day and night. Evolution worked slowly on, remodeling the old life forms and junking many a model that had had its day. In the midst of this long and wondrous era the wild flowers first showed their pure and lovely faces to the sun. During this long day with countless and advancing changes in earth history the rivers ran on. Before the day was done—before the Mesozoic Era had given way to its successor—the mountains which over the northern hemisphere had greeted its morning had been worn down by running water; but the rivers now were slow and sluggish and the landscapes in which they had a place in America, Europe and Asia were but vast low plains.

Landscapes are being absorbed. Every scene-shifting stream has salt for the sea, lime for shells that will strew beaches yet unborn and for coral islands on whose white and palm-plumed shores deep blue oceans yet shall roll; sediment and chemicals with which to make and color the strata that are yet to rise from ocean's depth and have a place—be a crumbling and transient landscape in the sun.

What is Thrift?

THRIFT means simply getting your money's worth and your time's worth. It means disposing of your energy and your income with intelligent regard as to how you can get the most long-run satisfaction out of them. A young gentleman of our acquaintance bought an overcoat last winter. He should have bought an overcoat. To go without would have been wasteful.

But he succumbed to sartorial temptation and bought a much more expensive garment than he needed or could afford. He had some moments of satisfaction over the style of the coat and the fine material in it, but for every such moment he suffered three others of remorse over the inconveniences and privations to which his extravagance subjected him and in thinking how much better he might have done with that amount of money. In short, he disposed of that money in a manner that brought him a final net product of dissatisfaction.

The thrift campaign means just getting the most in long-run satisfactions out of your time and money. "Don't waste" is the whole of it. We need to press that campaign year in and year out.

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When the famous mine barrage was laid from the Orkney Islands to the Norway Coast to remain for months—why didn't the salt water eat its way through the steel and destroy the mine cases with *rust?*

Because the U. S. Navy protected the mine cases with the Parker Process!

Of all the mines in the North Sea barrage, more than three-fourths were Parker Processed.

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The wide use of the Parker Process by the Allied Governments during the war bears out the experience of the leading American and English manufacturers who have been using this process for several years. (See list of products below.)

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The time is fast approaching when buyers of practically all metal articles will ask themselves—*Is this product proof against rust, or is it offered to me with the tacit admission that sooner or later it will corrode and go out of service long before its time?*

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The Parker Process is not a paint but is a chemical process applied by manufacturers with special equipment in their own plants.

It not only enables them to rustproof the iron or steel parts they are already using—but frequently makes it possible to cut production costs by *substituting rustproof iron or steel parts* for those of costly copper or brass.

Every manufacturer or industrial executive using iron or steel should have a copy of the Parker Process Book—a practical talk on rustproofing which covers the subject fully—explains what the Parker Process is, and how easily you can apply it to your own product in your own plant. Your copy will be sent immediately upon request.

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Automobile Specialties	Hardware Specialties	Scales
Bicycles	Machined Parts	Sewing Machines
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Cameras	Mechanics & Carpenters Tools	Steel Furniture
Coil Springs	Motor Trucks	Telephone Equipment
Dental Supplies	Motorcycles	Time Clocks
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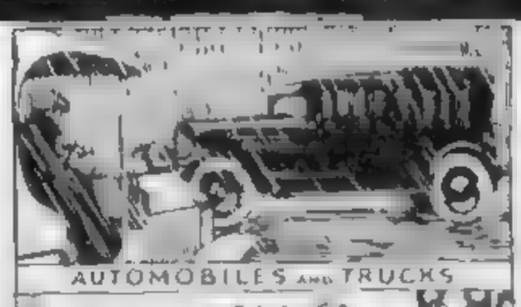
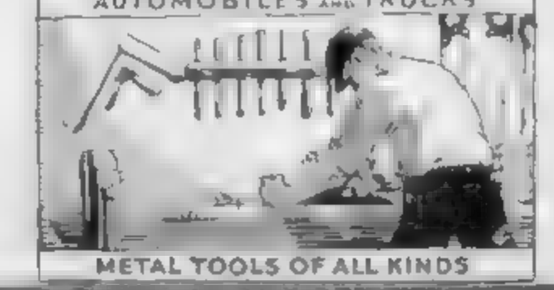




THE TRAGEDY OF ODESSA

(Continued from Page 13)

benches at the cliff rail and gaze out across the vast harbor.

The harbor was filled with ships. There were not so many merchantmen and no real passenger ships at all, but there were many ships of war flying the flags of many nations.

These were lying here and there inside and outside the breakwater, all under steam and looking curiously alert. The first one we passed on our way in was an unmistakable American. She had the high fighting tops of the American Navy and the low decks of our monitor type of battleship. But she was flying the Greek flag. She was our old Mississippi, which we sold to Greece five years ago.

It was the first time I had ever seen an expatriated ship of the American Navy and she made me feel rather sad.

Lying in behind the breakwater were some French cruisers and destroyers, while five or six British and Italian torpedo boats and destroyers were backed in against the long dock toward which we made our way. There was another fairly large troopship lying at the wharf, and anchored here and there were half a dozen dirty and dilapidated tramps. Most of these looked altogether unseaworthy. A small Greek hospital ship was tied up at a pier farther down the shore, and the face of the water was dotted with busy-seeming launches and rowboats. So much for the scene of the tragedy.

The American military attaché at Bukharest, Col. Halsey E. Yates, had gone up to Odessa to make an investigation, and it was to him that I was indebted for the arrangements that were made for me. He had had a representative in the city from the beginning of the French occupation, but he did not believe he was getting from this man an adequate estimate of the situation.

This man's headquarters was on the esplanade, where all the rich Russians congregated day after day for long-drawn-out luncheons and resolveless conferences.

They could get anything to eat that they had money to pay for, and they seemed to have money to pay for everything from caviar to hothouse grapes, with large quantities of vodka and wine in which to drown their anxieties.

A Call on a Princess

The prices of course were fantastic. For a simple luncheon for three of us—I must admit there was caviar at seventy rubles the plate—my host paid something more than a thousand rubles with a gesture of the serenest indifference. It was as though it were not more than a dollar and a half, but four years ago it would have been five hundred dollars.

Later in the day he took me to call on a Russian princess who had some historic porcelain to sell, and when he dismissed the cabman at the end of a short half hour he gave him one hundred fifty rubles. And at that the cabman growled and demanded more.

Waterfront at Odessa and the French Destroyer in Which Mrs. Egan Was Evacuated

"But how do you do it?" I exclaimed. "The ruble may not be worth more than five cents, but even so you have given the man more than seven good gold dollars. And surely to a Russian a ruble is still a ruble, whatever it may be in foreign exchange."

Money Cheap and Plenty

"Oh, no, it is not," he replied. "There is no standard of value left. It's nothing but wildcat money, turned out as fast as printing presses can work. I have an old estate up north of here and the other day I sold some horses that ordinarily would have brought me about fourteen thousand rubles. I got two hundred and fifty thousand for them. It will cost that cabman at least a hundred and fifty rubles to feed his horse and he will spend as much on himself in one day as he would have spent in a year before the war."

Needless to say, I could not afford the old porcelain.

The princess, who was living on her treasures, was unable to think in terms of anything but tens of thousands, and when I turned her prices into the only kind of money I had, which was German-wildcat-Rumanian, I had to bethink me of my immediate necessities and kiss good-by with a collector's anguish a piece of rare old Russian blue which bore in faded gold the arms of the Romanoffs.

If I could have seen the lady three days later she would have thrust the plate upon me for a British sovereign.

But she also was confident, and had in her drawing-room a gay company of men and women who were playing bridge and consuming large quantities of tea from a steaming samovar and still larger quantities of champagne from sweating coolers.

There were tables laden with cakes and fruits and dainty sandwiches, and soft lights were burning everywhere, emphasizing the luxuriousness of the apartment and showing to the best advantage a number of fine old pictures on the satin walls.

I had taken a walk through the city with Colonel Yates. We went up the esplanade, past the French headquarters, where Algerian soldiers in mustard-brown uniforms were posted as sentries, on into a great plaza in the center of which stands a colossal statue of Catharine the Great, across a splendid marble-balustraded viaduct spanning a wide under street that slopes away down to the bay shore, and so to the American consulate, in a fine street of private mansions.

The City of Beautiful Doorways

I at once named Odessa The City of Beautiful Doorways. Each house of the better class is distinguished by an ornamental portal which lends to it a special dignity and grace, and I thought a good deal about the Russian love of display and about the ambition, taste and lavish expenditure which these proud entrances represent.

They are gates rather than doorways, massively carved or delicately iron grilled, and they open into inner courts where fountains played in peacetimes and where flowering vines climb even now round Gothic windows. It really is a charming city.

The streets were filled with people, all listless and idle. They were merely wandering round.

There were a good many French soldiers and some Russians in the uniform of the old army, but the crowd was mostly civilian. And high and low, rich and poor, they were all mixed up together, regardless, presenting such contrasts of wretchedness and well-being as I had never seen before. Unsightly beggars whined at one's elbow all the time, while one rubbed shoulders with women in sables and silks and with men turned out in faultless attire. It was the end of March and a raw wind was whipping up from the sparkling sunlit bay. An occasional military motor car or glistening private limousine went whirling by, while along the curbs were lines of droshkies with finely kept horses standing under blankets, their drivers swaddled inches deep in great quilted coats asleep on their boxes or pacing up and down looking for fares.

And one could not fail to observe the women. Aside from the usual element it was a ghastly fact that under the fearful circumstances hundreds of high class and delicately bred women had dropped literally into the streets in order that they might live. They were the most unmistakable and most tragically abandoned women I have ever seen, and they were everywhere all the time, prowling and preying. It was horrible. A cold shiver started in the roots of my hair and ran down my back, and it was not due to the penetrating character of the wind.

"What do you make of the general atmosphere?" I asked the colonel.

"I wish I knew how to tell you," he replied. "It is something impalpable, indescribable, yet curiously definite. How does it feel to you?"

"It feels to me like hovering fear," said I. "This is a city afraid. Everybody is expecting something to happen, but they don't know what it will be or when it will be. Some of the people are whistling in the dark, but most of them are frankly frightened."

"Dead right!"

"And they are suffering tense anxiety. For a great majority the conditions of life are impossible. They are thinking mostly of bread and the wherewith simply to live."

"Right you are."

"It can't last. It's a powder mine due to explode. How long do you think it will last?"

"It's difficult to say, but certainly not longer than two weeks."

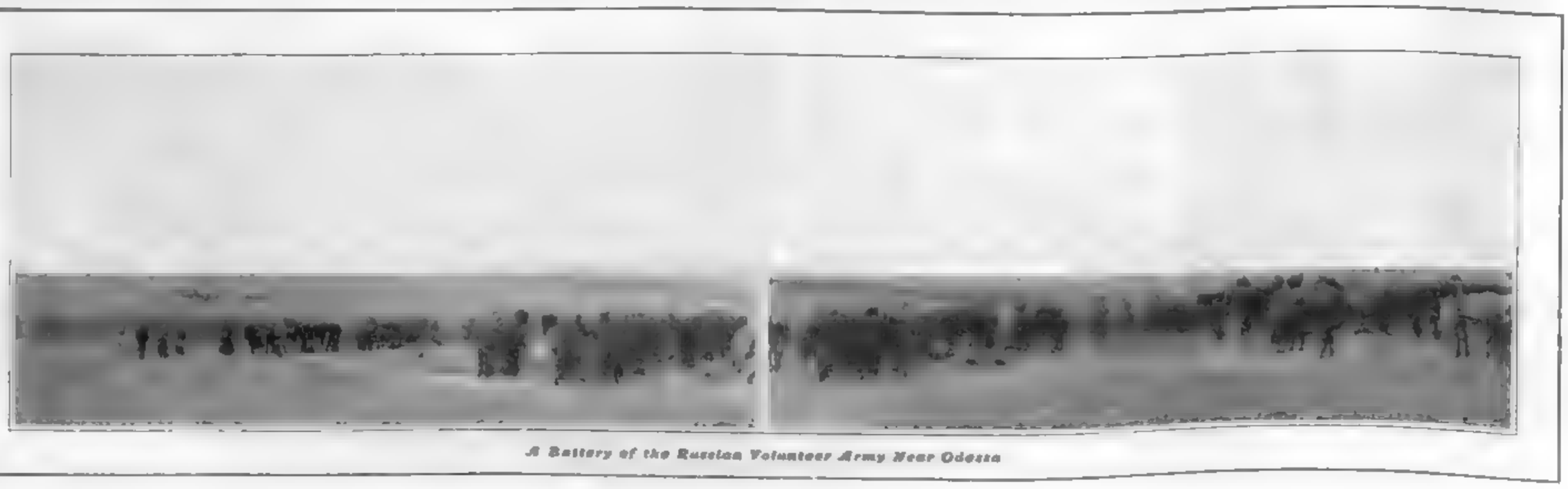
"Certainly not longer than three days!" I exclaimed.

Orders From the Tiger

This was the merest hazard on my part. It was not even that. It was an unconsidered exclamation. What should I know, that the officers in command even refused to think of? But the colonel repeated my prediction and I was credited afterward with discernment that I do not possess.

I knew something of the state of affairs. I knew that the Bolsheviks had taken Kherson and Nikolaieff within the fortnight, that they were within thirty miles of Odessa and steadily advancing against an inferior and indifferent force. The French

(Continued on Page 74)



A Battery of the Russian Volunteer Army Near Odessa

Those Who Select Premier Choose Wisely

EVEN the family well-being demands the thoroughness of Premier cleaning. Children and other members of the family must not breathe the germ-laden air that brooms stir up. Neither should draperies and other furnishings be allowed to collect the dirt that brooms scatter.

Premier cleans the way you have always wanted cleaning done. It bottles up the impure dirt in a dust-proof bag. It removes the deep-seated floor dirt that destroys the fabric of floor coverings. It cleans upholstery, hangings, walls, inside book cases, drawers, and all hard-to-get-at places—no dust or litter can escape it.

The tired, overworked housewife is the woman of yesterday—not the modern home-maker who keeps pace with her husband in the better things of life. And modern home-keeping calls for modern equipment, among which Premier is surely needed most. It saves time and toil and frees you of the fatigue that now follows your cleaning hours.

See Premier at once. Learn how easily better cleaning can be done. Note the General Electric motor—a feature of vast importance. The Premier merchant in your town will gladly demonstrate them for you. If you don't know his name, write for a home demonstration. Premier is inexpensive. Convenient terms if desired. Our new book—"Household Efficiency"—sent free upon request.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.
(Formerly the Frantz-Premier Co.)
Cleveland, Ohio

Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ontario

The Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

Merchants are invited to investigate the opportunity that a Premier dealership offers.

(Continued from Page 72)

were announcing to the world that they had a large army round Odessa, but the truth was that they had about two thousand French regulars and some twenty-five hundred Algerians who had had only one year's training. In the last analysis there was a very small force of capable French bayonets. To a man the French had announced that they wanted to go home. That was all they desired. They had been through four and a half years of war; they were tired, and they did not care particularly to risk their lives fighting battles for the Russians. Let the Russians fight their own battles. That was their attitude. They had not turned Bolshevist themselves, but they had no heart for fighting the Bolsheviks.

And one could not fail to see the force of their reasoning. The city of Odessa has ordinarily only about six hundred thousand inhabitants. More than a million two hundred thousand were crowded into it now, and hundreds of them were young men in civilian clothes who were openly and ostentatiously living the gay life of pre-war days and doing absolutely nothing for their own defense against the terror that was advancing upon them. Wealthy men from all over Russia had gravitated to Odessa as the last point of safety and were living as though safety had been made permanent. It was from such men as these and from the speculators that one heard the bitterest criticism of the French performance.

Critical Days

I shall never forget one young man. And he was a type; there were many like him. On the eve of the crash I was lunching with him and his wife at their beautiful villa on the outskirts of the town. They had sent a luxurious motor car to get me, and the extravagance of the meal they served impressed me as being shockingly immoral under the circumstances. I told them so.

They laughed and said: "But we may as well have all we can get to-day, because to-morrow we are likely to die."

They did not believe this. They were living in a fool's paradise and to them catastrophe was only a vague and remote possibility. But they sensed rather than understood the general weakness and were tormented by an inescapable anxiety.

"I can't believe there is any immediate danger," said the youth. "But why don't the French bring in an army strong enough to take the offensive and drive the Bolsheviki back instead of sitting round like this doing nothing?"

"There is immediate danger," I replied. "This town will have to be given up."

"But that's impossible! We'd all be killed!"

"Yes, I suppose you would."

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Have you a uniform?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I advise you to climb into it and get out on the line where you belong. Why should you damn the French or anybody else while you sit round like this doing nothing?"

I think he considered this rather rude. He is dead now. I am quite sure he is. And his pretty wife is either dead with him or has been given up to the nameless terror that is reserved for such as she. The morning after the evacuation began I saw him for a fleeting moment and bade him good-by.

I told him to get his wife and hurry on board a ship as fast as he could.

"But I have no passport!" he exclaimed, and his face was white to the lips.

He had no passport, and like thousands of others of his class he had done nothing to establish a right for himself and his to be evacuated. He had not served in any way. And only those who had served could expect to be considered.

This is getting ahead of my story, but I cannot help it. I should tell it day by day, but that is hardly possible. Events telescoped events and the confusion was overwhelming.

To get back to the situation: In addition to the French forces there was the Russian volunteer army, but in all that vast territory, including the Crimea, this army was only about seven thousand strong, and in the vicinity of Odessa it did not number more than twelve hundred. It was a magnificent body of men, being made up largely of ex-officers and their faithful orderlies, but it was poorly equipped and meagerly rationed. Moreover, it was a broken-hearted army fighting in complete despair.

Then there were the Greeks. How the Greeks got in on this show I forgot then and have forgotten since to ask. Out of the former association of the Greeks and the French under Franchet d'Esperey at Saloniki perhaps. In any case they were there, two regiments of them, with two more to the northward holding a railroad and two battalions in the Crimea. I would not be so frank and detailed if it were not that long before this can see the light of day in the United States everything will be different and present facts will have become mere harmless history.

The Greeks were the only soldiers on the job who were anxious to fight. When the Bolsheviks took Kherson and Nikolaieff they revenged themselves on the Greeks for coming against them by slaughtering the entire Greek populations—men, women and children. Also they committed unnamable horrors on Greek wounded, mutilating them in unimaginable ways and leaving them to certain death in long-drawn-out agony. And because of these things the Greeks, who are intensely patriotic, were thirsting for Bolshevik blood. Then too the surrender of Odessa meant more to them than to anybody except the Russians, because there were twenty-six thousand compatriots of theirs living in the city and they had been warned that these would be massacred to the last babe in arms. It was a frightful outlook for them, and if they had been strong enough they would have launched an offensive and probably have given the enemy the surprise of his life. It is said that Greek troops are poor on the defensive but are superb in attack.

On the second day after my arrival I went with Colonel Yates to call on General d'Anselme, the commander of the Allied forces. He had asked to see me.

We found him in his sumptuous office pacing up and down the floor. His aide-de-camp was poring over a map spread out on the long council table and his chief of staff was standing at a window with his hands clasped tensely behind him, looking down into the street.

Such was the atmosphere that my nerves jumped and I came very near exclaiming: "What on earth has happened?"

The old general—a soldierly gentleman from the top of his gray head to the polished tips of his military boots—took my hand in both of his and said: "Madam, the situation is very grave."

"Yes, general," I replied. "I know it is."

"But you cannot know how grave. It is not the advancing Bolshevik Army that we need to fear. It is really true that we can hold the position we have at the Front indefinitely, but we cannot hold Odessa. There are more Bolsheviks in the city than outside and they are organized for revolt."

About that time they brought in a prisoner. He had been arrested under the window just beneath us with five bombs concealed about his person. He was after the general. They took him out—and shot him, I suppose. A mere incident!

This is a difficult story to write. General d'Anselme was receiving his orders from Constantinople and Paris, and his orders were to hold Odessa and the Crimea at all costs. All costs! What irony there was in that phrase as it sounded to us then. They had promised him troops and provisions. He was to have six fresh French battalions at once and another Greek division, but he had heard that the state of the French troops was such that their arrival would serve rather to embarrass the situation than to better it. And within the city there were some two hundred thousand idle and half-starved workmen completely under the influence of Bolshevik leaders, who were ready at any moment to call for an uprising that would probably result in the most horrible massacre in the history even of Bolshevism.

The average Bolshevik is not really keen about being Bolshevistic. Men don't really like murder and pillage, but they get caught in vast numbers in a wave that sweeps them off their feet. As a rule they make themselves hideously drunk to begin with, then they plunge on. That is the picture in outline. If the threatening wave could be arrested there might be time at least to evacuate the city. There might be time quietly to get all the people away who surely would be killed if they were found in the city after a revolt began.

In the meantime the American consul, Mr. W. R. Jenkins, had been telegraphing on his own account. It was his fourth flight from the Bolsheviks and he knew the signs. He had asked our admiral to put in appearance with some American ships. Mr. Jenkins had been gratuitously advising the French for some time to get rid of the excess population in Odessa. Within two years he had been evacuated from Petrograd, Moscow and Trebizond. He speaks Russian perfectly, can listen to the comments of the people and knows them sufficiently well to be able to gauge their sentiments. He was better prepared than any man in Odessa to meet what he knew was coming, and when it came he met it with a promptness and efficiency that made everybody thankful he was on the spot. He was hurried in his coolness, but his haste was quite different from the hysterical European variety, and I noticed especially that he took time to laugh at all the funny things.

Greek Troops Outside Odessa

It was impossible to understand why the French authorities had taken no measures to evacuate the threatened civilians. They had been in Odessa three months, and by degrees they might have decreased this particular burden of responsibility by a process that would have been hardly noticeable. But quite the contrary, they had erected impassable barriers against all movement out of the city. There were hundreds of Russians who wished to leave in time with their property and their families, but they could get no passports. It was the French regulation that each individual case had to be referred to Paris, and it is not difficult to imagine the amount of attention that would be paid in Paris to any Russian Monsieur So-and-So who wanted to get out from under French protection at Odessa. The fact is that practically nobody was permitted to go. The indisputable fact is that the population was hungry and they were dwelling with emphasis on the circumstance that their organization was some two hundred thousand strong. Catching a glimpse of them through an open door I observed that they were a villainous-looking crew and that they had taken possession of the general's handsome office without regard to any niceties of behavior. By that time the general had greatly strengthened the guard in the immediate vicinity and there were stalwart Russian volunteers and Algerian soldiers stationed everywhere—on street corners, at entrances here and there, in corridors and courts and all up and down the stairways of both the hotel and the headquarters building. The mobs in the streets became denser; the lobby and corridors of the hotel—and other hotels, no doubt—were packed with drawn-faced gesticulating men and with smiling calm-mannered women. It seemed to me that all the women smiled and wore their prettiest clothes.

Many of them looked tremendously aristocratic. There were sumptuous luncheons going forward in the dining room, with plenty of caviar and vodka and with champagne at five hundred rubles the bottle.

News From Paris

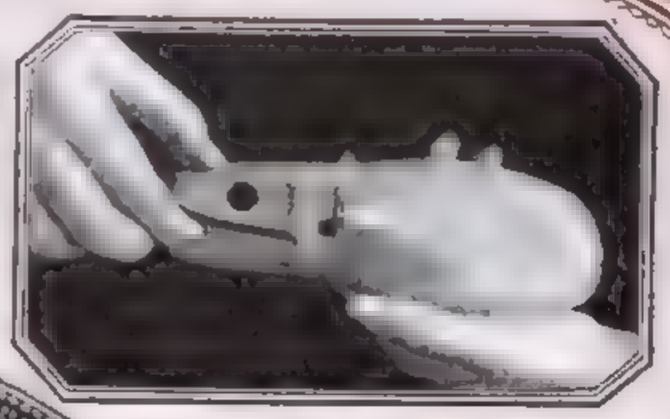
News came and was permitted to circulate that the French Chamber had refused to pass the estimates because of socialist opposition to this venture in South Russia, and that Clémenceau's government had fallen. Then we heard that following the refusal to pass the estimates Clémenceau had received an overwhelming vote of confidence. He had telegraphed that Odessa should be held, and of course Odessa would be held. Every kind of rumor was afloat and the people were intensely nervous. It is quite indescribable. As I walked out of the hotel entrance a motor car standing at the curb back-fired and a number of persons screamed. Then everybody laughed hysterically. It was awful even then, yet no announcement had been made except that all ships were to be held under military orders.

This was Wednesday. That afternoon Mr. Jenkins received word from Constantinople that Admiral Bristol was coming on the Nahma. We were thankful enough that he was on the way, but we wondered about the Nahma. She is nothing but a yacht. She belongs to the Goelet family and is rented to the United States for the duration of the war at the rate of a dollar a year. She is a perfect vessel for a midsummer's dream afloat, and very useful too as a naval auxiliary, but we fervently hoped she would be accompanied by a cruiser or two and a few destroyers.

Not that we could take part in any naval action. We are at war with the Bolsheviks in Siberia and North Russia and on general principles everywhere; but shells that rain upon the just and the unjust are not the kind of shells we fire if we can help it. It was only that we who were there were convinced that the presence of a few American ships would have a splendid effect on the morale of the crowd. The people would know that America had come for nothing

(Continued on Page 77)

The Brown Shaping Lasts provide proper toe space, correct heel seat, exact arch lift—upon nature's lines of grace and beauty.



BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FIRST AND LAST OF THE BROWN SHAPING LASTS

Why Growing Feet Need Special Care

There are twenty-six delicate bones and innumerable nerves, muscles and tendons in the growing foot—all in the process of gradual development—and upon which the whole body depends for support.

These pliable bones and tender muscles are easily twisted or forced out of position by shoes that cramp or pinch the feet. Unless the ***shoes*** are ***right,*** the ***feet*** will go ***wrong.***

The ***shoes*** cannot be right unless the ***lasts*** are scientifically designed to keep the growing bones and muscles in their proper positions—for the ***shoe*** gets its ***shape*** from the ***last.***

The Brown Shaping Lasts are scientifically designed to keep each bone and muscle in its proper place—to give freedom of action without pinching or binding—to develop the feet gracefully and naturally.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts—that provide for the changing shape of the feet from age to age—that prevent twisted toes, broken arches, weak ankles and other painful foot ailments.

Besides being the perfect shoe for health, Buster Brown Shoes are so carefully made, from such excellent leathers, that they outwear ordinary shoes.

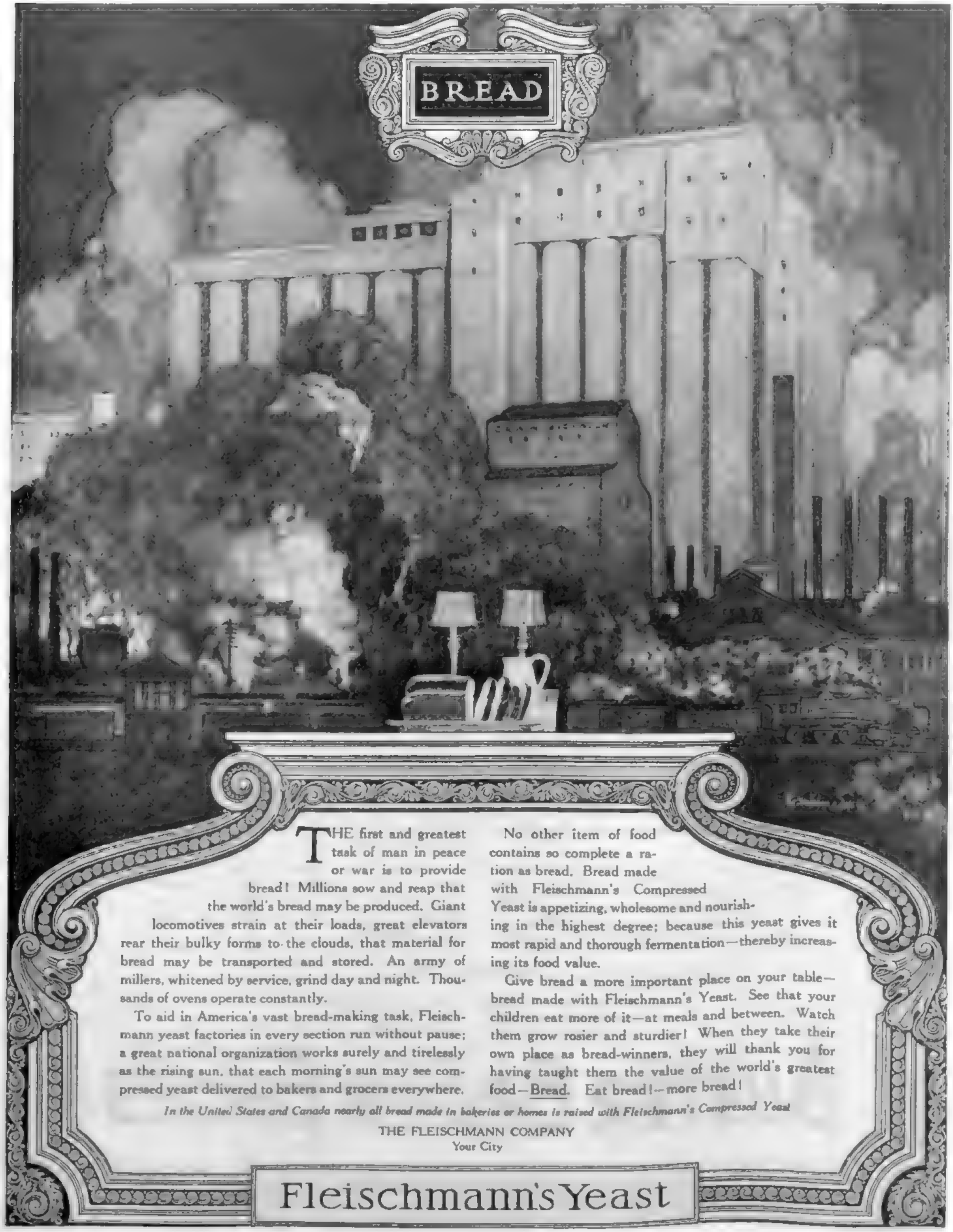
Good shoe stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $3, $4, $5 and up—according to size and style—in high or low cut—button, lace and blucher.

"Training the Growing Feet" is a book every parent should read. It tells in detail why growing feet need special care and how foot troubles can be prevented. It is free. Write for it.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16



THE first and greatest task of man in peace or war is to provide bread! Millions sow and reap that the world's bread may be produced. Giant locomotives strain at their loads, great elevators rear their bulky forms to the clouds, that material for bread may be transported and stored. An army of millers, whitened by service, grind day and night. Thousands of ovens operate constantly.

To aid in America's vast bread-making task, Fleischmann yeast factories in every section run without pause; a great national organization works surely and tirelessly as the rising sun, that each morning's sun may see compressed yeast delivered to bakers and grocers everywhere.

No other item of food contains so complete a ration as bread. Bread made with Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast is appetizing, wholesome and nourishing in the highest degree; because this yeast gives it most rapid and thorough fermentation—thereby increasing its food value.

Give bread a more important place on your table—bread made with Fleischmann's Yeast. See that your children eat more of it—at meals and between. Watch them grow rosier and sturdier! When they take their own place as bread-winners, they will thank you for having taught them the value of the world's greatest food—Bread. Eat bread!—more bread!

In the United States and Canada nearly all bread made in bakeries or homes is raised with Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Your City

Fleischmann's Yeast

(Continued from Page 74)

but a humanitarian purpose and our being there in sufficient force would serve to inspire some measure of confidence in the hearts of the terror-stricken and would perhaps cause the lawlessly inclined to hesitate. Moreover, when worse came to the worst all the ships we could possibly muster would be needed to help in the work of rescue.

At midnight Wednesday night Mr. Jenkins was informed that the city was to be evacuated. The Tiger in Paris had succumbed to the inevitable and had ordered the French to leave Odessa within three days. It was short notice, following too closely the order to hold Odessa at all costs. Our consul spent the next few hours getting in touch with all Americans and ordering them on board one of the troopships on which he had at once secured from the French authorities accommodation for his people.

He had only twenty-six Americans to take care of, including a military mission from the Peace Conference that had been sent out to study something or other and make reports about it. I never knew quite what this something or other was. There were fifteen members of it, all told. Its chief was a cheerful and energetic young colonel, and with him were a major medico, a naval radio operator, a couple of clerks and a handful of marines. They had requisitioned a mansion on the outskirts of the town and were living far away from the nerve-racking hubbub at the center of things. They had been there three weeks when I arrived; they had brought with them quantities of stores of all kinds; they had acquired an equipage and the necessary servants and were settling down for an indefinite period of concentration upon whatever problem they were appointed to solve. They had installed a radio outfit and were able to pick up the daily news items that were floating about, but the apparatus was not yet equipped for sending purposes.

As I say, I have no idea what they were interested in, but it certainly was not the immediate situation. Their colonel had gone off to Sebastopol on Monday and he said good-by to us at the captain's headquarters with an assurance that Odessa would hold until a certain well-known hot climate had turned into an arctic region.

"Well," said Colonel Yates, "I hope you're taking along everything you'll need for a while, because it's a pretty good guess that you'll never come back here."

Odessa Evacuated

"I'm glad I'm not so careless about my reputation for accurate diagnosis as you are," laughed the younger man.

No public announcement was made with regard to the evacuation, and as my consul had not considered it necessary to disturb me with the information in the middle of the night I was not aware on Thursday morning that the fatal day had arrived. I got the news as I was climbing into a big army motor car shortly after sunrise for a trip out to the Front. I noticed that the captain, who was going along with Colonel Yates and another colonel of the volunteer Russian army, was looking extraordinarily glum.

"What's the matter, captain?" I asked. "Losing some of your optimism?"

He had lost it all, and it was in a grumbling murmur that he said: "Jenkins came in at one o'clock this morning to tell me that the evacuation is to begin to-day and that all Americans are to go aboard the Imperator Nicholaieff this afternoon."

It was a helpful little notification with which to begin the day, but we saw no reason why we should not go on with our program. The thought occurred to me that we might meet the Bolsheviks coming in, but our American colonel predicted a thing more probable when he said we were likely to get back to the city in the afternoon and find hell let loose.

As we drove out through the poorer quarters of the city I saw for the first time the mobs round the bread stations; also the terrible little camps on the sidewalks and in open spaces here and there where shelterless and penniless refugees had established themselves. I had never seen anywhere en masse such awful specimens of humanity. The men were for the most part burly and brutal, while the women and children, barefoot and in rags, were dirty and degraded beyond words to describe.

When we got out on the open road we began to pass one company after another of fresh refugees making their way into Odessa. These were mostly all frightened peasants or bourgeois of the small towns, who were running before the advance of the Bolshevik army, and they were traveling in carts piled high with household goods and curious odds and ends of belongings. They had good horses and oxen and some of them were driving ahead of their outfits considerable herds and flocks. I wanted to shout to them that they were going in the wrong direction, but the truth was that they were hemmed in and that for them there was no way out.

I wish I could convey an idea of what the country is like. It is the kind of landscape in which one feels small and inconsequential, it is so vast and so sublime in its measureless wealth. It rolls away to the horizon on every side in boundless waves of positively arrogant magnificence. And with what broad strokes its colors are laid on! Long rolls of limitless plain striped with mile-wide bands of winter wheat gleaming green in the spring sunlight against bands of fresh-plowed soil as black as night, with brown stubble and soft pastures in thousands of acres spread out to the ends of nowhere! For thirty kilometers or more this country is bounded on the west by a great salt lake the farther shore of which rises in whitened cliffs to splendid and precipitous heights. It is wonderful.

And the curious thing is that for miles upon miles there is not a sign of human habitation, though the signs of human industry are so numerous. There were a good many men at work in the fields—if such reaches of unfenced space can be called fields—and some women who were following along endless furrows two-shared plows behind oxen and horses hitched together. Four animals to the plow as a rule; a curious kind of primitive farming on a limitless scale; and little hooded carts at the roadside, in which babies slept or at which spare horses munched hay and glanced up at us with mild curiosity as we went noisily by.

We wondered where on earth the people lived. We traveled twenty miles at least without passing a farmhouse or seeing even an indication of a village. I thought there must be a village smuggled away behind the rolls of the plain, but was assured by the Russian colonel that there were not. The peasants, he said, came from long distances away to cultivate the soil and spent weeks at their work with nothing but the sky for shelter. Though there seemed to be a great deal of planting in progress I noticed that tremendous areas of stubble lay untouched, and was told that not more than twenty per cent of the usual crop was being put in.

"And who are these people who are working the fields?" I asked. "Are they Bolsheviks?"

"Some of them probably are, but mostly they are creatures of habit going their usual ways. Fortunately there is always a certain percentage of the population that minds its own business and lets the world wag as it will."

We began to hear the occasional boom of big guns and to see clouds of white smoke floating up from the horizon to the northward. We passed small detachments of troops now and then and a convoy of artillery and munition wagons in charge of the finest-looking lot of soldiers I ever saw. Even in their common blouses they were unmistakable gentlemen. The Russian colonel laughed and said they were nearly all former officers and that if he were only young enough he would be with them in the ranks. We acknowledged their salutes and smiles and hurried on.

We went down into a cup of the hills, through a small filthy town, the chief features of which were human degradation and a huge vodka distillery that was puffing away at its business as though the Czar had never mentioned prohibition, and so on up a slope about five miles long and into field headquarters at its crest.

Field headquarters consisted of a flag on a short staff stuck in the ground and five or six officers lying flat on their stomachs round a map, with telephone receivers clasped to their ears. There were lines of thin black wire stretched along the ground and running off to the south and eastward, and a company of mounted Cossack messengers stood, with their superb shaggy horses, a short distance way. The land sloped gently downward for a space, then rose in a majestic sweep to the northward, and at the top of this sweep were companies of men busily engaged in digging trenches, while half a dozen big guns were being fixed in emplacements behind them. The little army had just fallen back and was taking up a new position. The sharp firing that we heard was doubtless the battle of the rear guard just over the rim wave of that mighty world.

The Evacuation of Odessa. People Hurrying to the Ships After Passing the Cordon of Troops at the Head of the Wharf

"Something doing here in about half an hour!" said Colonel Yates.

Then, boom! boom! The earth shook beneath my feet and I felt a strong inclination to turn and run as fast as I could back toward Odessa.

"But that's nothing," said one of the officers. "Only the Greeks blowing up the railroad."

The railroad paralleled the highway about half a mile distant and as soon as I got the operation located with my field glass I was rather pleased with it than otherwise. It was magnificently pyrotechnic. The destruction seemed an awful thing, but it was absolutely necessary. The Bolsheviks, they said, were many thousands strong and were provided with all kinds of fine German equipment, including armored trains. They were moving in a leisurely way, but moving inexorably, and the small body of Russians had no expectations of being able to do anything but continue to fall back—that is, unless they received reënforcements, and there was no possibility of that. The main body of Greeks was divided between the East Front and a railroad still farther west, which had to be held for the necessities of the inevitable retreat. There were about twelve hundred Russian volunteers on this line and they had eaten bread that day for the first time in forty-eight hours. Both officers and men were so weary that their faces were white and drawn and their feet lagged as they walked.

The World's White Hope

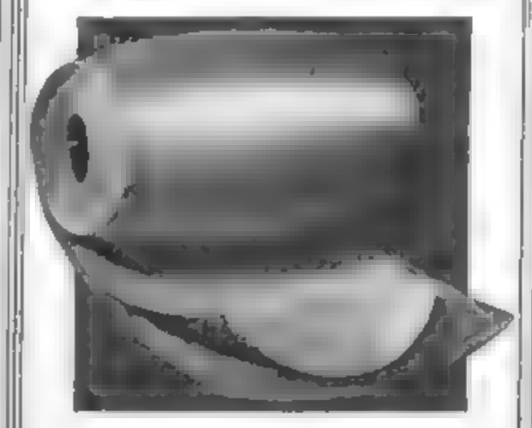
They declared that the whole Bolshevik military movement was inspired and organized by Germans and that the operations were directed by German officers. When the armistice went into effect the German army of occupation in the Ukraine turned over everything in its possession to the Bolsheviks and wished them godspeed in their fell purpose, the idea being so to disorganize the world that the Allies would be hopelessly embarrassed and would have to make a partner of Germany in the end in order to save civilization from complete destruction. Sounds reasonable.

And it is hardly to be expected that our brilliant German brothers, who are past masters of intrigue and organization, are doing nothing but sitting round and waiting for the will of the Entente to be imposed upon them.

If our Russian hosts on the wide-flung hopeless battlefield knew anything about the evacuation of Odessa they kept it to themselves. I was interested in them and got General d'Anselme later in the day to show me their line of retreat. They would move to the westward and join the forces out of Odessa on the way to the Dniester. Across the Dniester in Bessarabia were several divisions of Rumanians waiting to meet the Bolsheviks, and they would fight like men if soil they regarded as their own should be invaded

That was and is the supposition. The Rumanians, as yet but little influenced by Bolshevism, have come to be regarded as the world's white hope. And about now, at the eleventh hour, come inquiries from the Peace Conference with regard to what the Rumanian Army needs. The only possible conclusion is that the Peace Conference mislays its correspondence. It has been bombarded with information on this subject. The Rumanian Army needs everything from shoe soles to tin helmets, to say nothing of railway materials, locomotives, field equipment of all kinds and food. It seems to have been forgotten that the Germans cleaned Rumania out and that the little country has been isolated for two years.

Hell had not quite broken loose when we got back to Odessa, but the city was in a fearful panic. I was told by a wild-eyed man at whose table I had dined in comparative serenity only two evenings before that the governments of Lloyd George, Clémenceau and Wilson had all fallen and that the world was standing on its head. It is thus that local calamities reach out and attach themselves to great issues. It was the little bit about Wilson's Government that calmed my nerves, and I told the man that we had never developed any such interesting phenomenon as a tottering government, and would not so long as every four years came round steadily enough.



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The general sent for me again to say good-by and to tell me his intentions. And it was then that he showed me his plans of retreat and briefly discussed with me the possibilities. He hoped to be able to evacuate all the civil population that would be endangered, and thought there were ships in the harbor for about thirty thousand. He would evacuate all troops overland and would go out with them when he had done everything that could be done. He was the saddest man I ever saw, and it seemed to me he had aged perceptibly in twenty-four hours.

He had given orders that passports were to be issued to everyone without question who had any claim to be evacuated and had appointed officers to take over all ships and get the people aboard. In the meantime the Bolshevik leaders had taken possession of the city and a soviet government had been established. He served notice on them that unless they preserved order and permitted his troops and the civilians to depart unmolested he would bombard the city from the battleships in the harbor. They agreed to preserve order.

But it was not possible. Hour by hour the situation grew worse. Shootings and street robberies became so frequent that people ceased to notice them. Everybody was hurrying frantically about trying to arrange his own affairs. It was not long before the streets were filled with drunken men. If one saw a man lying prone in the street one could not be sure whether he was dead or only overcome with vodka. Looting began almost immediately, and was not all done by the Bolsheviks by any means.

Along some time Saturday the Bolsheviks began to sack the city, but it was an organized affair, carried out on systematic principles. Their method was to close certain streets to traffic while they went through them. Then they passed on to other streets, leaving the hapless weeping multitude behind them. The shops for the most part were looted by degrees and by men of various nationalities.

The Panic-Stricken City

Everybody who had anything to sell was rushing round looking for buyers, while foreign money—English, French, American or even Rumanian and Turkish—was at a premium beyond all imagining. On Thursday the American dollar was worth twenty rubles. But Saturday it was worth one hundred and twenty rubles. Jewel merchants with their pockets full of loose diamonds were doing a terrific business with fleeing Russians who were anxious to exchange fortunes in rubles for something they could get real money for outside of Russia.

Mr. Jenkins was using the power of his office to rescue hundreds whose status he was sure of but who had no claim on anything American except American humanity to man. He ordered me to go at once on board the Imperator Nicholaieff. But he weakened and gave me permission to stay on shore until ten o'clock that night. I promised to limit my observations to what seemed to be the safest areas. He was going to keep the American consulate open and stay on his job until the latter half of the last minute. And he did too.

I slept on the trooper with the rest of the refugees and stayed aboard next day April sixth, until my own flag put in an appearance, and Admiral Bristol, whom I have known for many years, came and found me and sent me out to the Nahma. He had come with nothing but the Nahma after all, and was anchored outside the breakwater where he had a full view of the harbor and the docks.

There was a mutiny on board the Imperator that morning, which was held in check largely by the presence of our American marines from the Peace Conference mission. The Bolsheviks were cornered one by one, searched and put off the ship, and after that the Americans mounted guard alongside the French sailors. I watched it all from the upper deck for a while, then went down to the dock and sat on a big gun in the sunlight. But I was not allowed to enjoy this point of vantage very long. They took my gun away from me and swung it, along with two others, up to the deck. There was a whisper going about that they would be needed. The crew of the lightship down at the base of the great mine field had turned Bolshevik and had brought the ship in. The French recaptured it, took the crew off—and shot them, I was told—manned it with French sailors and sent it back to its post of important duty. All the ships, overloaded with humanity, would have to make their way through that mine field.

Russian Volunteers Placing a Gun at the Front

The scene on the tremendous wharf was extraordinary. A cordon of troops was drawn across the top of it, but their only business was to see that people had papers, and they let them through by the hundreds with all kinds of unbelievable impedimenta. Men came carrying bedsteads and mirrors and cheap pictures and carpets and couches and even kitchen chairs, while one little cart after another came through loaded with motley household goods that was certainly not worth so much as it cost to haul it. And it would have to be abandoned anyhow. There would not be room on the ships for such things.

Everybody who owned a vehicle of any kind was making a fortune. Cabmen were charging five and eight hundred rubles to carry refugees with their baggage down to the dock. The poor who got away were not Russians. A majority of them were Greeks, and they walked.

Then came a terrible confusion on all sides. The Bolshevik authorities went to the general and warned him not to evacuate any Russians with property, saying if he did they would start a massacre.

"And I will help you by bombarding the city," the general replied.

They asked him if he would take off the ships all the Russians of means who had already gone aboard, and he said he would not. Then a strike was called on all the ships. It was not known before that the crews were in part Bolshevik, but it seems they were. A good many of them were put ashore, a sufficient number of Allied sailors were put in their places to preserve order, and all ships were moved out into the bay beyond the breakwater.

I stood on the deck of the Nahma most of the afternoon and watched the performance. Machine guns were rattling and rifles were popping all the time and we received signal messages every little while of fresh outrages and terrors. The first ship that got away was the Greek hospital ship carrying five hundred odd wounded and sick.

The evacuation went on far into the night. As soon as our admiral arrived he posted American sailors on the wharf from which the people were all being embarked, with instructions to see their duty and do it whatever it might happen to be. From my own observation it happened to be mostly carrying babies and comforting frightened and bewildered women. I wonder why American boys are so expert at that particular kind of job. I saw one earnest, square-chinned, blue-eyed mother's boy helping a hysterical Greek family with all its motley duffel into a rowboat, and I put my head down and fairly wept with love for him. There isn't any way to say how fine our boys are over here.

When the ships were moved out into the stream the admiral put all his small boats in commission to carry refugees from the shore, and I can testify that those youngsters of ours in middy blouses worked like veritable sailors from dawn until midnight. Arrangements were made for carrying three hundred and fifty on board the little Nahma, but the admiral decided to preserve this space for the pursued of the last hour, who might or might not have passports.

It was said that our boats and those from the British destroyers were the only small boats in the harbor that were not making fortunes. All others were charging unheard-of fares from the dock to the ships.

There is one story I like to remember. An American sailor rescued an old Jew from a mob of waterside ruffians who had fallen upon him, thrust him along with a lot of others into his own boat and rowed him a good half mile out to the Imperator. As he started to climb onto the gangway of the ship the old fellow took from his pocket a purse that was packed tight with money, opened it flat out in front of the boy and said: "Take what you want."

Behind the Veil

There was a small Russian note about the size of a postage stamp lying with some other change in one compartment of the purse. Its value was about a tenth of a cent and it caught the American's eye.

"Get out!" he said. "I don't want any of your money! But say, if it ain't worth too much I would like to have that funny little thing for a souvenir."

Much to his disgust the Jew fell upon his neck and kissed him.

When I asked the admiral why he did not bring more ships he said he had none to bring. He was in the Bosporous with nothing but the Nahma, the Scorpion and the Noma, all little yachts. The Scorpion was out of commission for the time being and the Noma was out in the Black Sea carrying food representatives to Armenia.

"But if I had had ships I wouldn't have brought them," he said. "The very day I sailed, after all your frantic telegrams had been repeated to me, I was assured that the military situation in Odessa was all that could be expected and that there was no immediate prospect of any change."

General d'Anselme had arranged for a French torpedo boat to pick me up on Sunday morning and take me to Galatz. That is about six hours down the coast of the Black Sea and eight hours up the Danube River, with the kind of speed a torpedo boat can make. It was a wonderful sunlit day and the trip was a memorable one. We were not more than three hours from Odessa when our wireless picked up a message which said that the city was being bombarded from the battleships.

"Then the massacre must have begun in earnest!" I exclaimed, remembering the general's promise.

I reached Bukharest the following day, to be told that there was a rumor that Odessa was about to be evacuated. They asked me if it was true. Which goes to show how fast and how free communications are these days. Since then Odessa has been withdrawn behind the veil of Bolshevist Russia and there is no news, except that a man who got away a day later than I says that when he left at least ten thousand had been murdered.

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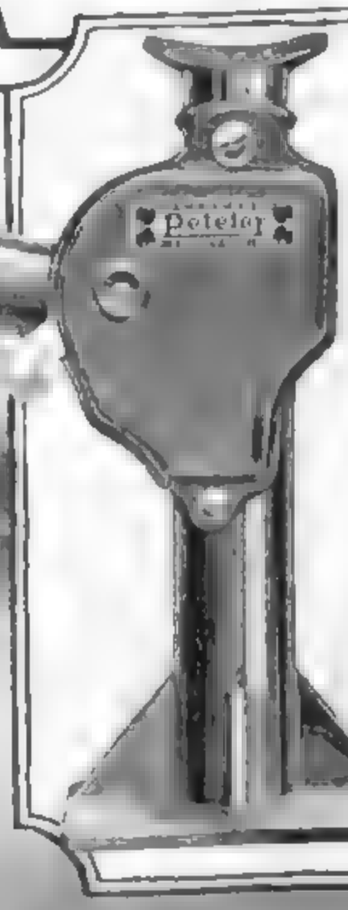

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31 x 4	29.95	34.30	39.50	4.50
32 x 4	30.55	36.00	46.85	4.80
33 x 4	31.95	37.75	48.05	4.80
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For Sale by all Dealers

Next time—BUY FISK

FISK TIRES

THE INVESTOR'S NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. Holeman became very thoughtful at this.

"It could be done!" he replied. "But I hate," he said—"I hate to do it in this way, for I hate to lose the safety which every skilled investor knows should come from the diversification of investment. For you may believe thoroughly and for every reason that a stock will go up in value, but unforeseen events—true acts of God which no man could anticipate—may, temporarily at least, intervene and produce exactly the opposite effects. Whereas if you diversify your investments and buy, say, ten shares apiece of four or five strong standard stocks you will be almost certain, under conditions such as exist to-day, not to lose. You have the great safety factor which comes from averages."

"So to be safe," said Mr. Adams, grasping his argument and smiling wistfully again, "you should have more of an investment than I can really afford."

"You had better reconsider," returned Mr. Holeman, "and let me carry at least part of your stock."

"No," said Mr. Adams positively. "Come, don't bother," he said. "Let us talk of something else." For he could see now what a trivial sum a few hundred dollars must be to a man of affairs—accustomed to dealing in great figures.

"No," said Mr. Holeman with equal positiveness. "No, I have it!" he said then suddenly. "I have it! You have Liberty Bonds, I assume," he said. "Perhaps several hundred dollars' worth?"

"Yes. Seven hundred and fifty dollars paid for," said Mr. Adams with some pride, "and two hundred and fifty dollars more which I am still paying on."

"They are as good as cash anywhere," stated Mr. Holeman.

"Better, I believe," Mr. Adams replied patriotically.

"Why not do this?" suggested Mr. Holeman. "Why not use them as collateral for your purchase? It would be merely a transfer of your bonds, for the time being, from your safe-deposit box to ours, to be held temporarily until your partial payments are complete, when you will have your bonds and your stocks and whatever profits you may have made all returned to you at the same time. I should think," said Mr. Holeman, "that would offer a perfectly feasible solution."

"Why, yes," returned Mr. Adams after a moment's hesitation, "I should think so. That is," he said, and laughed a slightly embarrassed laugh, "if you wish to burden yourself with the care of so small a sum."

"That is exactly what our plan is for," answered Mr. Holeman heartily. "The small investor."

So he indicated the stocks that he thought most wise to buy, and Mr. Adams signed the usual nominal contract for buying them.

In due time Mr. Adams had from Mr. Holeman the notice of the purchase of the securities for his account, forwarded his Liberty Bonds, and received back the formal receipts of Holeman & Barker for these and for the stocks which they held for him on their partial-payment plan. With these, as an entirely unsolicited evidence of good faith, were inclosed printed testimonials in the warmest style concerning the plan and the firm operating it from men and institutions of evident standing—many of these statements in fact being the same as were printed in the reliable journals in the advertisements which the firm so extensively used. And Mr. Adams could not but feel confidence in the wisdom of his new banker.

This confidence was naturally much increased when some weeks later he received from Mr. Holeman a personal letter congratulating him on his good fortune on the increase of value in his stocks, which was already considerable, and promised to be much more. The profit was in fact so great that Mr. Adams could scarcely credit it, and indeed wrote to Mr. Holeman questioning it.

"I fear," he wrote, "that you are doing what I so much objected to, and carrying me on your own credit for a portion at least of these stocks you hold in my name. I must again remind you that I cannot permit you to do this, even under the guise of a reward."

But to this Mr. Holeman returned his denial. The stock market, he explained, following the war was in a position never seen in the ordinary man's lifetime, with corresponding opportunities for profit which Mr. Adams, it seemed, was now securing. But matters were changing very rapidly, and whenever he felt that any turn in the situation was imminent he would at once inform his correspondent.

Mr. Adams was naturally elated, and also greatly impressed with the watchfulness and continued personal interest of Mr. Holeman in his behalf. He recalled with pleasure the evident conservatism of the man, the invaluable information he had given him, and his warning on the gins and pitfalls of finance for the unwary; and he could not but thank his stars for the fortunate adventure which had interested a man of such discernment and experience in his personal affairs, and had brought to his knowledge a method—absolutely safe—which combined saving with the possibility of such great gains.

He could not refrain indeed from relating his experience to some of his parishioners and others with whom he was most intimate; and though in no way urging or advising them to follow his example, yet he may have spoken quite warmly to persons with whom he was in conversation concerning Mr. Holeman and his carefully guarded scheme for saving.

"Seeing is believing," he would say more often, merely stating the profits which had come in his own case, and leaving the matter there.

And once or twice he did mention the fact that Mr. Holeman originated in that vicinity—once in particular to a lady whom he knew to have come from the New Yorker's boyhood home.

"Oh, I thought that family was all girls," she replied.

"No," said Mr. Adams. "He was the Reverend Mr. Holeman's son. I had it from his own lips."

It was immediately after that that Mr. Adams received advice from Mr. Holeman to take the gains he had made on his stock and invest them in other stocks which were about to rise.

"For we are, in my opinion," wrote Mr. Holeman, "on the eve of the greatest advance of the stock market that ever came, and it is in the new peace stocks, such as Sterling Agricultural and Chemical, which you will see quoted now at such a moderate price on the New York curb market, that such an advance must come."

Mr. Adams naturally took his advice, which had proved so successful in the past. And at Mr. Holeman's suggestion he added somewhat to his investment—going in fact to the limit of his financial powers.

"Guard it well for me," he wrote to Mr. Holeman. "It is my all."

He was impressed, in fact, and even excited by the prospect before him. For he seemed in the way of securing a considerable fortune, for him at least. And in one or two cases, where parishioners or others inquired of him, he did state exactly the course he had taken. For there were several now who had followed him into this new way of guaranteed saving which offered such additional opportunities for profit. And in one or two cases—probably never more—he did feel that he was in a position through his peculiar personal association to assist others with whom questions of investment came up.

In all this time there was no breath of suspicion or distrust—beyond perhaps one, the insistence of the lady, the former resident of Mr. Holeman's childhood home, that his father's family were all girls.

"I shall ask him the next time I write him," said Mr. Adams, smiling at her—"just to satisfy you."

But that very next day he received his first disappointing letter from Mr. Holeman.

"There has been," said this letter, "as you have seen, a distinct setback in the stock market, and particularly in your principal stock, the Sterling Agricultural and Chemical. It will soon blow over, in my opinion. But I would advise you for safety's sake, if you have other collateral available, to forward this here to protect your account."

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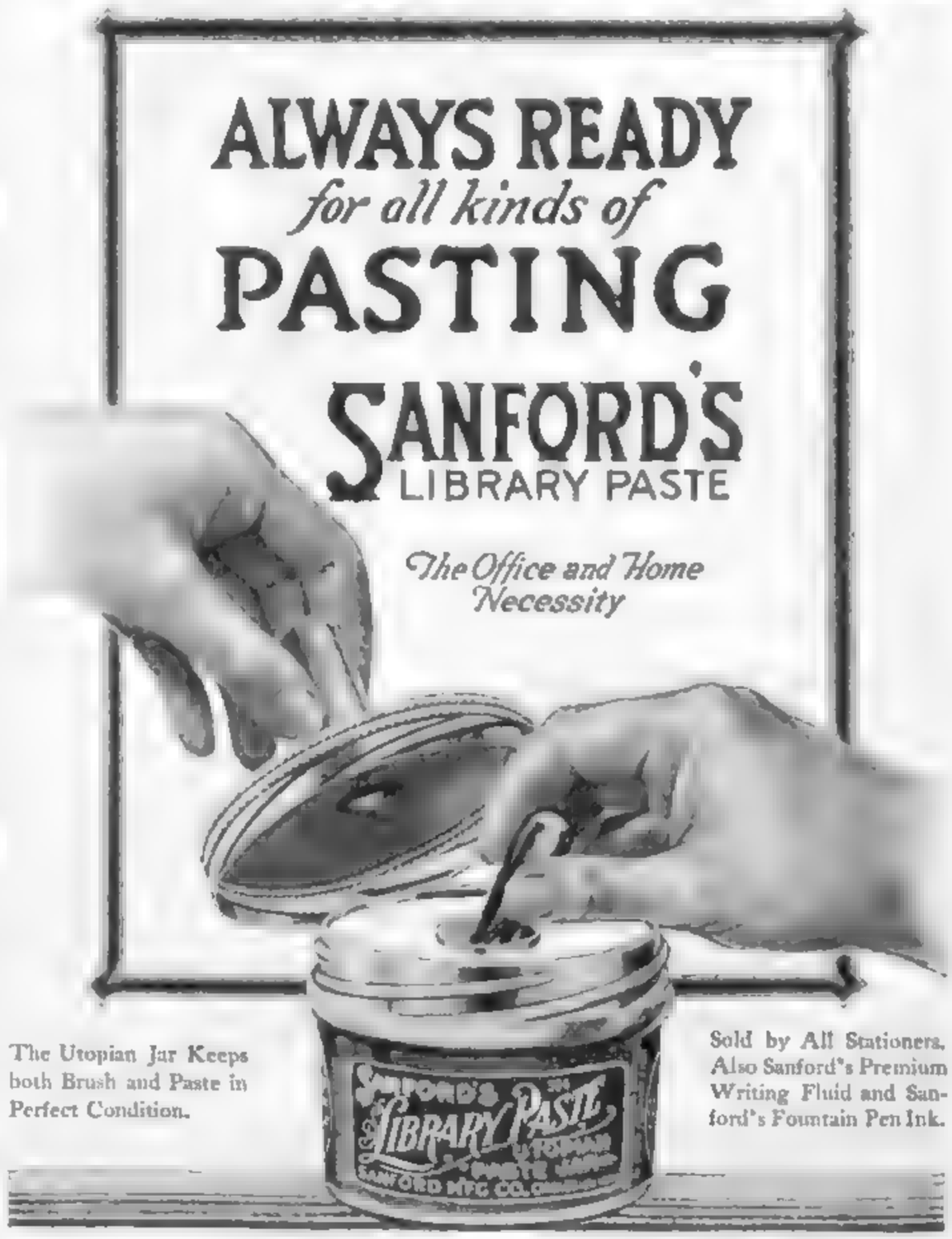

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This letter was very puzzling as well as depressing to Mr. Adams. He had observed indeed that the stock market was weak, and that his particular stock on that particular day before had fallen in price a dollar a share upon the curb market, or somewhat more than ten per cent of its previous price. This was disquieting of course—very—but he knew Mr. Holeman's perfect assurance that it would soon rise; and besides he had, of course, the guaranty of Mr. Holeman's firm that in any case his stock would be held for him until the rise came.

For this reason he could not understand the letter at all. It puzzled and disconcerted him, and he fully intended writing at once asking for an explanation. For in any case he had no more collateral to put up. Mr. Holeman had it all, and should have known so. He was still considering the framing of this letter, when on that afternoon the doorbell rang, and going to the door himself he found upon his doorstep a neatly dressed man with an alert manner. "Are you the Reverend Mr. Adams?" he inquired.

"I am."

"May I come in?" asked the hard-faced stranger and did so without waiting for an answer.

Mr. Adams protested mildly, demanding first to know the stranger's business, thinking in fact he might be an agent of some kind.

"Come! None of that!" said the stranger, and he displayed a badge of office showing him to be an officer of the United States.

"In the secret service," said the newcomer. "My name is Fansmith." And he seated himself, Mr. Adams sitting opposite.

"Now then," said Mr. Fansmith, giving him a hard stare, "what about this?

"What about this Holeman & Barker deal?"

"This what?" exclaimed Mr. Adams, now stunned and astonished almost beyond speech.

"You're the Reverend Adams, aren't you?" demanded this Mr. Fansmith in an extremely rough voice. "And you're in with this outfit on Broad Street?"

"In with? Outfit?" repeated Mr. Adams blankly.

"Come on now," said the detective still more harshly. "None of that! Come through now! You will if you know what's good for you."

His meaning was not clear to Mr. Adams, but his manner was perilously near to being abusive.

"I object," said Mr. Adams, his color rising. "What is this?"

"You are the Reverend Mr. Adams, aren't you?" repeated the intruder. "You're the stool pigeon, aren't you, that they used to get this neck of the woods into this partial-payment fake of theirs?"

And with that naturally the color dropped from Mr. Adams' face and the life from his voice.

"Stool pigeon!" he repeated, understanding only partly, but turned cold by what he did.

"Do you deny it?" said the detective, now clearly determined to stare him down. "Do you? If you do I'll prove it to you—quick and early!"

"I deny," said Mr. Adams—and hesitated, not knowing just what he was called on for denial.

"You do, hey!" said the other in a sharp, hard, incisive voice. "You do? Well, I know better. You're in with a bad bunch. And you're wrong yourself. You're wrong yourself on the face of it."

"Wrong!" repeated Mr. Adams.

"That's what I said! So much so, it may land you in jail before you are through!"

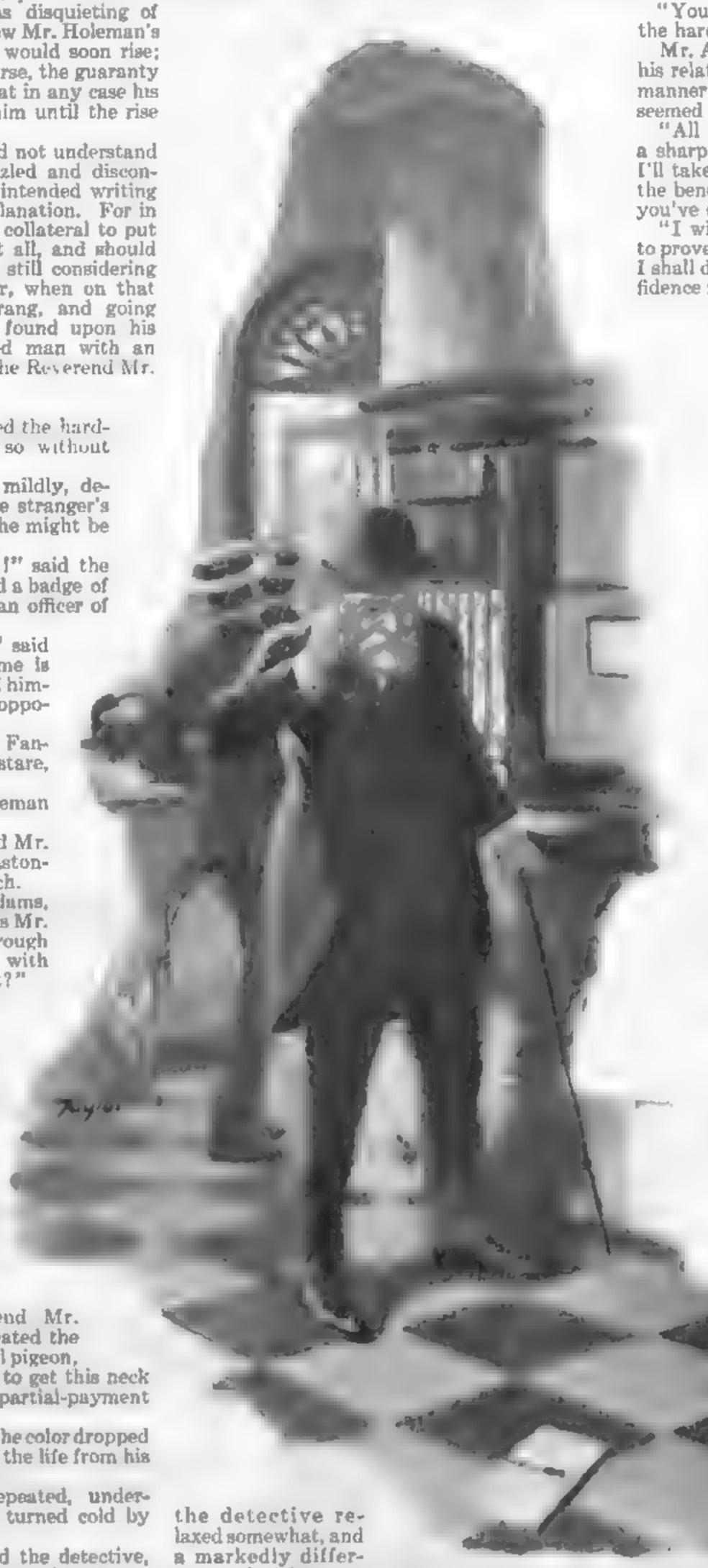
"This," said Mr. Adams, now recovering his voice, "is some terrible mistake. You are terribly mistaken in your man."

"I am, hey?" snapped the other sharply. "You show me!"

"I have nothing whatever to conceal," protested Mr. Adams anxiously. "I do not know what it is you wish. But ask me—whatever you desire. I have absolutely nothing to conceal."

"All right, then," said the detective, still harshly. "How did you get in with this man Holeman in the first place?"

Mr. Adams then related frankly and in detail his first meeting with Mr. Holeman, and the accident of the stock certificate on the floor. At this he noted that the face of



He Was Surprised to See Before Him on the Floor What Seemed to be a Paper of Value

the detective relaxed somewhat, and a markedly different and softer expression came into his eyes. But only for the moment. The hardness reappeared.

"Whoa!" he cried abruptly while Mr. Adams was still speaking. "Now I'll tell you what happened—from that on."

He did so, detailing with startling precision everything, all the transactions that had passed between Mr. Holeman and Mr. Adams through the mail—the Liberty Bonds, the profits, and now even the sudden threatened loss of the past few days. The exactness of his information turned Mr. Adams cold, for now he could not but believe that this might prove his charges concerning Mr. Holeman to be trustworthy.

"Do I understand you charge Mr. Holeman with being a swindler?" he inquired.

"You certainly do!" returned the other, flaring up disagreeably again. "And more than that, that you were in helping him." And again he stared that hard hostile stare.

Mr. Adams did not answer him, his voice failing him temporarily.

"And you a minister of the Gospel!" exclaimed the detective scornfully.

At this Mr. Adams roused himself again. "This is all a terrible misapprehension," he said. "I am guilty of nothing whatever."

"You've got to show me," reiterated the hard-voiced secret-service man.

Mr. Adams then gave more details of his relations to Mr. Holeman, in such a manner that finally to an extent he seemed to be convincing to his visitor.

"All right," the latter said then, in a sharp, businesslike tone. "All right. I'll take your word for it. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt—for now! But you've certainly got to make good."

"I will do anything—say anything, to prove it. Anything you demand. And I shall do so!" said Mr. Adams, his confidence returning with the slight change and relaxation in his visitor's manner toward him.

"But first tell me," said Mr. Adams, for he could wait no longer, "what has happened here?"

"Nothing," said the detective in a cynical voice; "only one more of these partial-payment things blowing. That's all the style—that's the way they're trimming them this spring!"

It occurred to Mr. Adams incidentally as peculiar—the symbolism used in speaking of securities in terms of styles and trimming. But he persisted, keeping to his major theme.

"I had understood," he said, "that this was an excellent device—carried out by many excellent firms."

"They all are in the beginning. There are good ones in it now. But since the war the fakers have come in on it thick as cooties on a German spy," said Mr. Fansmith, who appeared to express himself in somewhat violent similes when he was in a more easy and conversational mood.

"How?" inquired Mr. Adams faintly. "How do these operate?"

"By advertising first—'come-on stuff' in the newspapers. All in the advertising columns as bankers!" said the detective.

"Bankers!" cried Mr. Adams, echoing the words. "Do you mean to say that there are newspapers that will take advertising that is demonstrably false?"

"Will they take it? Will mice eat cheese?" inquired the detective in a new and cynical simile.

"And then what?" continued the Reverend Mr. Adams a little more faintly.

"And then they send out and see them personally, by salesmen. And sometimes when they can they get in a leader of the 'come-on.'"

"A leader," repeated Mr. Adams, "of the 'come-ons'!"

"A teaser for the geese," replied the detective. And Mr. Adams allowed him to go on, hoping later to catch the exact meaning of his metaphors.

"A teaser for the geese," repeated Mr. Fansmith, the detective. "And they put him in good stock perhaps, and show him a paper profit. Then he starts and leads the rest of them in—the other geese."

"He does?" said Mr. Adams, now almost in a whisper.

"And then, when they're all aboard," said the detective—again changing his simile—"he switches them."

"Switches?" Mr. Adams managed to inquire concerning this figure, taken evidently from the railroad.

"Into curb stocks. And then, of course, naturally he cleans them."

"Cleans them?" inquired Mr. Adams in a whisper, now evidently not audible to Mr. Fansmith.

"For they run these things up and down there—naturally—these crooks and their curb stocks—like an elevator. So they take the suckers' lines and build them up and spread them out—thin. And all of a sudden—down comes the elevator. Bing!—they're gone!" said the detective to Mr. Adams, evidently now hurrying to close his explanation. "And there you are. See?"

"In a way—yes," said Mr. Adams, without spirit enough to ask for further translations; seeing in fact the one point of desperate import to himself. "You mean—you mean they lose their all? They are ruined?"

"What would I mean?" inquired the detective, his manner clearly hardening again.

"But their guaranty!" objected Mr. Adams with desperate persistence. "Their guaranty that they would hold these stocks for you."

"Guaranty—sure! For five hundred dollars down they'd guarantee the national debt of Russia!" said Mr. Fansmith caustically. "Why wouldn't they? What have they got to guarantee with those handmade craftsman's stock of theirs?"

"In some cases at least," persisted Mr. Adams still, "they must have at least some well-known standard stocks."

"Do they?" demanded Mr. Fansmith curtly. "Did you ever see one? Did you ever have a delivery?"

"No," said Mr. Adams dubiously.

"I guess you didn't," returned the other. "Not a dollar. Not a cent. Nothing. Nothing there. Every dollar of it's written on the cuff."

"Written on the cuff!" Mr. Adams repeated blindly after him, but went no further. He could see clearly now that his visitor was growing momentarily more impatient and intolerant of questioning.

"What time's your next train get out of here for New York?" asked Mr. Fansmith abruptly.

Mr. Adams told him.

"I thought so," replied the other. "Now then, if you're going to help me—and clear yourself—we've got to get busy."

He began at once to indicate the letters—the trap they were to lay for Mr. Holeman—for misstatements through the mail. There was barely time to do this if Mr. Fansmith was to catch his train for the metropolis.

"Remember now," he said, "this is up to you—to do just what I tell you. No more—no less. You've got to prove to me yet, remember, that you are on the level. And if you trim me—well, never mind!" he said, rolling up his eyes with unpleasant significance.

"And don't get wise either," he continued further, now putting on his hat and starting for the door, "and butt in and think you can pull down something for yourself on this. For remember this: If you stick to me you may get a dollar or two back yet. But you get funny and break in, and you haven't got a Chinaman's chance. Once you scare off this bird your net assets will be a hole in the wall and a lot of curb stock orders written on the cuff. Understand?" he exclaimed, standing at the door preparatory to leaving.

Mr. Adams' throat was almost too dry for answering.

"See you do," said the United States official sternly, and closed the door after him.

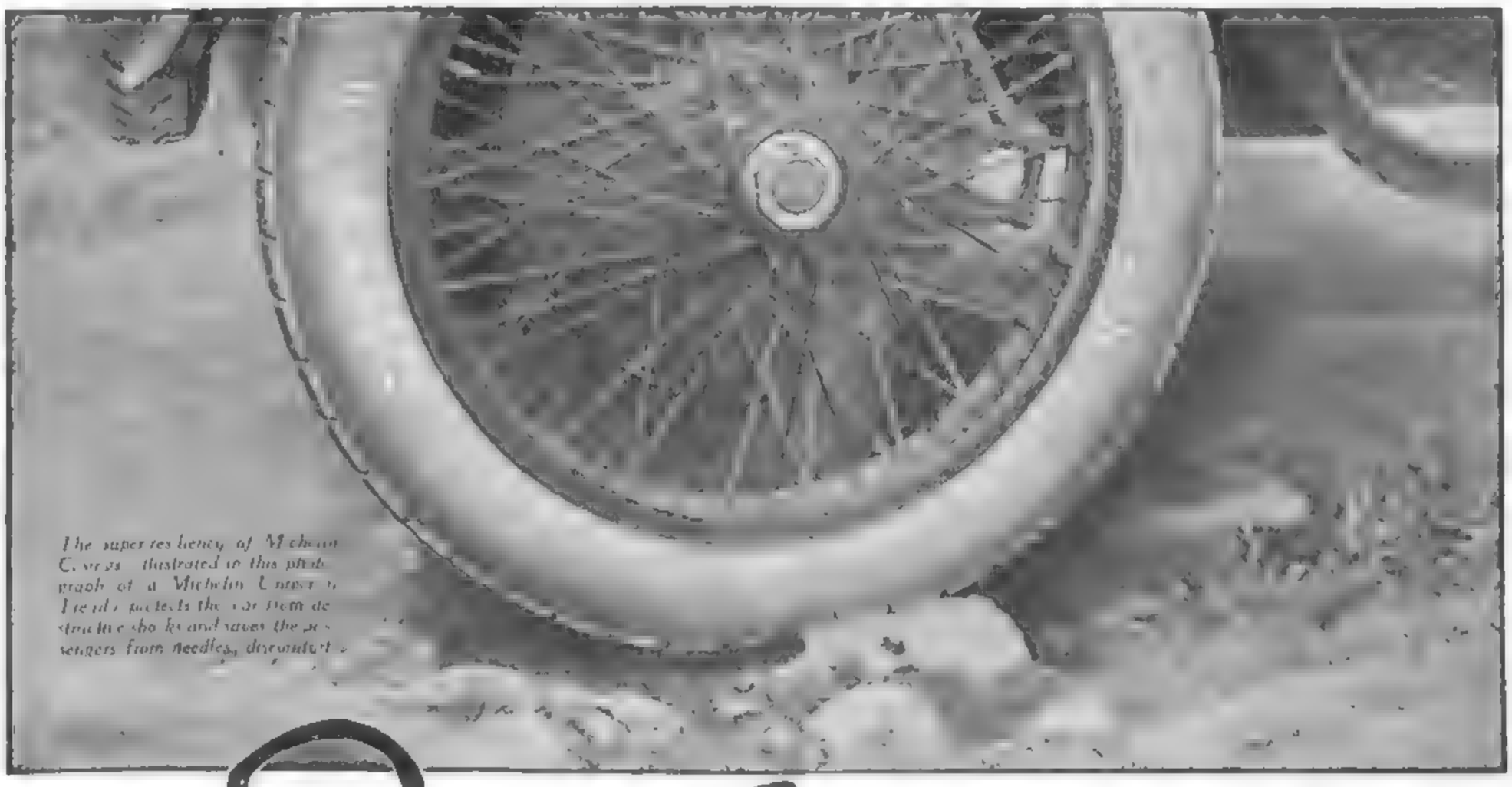
Gazing from his window Mr. Adams saw him disappear rapidly in the direction of his New York train. Mr. Adams then suddenly sat down—in a daze. Occasionally he reached out his hand and grasped the papers of instruction which his visitor had left, to reassure himself of what he had just heard and seen.

It seemed incredible, impossible like a dream. But yesterday Mr. Holeman had been his great friend, his trusted adviser; now, in the twinkling of an eye, Mr. Adams had turned about and at the instance of the United States Government was pursuing him with all his might to prevent his own personal and financial ruin.

At once and during that following week Mr. Adams forwarded to Mr. Holeman the letters—transcribed in his own handwriting—which Mr. Fansmith, the detective, had left for him to send. And when an answer was received he would forward it immediately by the night mail to Mr. Fansmith,

(Continued on Page 84)

MICHELIN



The super-resiliency of Michelin Universals illustrated in this photograph of a Michelin Universal. Tread protects the car from destructive shocks and saves the passengers from needless, dangerous

Resiliency

The primary purpose of pneumatic tires is to absorb the shocks which every unevenness in the road otherwise imparts to the car. It is therefore important for you to know that tests prove Michelin Universals to be unsurpassed for resiliency.

This super-resiliency adds to the life of the car and to the comfort of motoring. It also prolongs the life of tires, for there is less strain on both tread and body of tires, if like Michelins they absorb obstacles instead of lifting the car and passengers over road-obstructions.

As a test try Michelins on the rear wheels of your car and be convinced of their superior resiliency and economy.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited, 782 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal
Dealers in all parts of the world

Michelin Universal, perfectly round before passing over stone

Michelin Universal, absorbing shock in passing over the stone.

Michelin Universal, again perfectly round after passing over stone.

Many tires are resilient when under-inflated, but under-inflation is ruinous. Michelin Casings on the other hand, are super-resilient even when inflated to the correct pressure to assure the longest tire life, as is shown by these photographs taken of the same tire inflated to the same pressure in all three cases. An enlargement of the central photograph is reproduced at the top of this page.

(Continued from Page 82)

who would then at once return the proper answer. And Mr. Adams could now see that Mr. Holeman's correspondence was full of most disturbing evasions and equivocations.

It soon seemed to Mr. Adams that this whole method was intolerably slow and clumsy. For the situation in which he now found himself was becoming almost if not quite unbearable. The matter, in fact, prayed on his mind night and day. It was not his own financial affairs—though these would be reduced to ruin if nothing could be done—which caused him his chief alarm, but the affairs of others, which in case disaster came might be felt to have been ruined, if not exactly by his advice at least by his example. He could not rest for this reflection either night or day; his appetite forsook him, and finally finding the matter still dragging and seeing that his very health was breaking down he decided on a sudden resolve—to go himself to New York and spy out the land, and see with his own eyes whether there was anything that could be done to extricate himself. It would at least give him a first-hand judgment of the situation.

He recalled of course the detective's warnings. Yet he was still his own free agent and he felt upon consideration that he could certainly be trusted at least to view the situation without jeopardizing either his own chances or those of the Government. So packing his valise he took the morning train for the metropolis and found himself in the office of Mr. Holeman shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon.

Looking about he discovered this to be a room of large dimensions, divided roughly into two parts. In one a multitude of stenographers were busy with their work and the clack of their instruments filled the air. In the other two long blackboards covered one side of the wall—touched here and there with the color of irregularly placed green patches, bearing figures, which were being changed now and again in a leisurely manner by a boy.

In front of these, underneath the blue cloud from their cigars, a company of men—evidently the patrons of the place—slouched in a long row of chairs.

Mr. Adams noted that they were of a far different type from that he had formerly pictured to himself as in this great financial district of New York. For though an occasional one was well, and perhaps strikingly, dressed the great majority seemed rather dingy and careless in their apparel. One of these—a young man in a soft collar and languid clothes, who constantly smoked cigarettes—had risen and started into conversation with him, when a messenger from the other part of the establishment came to where Mr. Adams was standing and informed him that Mr. Holeman was now in and would see him.

Once in the office of Mr. Holeman, Mr. Adams could detect a decided change from his former manner. He was still the affable well-dressed man of the first meeting—his gestures as courteous and his clothes as precisely creased—yet he was very clearly in a much less friendly and more distant mood—as a result, no doubt, of the letters which Mr. Adams had recently written him.

Sensing this Mr. Adams proceeded at once to the point, and put in operation the plan which had occurred to him on the train coming down. He asked him point-blank for the refunding of the money he had invested with him—or of the stock that he had purchased with it.

As he had feared, Mr. Holeman refused any satisfaction. Not only that, he soon himself became peremptory.

"I was just writing you, as a matter of fact," he returned, "that if you did not send us more collateral at once we would be compelled to close out your account."

"And your guaranty," asked Mr. Adams, "to hold my stock as long as my payments were paid up—what of that?"

"You can read it if you like!" said Mr. Holeman coldly. "There is no house—no reputable house—that can afford to write any guaranty that it will protect falling stocks indefinitely."

"But you did!" charged Mr. Adams.

"I did nothing of the kind," said Mr. Holeman—"as you will see if you read again the contract you signed." He pushed a specimen contract of the same kind over toward him.

Mr. Adams at this evidence of effrontery naturally became angry and lost to a certain extent his self-control. But standing up from where he sat, he spoke to Mr. Holeman with firmness and determination:

"I am through," he said directly, "with temporizing with you. I happen to know some things about you and your business; and I demand now and at once a complete restitution of the funds which not only I but my friends have placed in your hands for your ostensible investment. I demand this at once, and I would advise you to stop equivocation and make immediate payment, for I am in a position," he said, looking at him steadily, "to make you a great deal of trouble."

And then—though in every way guarding the information as to who was following the man and what was the exact scheme—he showed him clearly that he must make restitution at once or come in conflict at a very early date with the power of the law.

He could see, as he proceeded, that his words were making a deep impression upon Mr. Holeman, and at the end he observed an almost complete return on the latter's part to the manners of their first meeting.

"That is my ultimatum," said Mr. Adams finally.

He could see now that Mr. Holeman was much more deferential.

"You've got me," he said finally, "I believe. I guess I must pay you your accounts. But I wouldn't have thought it possible. It is you who should have come down here into Broad Street, and not I."

"That is neither here nor there," said Mr. Adams in a crisp, businesslike voice. "Will you or will you not make the restitution I demand?"

"I will do this," responded Mr. Holeman, "and I can do no more: I will take it up with my directors at a special meeting called this evening, and let you know to-morrow morning."

"I shall be back," said Mr. Adams in a clear loud voice, now opening the door, "to-morrow morning."

And he started from the office. As Mr. Adams did this and was going down in the elevator he was accosted by someone behind him, and looking about he recognized one of the dingy men he had seen before the blackboard—the youth with the soft collar and the clothes that looked as if he had been lying down in them for a nap.

"What was he trying to do to you—when you came out of there?" the latter inquired of him as they stepped into the downstairs corridor. "Did I hear him tell you you couldn't come back to-morrow? What's he done—cleaned you out, huh, and started to throw you out?

"Because if he has," he observed when Mr. Adams returned no immediate answer, "do as I do. Go right back there and sit down! He don't pull any of that stuff on me," he said boastingly. "I've got too much on him. I know his game too well!"

"What is his game?" inquired Mr. Adams, catching now the possibility of adding to his information.

"Look here, chief," said the young man, changing the subject abruptly, "could you do this for me? Could you stake me to one iron man overnight?"

"One iron man?" repeated Mr. Adams slowly.

"That's all," the other answered him. "Just a dollar overnight."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Adams quickly, seizing his opportunity. "On one condition: that you explain this so-called game to me—and some of the terms used in it."

"Sure," said the young man, and at once prepared to do so, the two seeking a corner of the corridor for their conversation.

"I want you to tell me," requested Mr. Adams after some hesitation as to where to begin, "how these people go about it to secure customers from out of town—from, let us say, the smaller cities and the semi-rural districts."

"In the first place," said the young man with the soft collar promptly, "the first thing they do in all these things is to advertise."

"In reputable papers?"

"In any kind. Plenty of them will fall for it," explained the youth with the languid clothes, going on. "And the answers they get back are prospects for their suckers. Then they write or send out a personal-service man to get in these prospects—these suckers."

"I see," said Mr. Adams reflectively.

"Sometimes if they're real good—these salesmen like this fellow that calls himself Holeman now—they'll go out into the birches and pick their suckers up on some slick game or other they get up themselves.

"Did you say anything?" he stopped to ask—for at this Mr. Adams had given a sudden exclamation.

"No," said Mr. Adams. "Go on, please."

"And they always try and get a leader if they can—a leader of the 'come-ons,' that for some reason the rest will follow in."

"The 'come-ons'?"

"The customers—you might say," said the young man, eying him curiously.

"And then?" asked Mr. Adams in a much diminished voice.

"Then when they're all in they show them a paper profit—for a minute. Then they build up their lines one by one."

"Build up?" Mr. Adams once checked him to inquire.

"I mean they make them take on all the stock they can make them buy, so they can spread them out thinner and thinner."

"Spread them?" Mr. Adams once again interrupted him.

"On their margins—thinner and thinner, till one day when their stocks go down they can wipe them out."

"But he said," said Mr. Adams impulsively, "he claims ——"

"Who claims?" inquired the other.

"This Mr. Holeman claimed," went on Mr. Adams, "that it is not a margin business—this partial-payment plan. That the firm always stands ready to hold your stocks at their expense."

"Did you ever read that contract that you signed?" inquired the young man in the soft collar.

"Only casually," said Mr. Adams.

"No. I guess you didn't," said the other laconically. "But then," he went on, "no doubt they'd do it—when it was safe—in conversation. They'd guarantee anything once—by word of mouth. Guarantee—to hold them! Hold them is good!" he said, and laughed the thin, mirthless laugh of the old confirmed cigarette smoker. "Nine times out of ten they never owned them in their life. Unless they made them up themselves.

"They're all written—nine-tenths of all their orders are written on their cuff."

"Now, what is that?" returned Mr. Adams with such quickness that the other stared. "What is the precise meaning of that term?"

"Written on their cuff? Behind the clock! Outside the rail!" said the other, repeating evidently several synonyms—with a quite obvious purpose of perplexing Mr. Adams. "In other words, they bucket their orders—which you probably know," he said, finally straightening up from where he had been lounging against the marble corner, "is against the law!

"And now then, that comes back again," he said, straightening his languid coat collar out, evidently preparing for departure, "to what I started to tell you in the first place. He's bucketing, this Holeman—taking a chance against the law. And if they ever get him right on that—good night!" he said, and rolled up his eyes.

"Now I don't know anything about you or what your business is," he continued, "but if he's cleaned you the way he did me and starts to shut you out of the place you do as I do: walk right in and sit down. He won't touch you any more than he does me. For he knows—and he knows I know—he's bucketing! And when he starts anything all you've got to do is to sit right there and look him in the eye and say to him:

"'Aw, go on—you! Write it on your cuff!'"

Mr. Adams made no answer, but stood entirely silent.

"And now," said the young man with the languid clothes, again jerking up his coat collar, "I'll trouble you for the price."

"The price?" repeated Mr. Adams, starting, for he was still reflecting and fixing his new-found knowledge—the terms of the curb market—in his memory.

"The dollar," explained his new friend more definitely.

So Mr. Adams handed it to him and he went along, still smoking. Mr. Adams then went on himself, looking for some modest hotel—for the funds he had brought with him were limited. He finally selected one in a somewhat dingy side street, where between the noise and his reflections on his situation he passed a sleepless and apprehensive night.

He was up and dressed again at an unseasonable hour—when the city in fact seemed quieter than at any time through the night. He had breakfasted lightly at a chair restaurant and had had time to walk about and observe the Battery and the bay and the Statue of Liberty in the distance, before it finally came time for the opening of Broad Street and Mr. Holeman's offices for the business of another day.

Mr. Adams had arrived at the office building and was just about stepping upon the elevator to go into the rooms of Holeman & Barker when suddenly he felt a heavy hand fall upon his shoulder, and a heavy voice, which he recognized with a start, accosting him roughly from the rear.

"What's this all about? What's this?" inquired Mr. Fansmith, the detective, whom he had recognized before seeing him. "So you thought you'd come butting in, huh? And see what you could do on your own account?" And drawing Mr. Adams back he compelled him to inform him just what he had done—to the last detail.

"So that's it?" he said harshly with something perilously near an oath. "Clean work!"

He then gave what was evidently a signal, and another grim-faced man joined him in the back of the corridor, where they two were now standing.

"You want to know why he didn't come yet this morning? I'll tell you why!" he informed the other. "This!" he said, now indicating Mr. Adams. "This! This has been in—and kicked it all over!"

And the other joined him in his low-voiced cursing.

"Well," Mr. Fansmith continued, "we might as well go up anyhow and take a look. And you," he said to Mr. Adams, whom he had compelled to stand close beside him, "you'll come with us!"

With cold hands and a heavy heart Mr. Adams accompanied them up in the elevator.

"You'll stay here," said Mr. Fansmith to his companion, "and hold him." And Mr. Adams perceived with a sense of dull terror that he was now practically under arrest.

The two then stood there in the corridor for what seemed an interminable time, neither speaking, until Mr. Fansmith finally reappeared, uttering but one word.

"Blown!" said Mr. Fansmith.

And the other cursed again. "Just when we had our fingers on him!" he exclaimed.

Then the two talked together for some time. "We might as well," said Mr. Fansmith finally, "take charge now as later. They all know it there inside. He's blown now—for good. He'd have to—wouldn't he—after this," he said, indicating Mr. Adams again by that contemptuous expression, "came in and tipped him off? He's blown naturally—and taken everything with him!"

At these words Mr. Adams could not refrain from speaking.

"Gone!" he cried. "Taken everything!"

Mr. Fansmith turned again with deep distaste in his direction. "Gone—yes!" he said harshly.

"But is there nothing left? No equity whatever—in anything? In any stocks?" cried Mr. Adams desperately.

"No," said Mr. Fansmith in a loud and angry voice. "No! How many times must I tell you? There never were any stocks in the first place—except what he manufactured on the place. Didn't I tell you," he said louder and louder, "that every dollar went into his pocket? Haven't I told you now, a hundred times more or less, he never bought a stock; that every order that he took was written on his cuff?"

At the sound of that detestable but now understandable expression Mr. Adams again turned cold and speechless. And that only to become colder and more speechless still. For now he had impressed upon him a new and still more distressing aspect of the case.

"Yes," said Mr. Fansmith, addressing him with a tone of deep disgust; "and if it hadn't been for you we'd have had him right to-day. And we'd have had a chance to get you some of your money back. If you," he said, "had not jumped in and tipped him off."

It seemed to Mr. Adams that he had now reached the most depressing point, the last depths of his life's experience. But it was only a moment later that he sank still deeper. For now he recognized that they were discussing him personally and his possible detention under arrest.

"We might as well go in and take charge," said Mr. Fansmith once again.

"What will we do with this?" inquired the other. "Shall we lock him up?"

And Mr. Fansmith, instead of answering directly, gazed at Mr. Adams with a still deepening expression of disgust.

(Concluded on Page 89)

CREMEOIL

THE CREAM OF OLIVE OIL SOAPS

A Real Comfort

The American woman of today, with her broader activities—her business interests and strenuous outdoor sports, finds it increasingly difficult to retain that charm of feminine beauty—a fair skin—so important in social affairs.

After the trip, or exposure to sun and wind, the modern woman finds real pleasure and comfort in the use of CREMEOIL. This pure, mild Olive Oil Soap soothes and refreshes the skin while cleansing thoroughly.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

Kansas City *San Francisco.*

Hotp

WHY have the home-keeping women of Ame
Because we have made practical, economica
in plain words. Because, also, of their beautiful
With the result that several million women have
over the house, transforming home-keeping into

Summer-time Comfort

The sheer relief of being able to prepare summer-time meals in the most comfortable spot in the house will add measurably to your hot-weather satisfaction.

And there is real joy in the doing of it—

—no one needs to jump up and run to the kitchen: the entire meal can be prepared right on the table

—it adds zest and interest to see the coffee perking and the toast browning

Moreover, the food really is better—

—because electric heat is odorless, gasless, sootless

—because maximum food values and flavor are retained

—because electric cooking is scientifically accurate and uniform results are secured.

Interesting Details

Hotpoint Percolators, whatever the design, begin operation in half a minute after cold water is put in and the amber clear coffee, piping hot and with the full aroma is ready to pour in ten minutes or less. They are equipped with safety device so that if left connected no damage will result and the device can easily be reset by removing the base plate and pushing the lever from "off" to "on."

At the left we show our 6-cup paneled pot in highly polished nickel at $13.50. Same shape without panels 5-cup size $11.50.

Straight-sided nickel pot 6-cup $11.50. Same design in aluminum $10.00.

Grecian Urn 9-cup $18.50; same design but with paneled sides $21.50.

Sheffield Plate Coffee Set in Chippendale design 12 cup size $122.50.

The Radiant Grill shown at the left enables you to carry on two operations at the same time—you cook both above and below the glowing coils in the special dishes which are provided.

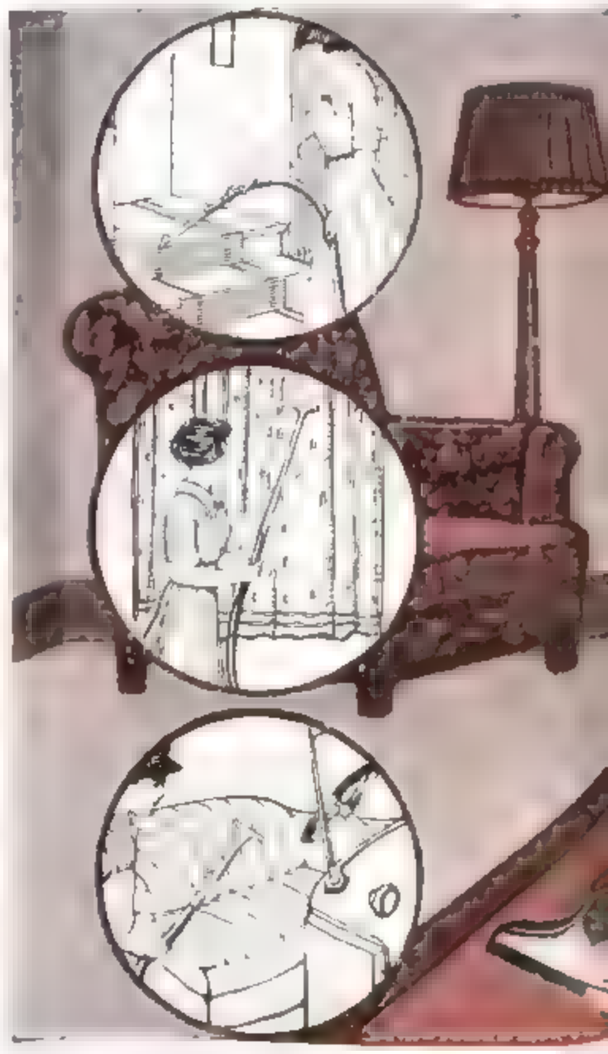
And for a more elaborate meal the Radiant Grill may be augmented by the Chafing Dish shown on the tea wagon.

Round Grill with heat control which enables you to run at any desired temperature, complete with dishes $10.00. Rectangular Grill similar but slightly smaller $8.00.

The Mission Chafing Dish as illustrated is $18.50; another style at $16.00.

Crispy brown toast made just as wanted and eaten while hot will add much to many a meal.

Hotpoint Toaster as illustrated with rack $6.50. Colonial Toaster slightly larger and without rack $7.00.



It is so simple

You attach the Hotpoint Clean
The long cord enables you to

Press a button in the handl
guide the cleaner over the flo

What happens? The accumulated
the dust proof bag. Later this r
In this way the air is dust free, th
fact there is no more call for clean

We also furnish a complete set of at
under bookcases, stairs, automobil
reach places. Price of cleaner $42

We also make the lighter Model "L

Nearly 10,000 dealers are ready to
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please write our nearest office.

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rica so readily adopted the Hotpoint Appliances?
lly-operated appliances and told you about them
design and finish.
set their electric light wiring to work for them all
a pleasantly scientific occupation.

o guide it around.

er to any convenient lamp socket.
each far corners or the next room.
and the motor starts—simply
or and rugs.
dust, dirt and germs are sucked up into
bbish is deposited outside the house.
floors and rugs are always clean—in
ng day.
achments for cleaning draperies, walls,
upholstery and many other hard-to-
0. Price of attachments $10.00.
Price $37.50. Attachments $10.00.
explain these advantages and demon-
trouble in locating a Hotpoint store

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o, Calif. Atlanta
known lines of household appliances
Type Edison Hughes

Is it Revolutionary?

Your household work will be revolutionized if you do it the Hotpoint way, using your electric wiring more freely instead of allowing it to lie dormant most of the time.

By "revolutionized" we mean—

—you will quite likely be able to dispense with a servant

—you can do the work the Hotpoint way more quickly than servants can without the appliances

—they banish the drudgery and place you in the vanguard of progress

—all things considered, you will save money and, finally, there is added comfort for the entire family.

Hard Working Servants

A Hotpoint Range in the kitchen means a clean, cool room, free from all the clutter and muss of other fuels. It means that the cooking for a large family can be done with maximum comfort.

Hotpoint Ranges are furnished in several sizes and styles. Above is a glimpse of Model D with baking and broiling oven, warming oven and four cooking elements.

The Hotpoint Portable Sewing Machine with motor drive is the newest addition to our household conveniences. Set it on a table or stand anywhere; no treadle to pump—just a little foot control with which to start and stop the machine.

The Rotary shown above works with unusual smoothness Beautifully finished, full set attachments and cover. Price $55.00. West of Rockies $57.00.

Vibrator (Full Size). This is the type of machine with which most women are familiar. Complete attachments and cover. Price $50.00. West of Rockies $52.00.

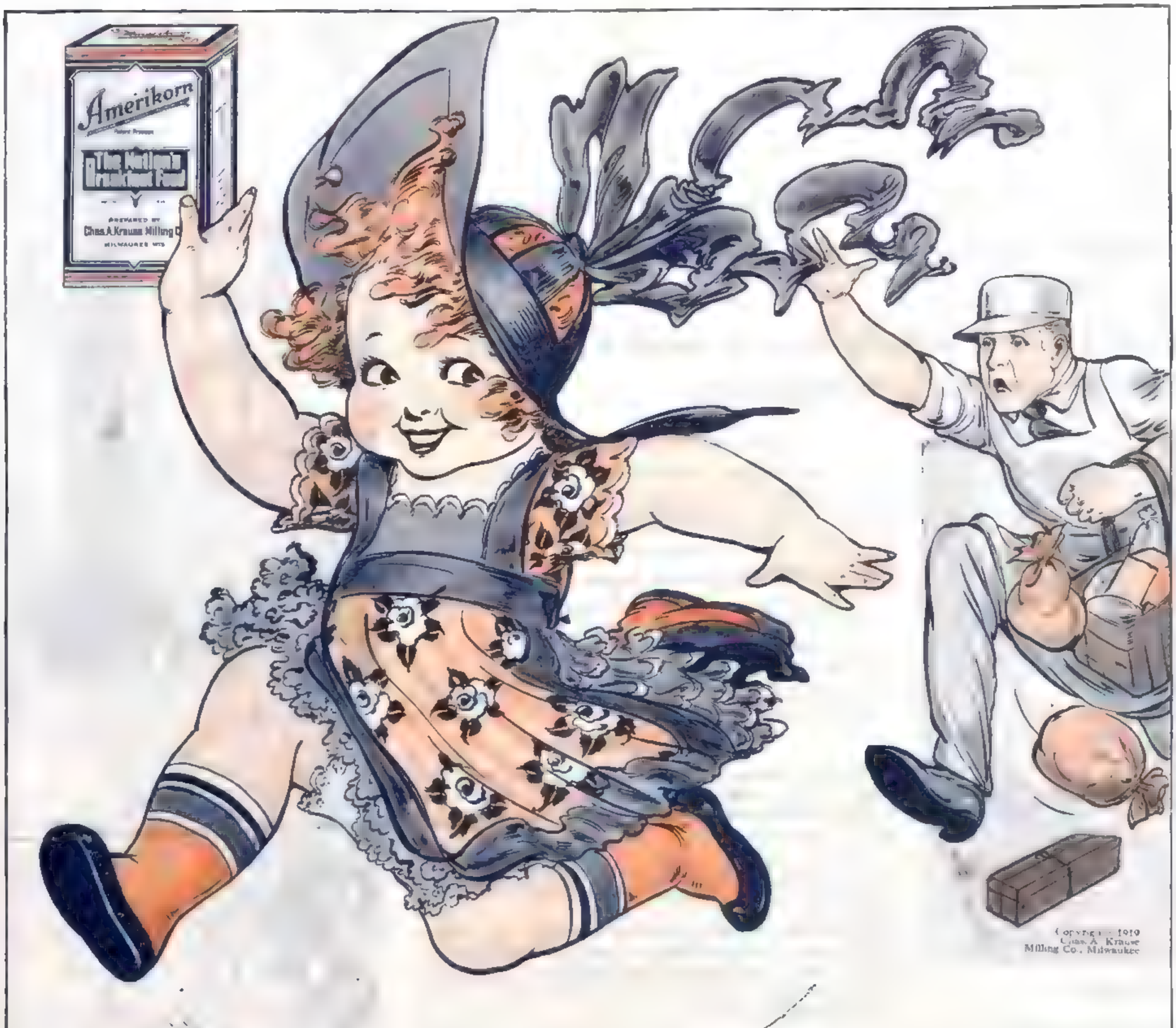
Vibrator (Three-Quarter Size). Slightly smaller and lighter than the other Vibrator but will handle the work of the average family. Full set of attachments and cover. Price $45.00. West of Rockies $47.00.

The Hotpoint Immersion Heater makes hot water available day or night—and for warming the baby's milk and similar purposes it is ideal.

Small size Immersion Heater as illustrated $5.50. Large size for kitchen use, etc. $6.50. Crookneck style used for sterilizing dental instruments, etc. $7.50.

The most widely used electrically heated appliance in the world is the Hotpoint Iron. It has many important features, such as —

—the point is always hot enough to iron with—attached stand does away with lifting—the cool handle makes a holder unnecessary—the hinged plug spring prevents cord breakage—the thumb rest rests the wrist. 6 lb. or 5 lb. size $6.50. 3 lb. or traveler's iron $5.50.



Amerikorn
NOURISHING DELICIOUS ECONOMICAL

"The Nation's Breakfast Food"

A "Hurry-Up" Breakfast

CHILDREN "want *what* they want — *when* they want it" and they simply can't wait for Amerikorn.

For the whole family, the year 'round, there's nothing so satisfying as this popular Breakfast Food. Light, dainty and easily digested, it is just the food for hot weather; delicious, nourishing, economical.

Cooks in 3 Minutes —There's no overheated kitchen; no trouble; no failure. Serve with milk, cream or a lump of butter.

Amerikorn Strawberry Shortcake

Cook Amerikorn as you would for Breakfast Food and pour into a shallow pan to a depth of about 1½ inches. When thoroughly chilled cut into squares and serve in two layers with crushed strawberries between and on top.

At grocery stores and delicatessens in the 1½-lb. blue-and-orange sealed carton

Prepared by

Chas. A. Krause Milling Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

(Concluded from Page 84)

"Can you beat it?" he exclaimed as if in half soliloquy. "Can you beat it? You get a blacksmith and rivet them—in chains—to keep them out!

"They'll fly in from two hundred miles and spill the beans—and pay their own carfare to do it," he said in one last mixed metaphor of disgust.

"What'll we do with him?" insisted the other officer again. "Lock him up?"

"No," said Mr. Fansmith finally. "Let him go. We know where we can always lay our hands on him."

Mr. Adams now felt the heavy hand of the other officer reluctantly loosening upon his shoulder. The two turned and passed inside, leaving him alone in the empty coldness of the marble corridor.

Stumbling forward Mr. Adams pressed the button of the elevator, passed down and out into the street, and looking at his watch found that he had just time to take the train for his home.

He sat, when he had taken it, gazing straight ahead, listening to the monotony of the car wheels clacking on the rails; and as he listened this gradually resolved itself into rhythmic form and the semblance of reiterated human speech:

Gone! Gone! Gone entirely!
Written on the cuff!

He moved and passed his hand across his brow as if to wipe away the insistent and distasteful thing from his weary memory. It all seemed unreal to him—his whole situation. By what untoward stages had he progressed into it, and to that place he had just fled—that strange vulgar and impossible world, where the very language was sinister and outlandish—the jargon, the ugly patter—it seemed to him in his nervous state—of thieves.

He shuddered, hearing always and continuously that obsessing and ridiculous jingle that he could not banish from his brain.

And so with set face and tightened lips the Reverend Amos Adams passed on staring—each clacking of the car wheels, each repetition of that abominable and now terrible rhythm on the rails carrying him nearer to his home and his old associates, and to the congregation which for the present he could still call his own.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 23)

Austin was silent. His self-confidence, which soared in the face of opposition, sank before praise. Why in thunder should this little girl respect him, and was he wise, was he even honest in the advice he was giving her? In his hesitation, almost unconsciously he drew toward him the vase holding the gardenia and slowly breathed in its intoxicating perfume. This was too much for the little princess. She drew back, grew slowly, conspicuously, splendidly crimson, and then evidently feeling that the situation had passed far beyond her powers, she retreated hastily to the door.

But there, with her hand actually on the knob, she made a last stand.

"It isn't," she said gently, "as if you and grandfather could really change anything, you know. You just make it harder for me."

This was obviously rebellion; with however gentle a motion the red flag was waved. Austin sprang to his feet and approached her almost menacingly.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean—I mean ——" she began; but at this moment the door, against which she was lightly leaning the tip of her shoulder, was quickly opened from without, and she was precipitated into Austin's arms; or rather she was completely thrown off her balance, and he standing near her could do no less than keep her on her feet. As a matter of cold fact, he did a little more; there was a second—an unnecessary second—when his hand remained about her shoulder. It seemed a very long second to the newcomer, who turned out to be Mr. Johns' accountant.

The new accountant was George Boyd.

V

IT WOULD have been a great surprise to George, who had so long secretly loved Elise, to know that Mr. Johns approved of his suit. Yet such was the case. No one has ever explained why it is that parents and guardians consider dull people such safe matrimonial investments for their young charges.

Even granting the unsound assumption that dull people are more apt to be content with their own matrimonial fetters, they are certainly more apt to be the cause of discontent in others. Mr. Johns, who was bored to death by five minutes of George's society, believed that his granddaughter—not fond of being bored either—would be happy to spend the rest of her life with him.

But of all this George was completely ignorant—indeed, he supposed that he was the last person Mr. Johns would tolerate as grandson-in-law; and so he believed that in coming to protect Elise in the immediate danger in which he feared she stood, he was sacrificing his future relation both with her and his employer.

It had been easily enough arranged. George happened to be in the room when Mr. Johns told the head bookkeeper to choose "a sensible young fellar and send him out to the Bevans School on Saturdays." The daring, the adventurous, the chivalrous scheme of being that young fellar was born instantly in George's mind, and as he was on very good terms with the head bookkeeper he was able to persuade him that no one in the bank was steadier than himself.

He had taken his sister Sally into his confidence, and she had, of course, told the little princess, who was, therefore, at no loss to explain his sudden appearance in Mr. Bevans' study. But she cannot be said to have expected it, because at the moment she had totally forgotten that such a person as George Boyd existed.

"Look here," said Austin angrily, "that's no way to come into a room. You nearly knocked this young lady down."

"Oh, it's no matter. I didn't mind what happened," said Elise with a brilliant smile.

"I'm sorry," said the accountant stiffly; "but, of course, I supposed that you were alone."

The note of reproof was so clear in his tone that Austin, who had already felt himself antagonistic to the new bookkeeper, now found himself decidedly irritated.

"And may I ask," he said, "why you assumed that I was alone?"

"I assumed it," began George, with the wild rush of a balky horse at a fence it doesn't mean to jump—"I assumed it, because ——" He stopped and began all over again. "I cannot associate myself with any institution without taking an interest in its welfare, and I must tell you ——"

"Will you be so awfully good as to mind your own business," said Austin. "There seems to be some misunderstanding. I hire you to run the books, not the school. If you don't like the way it's being done you can always leave."

But the accountant had not so much liberty in this respect as Austin imagined.

Seeing the two men engaged in what for lack of a better word she called conversation, the little princess decided to escape before a worse thing happened to her, for she feared a second explosion on the part of George might involve her too. She was softly opening the study door when Bevans stopped her.

"No, wait a moment," he said; "I want to speak to you. I've had a complaint of you this morning. No, not of you"—as the accountant raised his head angrily—"I was speaking to this young lady. The writing master says your hand is not satisfactory."

"My hand, sir?" said Elise, fluttering the two white trifles that served her in that capacity.

"Your handwriting," answered Austin. "I understand that it isn't even legible. Now what in the world is the use of writing a letter if no one can read what you say? There's no excuse for that. I don't intend any girl to graduate from this school who cannot write a creditable note. So from now until spring vacation I want you to write a sample letter every day."

"To whom, sir?"

"To Miss Curtis, who will go over it with Mr. Browning and return it corrected."

Elise bowed, as one who never questioned authority.

"Only," she said, "I often do write to Miss Curtis and she has never criticized my writing, or even my spelling, though I remember that in one of my last I spelled actress 'actrice,' which I found out for myself afterward was wrong, but Miss Curtis never said anything about it at all."

"Miss Curtis is almost too kind-hearted," said Austin.

"But you wouldn't be, would you, sir, if I wrote letters to you?"

"To me?" said Austin. The idea had its points certainly. He caught the accountant's eye fixed upon him with a menacing glare. "My time is very much occupied. And yet," he added, as if yielding graciously, "a note a day would not take much time. Very well, write to me then."

The little princess beamed upon him. "Oh, thank you, sir," she said. "And what shall I write about?"

"Anything that has caught your attention during the day—it doesn't matter."

"Such funny things catch my attention sometimes," she replied thoughtfully. "But I'm afraid that our talking disturbs your bookkeeper."

"No, no," said Bevans, looking as if he didn't much care if he were disturbed or not. "These fellows are accustomed to working in all sorts of noises. However, that's all I had to say to you—a note every morning, and I'll return it to you corrected." He opened the door with a gesture of dismissal.

Just as she went out her glance crossed for an instant the eyes of the accountant, and at once the sound of an erasure was heard from the desk. It seemed to Austin that the young man was peculiarly lacking in concentration.

"Would you prefer to work in another room?" he said.

"No," replied the other in a strangled tone. "I would much rather be here, where I can consult you if necessary."

"All right," said Austin, "only we are very apt to be interrupted."

They were interrupted within a few minutes; this time by Miss Hayes. A definite situation had developed between Austin and Miss Hayes even in these few days. It was perfectly recognized between them that they were opponents. They wanted different things for women, for the school and for Elise Benedotti. Yet he and she could coöperate in minor matters in a way that he and Miss Curtis, who admired him so much as to be absolutely inhibited from understanding what he meant, couldn't manage at all.

Miss Hayes, like many mathematicians, was a great believer in the power of the spoken word. She always felt that if she could state her case she could convince. She had been looking for her moment.

"Is this a good time for me to talk to you?" she asked, considerate as always of other people's leisure.

"Excellent," answered Austin. "Except," he added with a disarming smile, "I don't suppose I'm going to like what you have to say."

"All the more reason for hearing it," she returned. "Mr. Bevans, the intellectual standards of this school are going down, really they are, and that's hard on those of us who have given the best part of our lives to building them up. I know you think the girls are going to get something to compensate them, but isn't it really something that compensates you?—men, I mean. I feel as if there were something profoundly wrong and unjust in a young man having control of the destinies of these girls. One knows what men have always thought women ought to be educated for."

"You think it's like letting the butcher decide on the happiest destiny for lambs?"

She brushed his frivolity aside: "But I didn't really come to speak about the general theory. I want to speak of one girl—of Elise. I have known her since she was a child, and you don't know her at all. I want you to make an exception in her case. I want you to let her go on with her college preparation. She doesn't need to be taught charm; she has too much already. After a good deal of indecision she has finally formed a determination to go to college, in spite of her grandfather's disapproval. Don't prevent her carrying out that resolve."

"If she has formed a real determination, I couldn't prevent her," said Austin.

Miss Hayes looked him straight in the eyes. "Yes, you could," she answered. "You have done exactly what you intended to do; you have gained a decisive influence over all these girls, particularly over Elise, who is extremely impressionable. In the end she will do exactly what you tell her to do."

The words intoxicated Austin a little. "You don't think I'd tell her anything but what I thought best for her, do you?"

"Oh, no, no," said Miss Hayes desperately, "but I think you don't know. Mr. Bevans, I think you are a very ignorant boy, and you think me an unhuman old maid; and we may both be right. It doesn't matter. The point is Elise. You must consider what you offer her in place of college for the next four years. She isn't to stay here with us. She is to go back and live with her grandfather, where no young person would be particularly happy, and where Elise will be incredibly lonely. You, perhaps, don't understand how much that child craves affection, intimate daily affection. She has one of the warmest, tenderest hearts I ever knew. If you send her to live alone in that great lonely house with that selfish, busy old man, she will simply marry the first commonplace boy who presents himself. I hear there's one hanging about her now. But I'm afraid we are disturbing the bookkeeper. He doesn't seem to be able to work while we talk."

"Oh, no, he doesn't even hear us," said Austin, impatient of this interruption to the train of thought. "Who's hanging about her?"

"No one of importance—her room-mate's brother, I hear."

"Elise seems to me a little young for that sort of thing," Austin began in a manner thoroughly pedagogic, but Miss Hayes interrupted him:

"Too young? Why, half the girls are engaged and all of them in love. As for Elise, I could tell you things about her love affairs for the last two years. Too young! Why, that just shows that you really are not fit to have the education of girls. When Elise was sixteen there was a Frenchman—but that wouldn't interest you, I suppose." She stopped suddenly, aware that both men were hanging upon her next word. In fact, the accountant had risen, and now, to explain his action, he said faintly:

"That's all I can do on the books now. I must go."

"You must go?" said Austin. "I thought you were here for the rest of the morning."

"Oh, no," said Miss Hayes; "the books are only half his work. Mrs. Bevans always laid great stress on the importance of the girls' understanding simple bookkeeping. He has a class with the seniors—ten minutes individual instruction with each. I'll show him the way."

The principle that girls should know how to balance their own checkbooks was one with which Austin was in thorough accord, and yet when Miss Hayes had hurried the accountant away he found himself with a vague sense of discomfort. He had taken a swift and unaccountable dislike to George Boyd. It seemed to him also that the bookkeeper's attention had been peculiarly alert while Elise was in the room. The idea of her receiving individual instruction from that young man was disagreeable to Austin. Of course he supposed that Miss Curtis would arrange for such lessons to be properly chaperoned; but had a man in his position any right to suppose? Didn't he owe it to the girls' parents to be absolutely sure? He closed his roll-top desk and went over to the main building to satisfy himself.

The individual lessons in bookkeeping—open to seniors only—took place in Miss Curtis' study, and she, devoted soul, had just as keen a desire that they should be properly chaperoned as Austin himself had. She greeted George civilly and asked his name.

"Boyd," said George.

"Ah!" said Miss Curtis, "we have a student of that name."

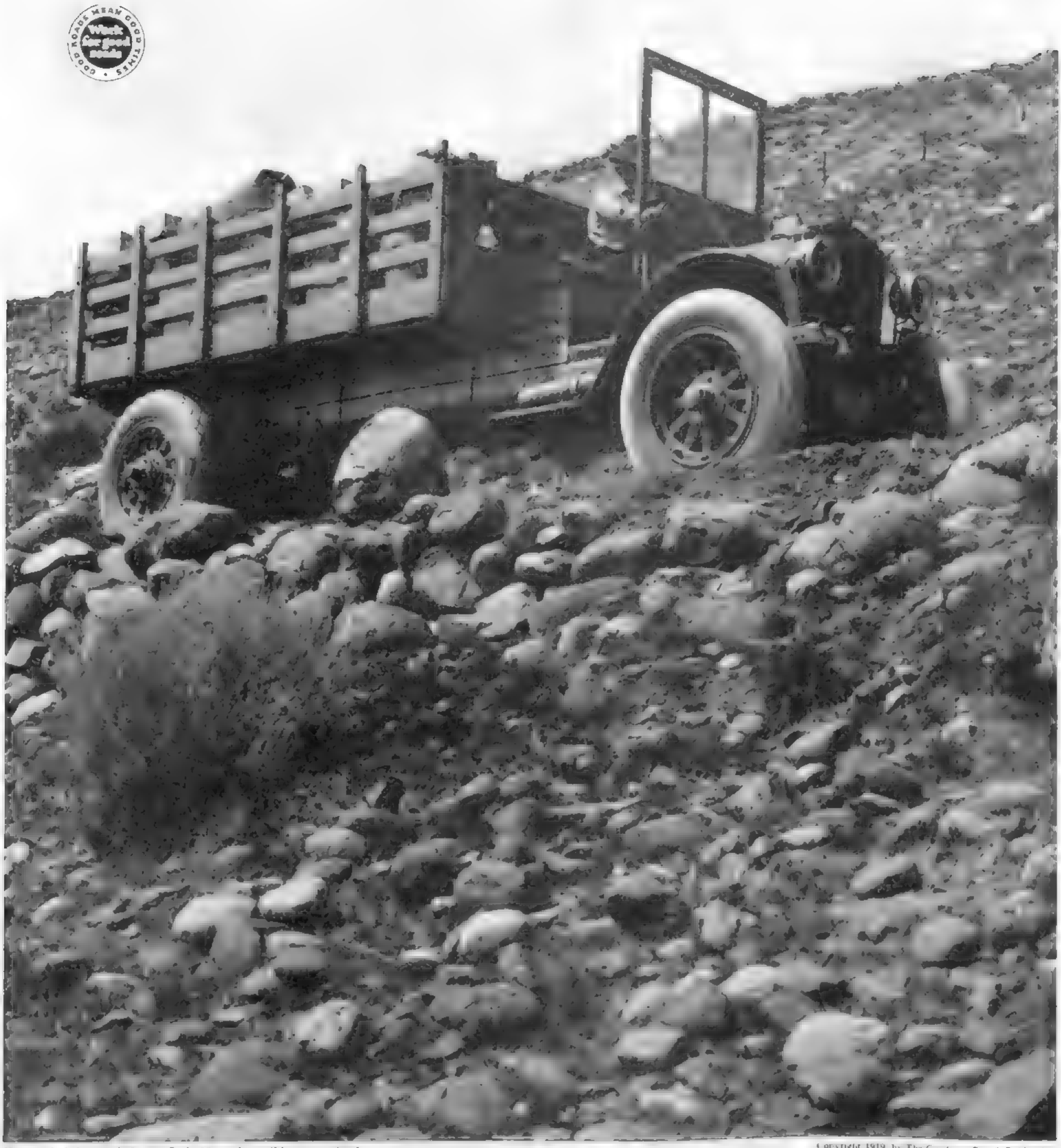
"The name is not uncommon, I find."

"Shall we call the young ladies alphabetically?" she asked.

Observing that the name of Benedotti stood first on the list, George replied that this seemed to him by far the wisest course to follow.

It was rather disappointing, therefore, to see Miss Curtis return with his own sister, who was very red in the face and showed a dangerous tendency to giggle.

(Continued on Page 92)



Un-retouched photograph showing Rocky Mountain conditions encountered by a motor truck, completely equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, which is owned by the Gardnerville Freight Line, of Reno, Nevada

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Why This Motor Express Line Is Changing to Pneumatics

"FOR rural motor expressing and general country hauling, we are convinced it is more economical and profitable to use Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires—instead of solid tires. On solids, we have lost time, paid out losses in breakages and had to refuse business. Our Goodyear Cords paid for themselves in three months in business increases alone. The rest has been sheer velvet."—Mr. Jack Ginocchio, part owner of the Gardnerville Freight Line, Reno, Nev.

Nevada farmers, ranchers and storekeepers located along the route of the Gardnerville Freight Line now find that local motor express shipments are hauled on a much better schedule than heretofore.

The marked improvement is explained readily by the owners of the transportation enterprise who recently made a careful comparison between their solid truck tires and Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires.

They point to a motor truck on the tractive Goodyear Cords which hauls regularly over the 104 mountain miles, separating Reno and Gardnerville, in less than 9 hours.

They also point to another truck of the identical make and size, but shod with solid tires, which has always required at least 11 hours to negotiate the same trail.

This, however, is only the beginning of the story of why the two proprietors of the G. F. Line are preparing to have the four remaining solid-tired trucks in their fleet re-equipped with the Goodyear Cords.

It should be noted that the above figures actually mean that the truck on pneumatics completes the Gardnerville trip in a day, while a solid-tired unit must take three days to make two trips.

Consequently the truck on the big Goodyear Cords does considerably more work and earns a correspondingly larger revenue for the motor express concern.

Formerly the partnership was obliged either to refuse a sizable business in egg shipments or to pay heavy losses due to breakages caused by the jarring on solid tires.

During the time that eggs have been cushioned by the pneumatics, not a penny has been paid out on this account.

The fuel record shows that a gallon of gasoline lasts 11 miles on the pneumatics and 6½ miles on the solids.

The oil record shows that a quart of oil is consumed in 21 miles on the pneumatics and in 17⅓ miles on the solids.

On top of these reductions in operating costs and the improvements in earnings, the rugged Goodyear Cords are demonstrating a highly satisfactory tire-mile economy.

After running over several thousand miles of the rocky trails under full burdens they still are new-looking, promising to rival or even surpass the mileage of the powerful solid tires.

They paid for themselves out of the business increases they made possible in the first three months of their use.

All other increases and savings represent sheer profits on the investment made in them.

Even under unfavorable conditions, then, the prime advantages of the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires stand out in a very striking manner.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO.

TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 89)

"Miss Benedotti was not quite ready, and so I brought the next name on the list. My dear Sally," she added, as Sally was suddenly shaken by a suspicious cough, "I hope you haven't taken cold."

No, Sally assured her, she hadn't, and took her place at the desk.

"Do you have any special difficulty with your accounts?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Yes," said Sally, "the difficulty of keeping any money in the bank"; and she giggled irrepressibly.

Miss Curtis reproved such levity with a kindly word, but the accountant seizing a pencil wrote down this less polite admonition: "Behave, you idiot!"

"The general scheme of a monthly balance with the bank," he went on, "and, of course, you must balance monthly, is this ——" And again having recourse to his pencil he wrote: "Get this old girl out of the room while Elise is here."

"I can't do it," said Sally aloud.

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try," answered the accountant, and Miss Curtis thought he gave the dear girl an unnecessarily severe look.

Exactly at the end of ten minutes Sally was dismissed and Elise entered. She did not glance at her new instructor, but said unsmilingly to Miss Curtis: "I can't see any point in my taking this course, Miss Curtis. My grandfather would always have some young man from his bank take care of my check book for me."

"Perhaps," said the accountant haughtily, "you mightn't always be able to get a young man from the bank."

"I've never found any trouble about that," said the little princess.

But she sat down at the desk, and George opened her check book and turned over the pages.

"To self, to self, to self—why, Miss Benedotti," he said reprovingly, "this is no way to keep a book. You don't say for what you draw the amounts."

"Sometimes I do," she returned, and pointed to one item which read: "For George's birthday present, $20."

The accountant colored deeply. "It was a wonderful present," he said. "I mean it must have been."

"It was nice," answered the princess, "but not too nice for George." And then turning to Miss Curtis she asked innocently: "Is it part of this gentleman's duty to comment on the way I spend my money?"

"No, certainly," said Miss Curtis, who had been thinking the same thing, but lacked the courage to initiate the remark. And at this moment Sally appeared at the door.

"Please, Miss Curtis, you're wanted on the long-distance telephone," she said. "And the operator says to be sure to use the switch in the pantry, as she would have to disconnect you if you used any other."

Miss Curtis looked wistfully at the telephone standing so conveniently on her desk. "How very strange," she said.

"Isn't it!" said Sally cordially, and managed to carry her point.

"Elise," said the accountant passionately, as soon as they were alone, "you must never go to that man's office alone like that—never! You don't know how it looked when I found you there—in his arms."

"George," said Elise, "how dare you say such a thing, when it was the way you opened the door that nearly knocked me down. Mr. Bevans was only trying to ——"

"Nonsense," cried George; "that had nothing to do with his liking it. My point is he liked having you in his arms. Who wouldn't!"

Elise looked down, and then in a voice hardly audible said: "How could you possibly tell that, George—that Mr. Bevans liked it? How could you know?"

"How did I know?" said George, who innocently supposed that his veracity was being impugned. "Why, by his expression, by his eyes. Do you think I don't know the world? And those letters, Elise—ordering you to write to him every day under the pretense of improving your handwriting. Oh, if I could only order you to write to me every month how happy I should be! You're too innocent to understand, dear, but that man is in love with you—insanely, passionately in love with you."

Elise did not immediately answer this for the simple reason that she couldn't, but she drew back a little to get a better look at George, and her eyes seemed to have increased to twice their usual size and brilliance. It was at this moment that Austin entered. Exactly what he had feared had happened.

"What's this?" he said. "Where's Miss Curtis?" And before anyone had got round to answering him, Miss Curtis herself hurried into the room talking.

"The funniest thing," she was saying. "Central kept on repeating 'Number please, number please,' when it was they who specially told me ——"

"Miss Curtis," said Austin with a sort of cold violence, "I consider it essential that a teacher remain in the room during these lessons. If you do not feel able to obey this rule, we must make other arrangements."

"Please, Miss Curtis, You're Wanted on the Long-Distance Telephone"

The soundest and best explanation always sounded like a flimsy excuse in Miss Curtis' mouth, but no one could have made the story of the pantry switch sound anything but nonsensical. Austin received it in a glowering silence, and remained during the rest of the lesson. When it was over he took whatever satisfaction was to be derived from making Miss Curtis cry bitterly. After which he suddenly recovered his temper and felt very much ashamed of himself.

"Oh, I'm sorry I was cross," he said, "but ——"

"Oh, I know," she answered. "You feel your great responsibility to the parents."

"Yes, of course," said Austin. "And I don't like this young man. He seems to take a personal interest in the girls."

"Oh, no," said Miss Curtis, shocked at the idea that a bookkeeper should so far forget himself. "I think you do him injustice. I watched him closely while he was giving Sally her lesson, and there was nothing of the kind—nothing, although poor Sally was quite silly and giggled and made foolish answers."

"There was nothing of that kind with Elise?"

"Oh, no; but then Elise is very different."

That was the way it seemed to Austin.

The next day the first of her notes arrived. It was written in a careful, clear hand, and no one could have missed a word:

"*Dear Mr. Bevans:* You told me to write about anything that struck me—did you see the moon last night? It came up suddenly out of a black cloud with silver edges. I watched it a very long time as it shone down upon your cottage, and I hoped you were not missing such a very lovely sight. "Yours, ELISE."

Now it struck Austin as a strange coincidence that he had observed the moon—the very lovely sight—and had felt, as he could not help suspecting the writer of that letter had felt, that it was a pity to view so much beauty without a sympathetic companion. This, however, was not the comment he wrote upon the letter, which after deliberation he did not submit to the writing master's criticism. He did his own criticizing. He was extremely conscientious about it:

"This is much better as to writing than I was led to suppose," he wrote, "though your capital I's and Y's are too much alike. In a note of this kind it is better to sign your full name, with some more formal expression than 'yours.' Also, avoid the excessive use of the word 'very.'"

He had some misgivings lest he had been too severe, but the next day's note betrayed no hurt feelings:

"*Dear Mr. Bevans:* We are reading Shelley in English literature, but some of the most beautiful things we have not read in class. I find my enjoyment of poetry increases as I grow older. Some of these lines ring in my head day and night, like 'I never thought before my death to see youth's vision thus made perfect'—and all that part that follows which doubtless you know.

"Very respectfully yours,
"ELISE BENEDOTTI."

Now it happened that Austin's education had been somewhat neglected in the matter of poets. He did not know either the line or its context. But he found out before he went to bed that night. He spent a delightful evening, only, he wondered, was Epipsychidion the best reading for schoolgirls?

He began to look forward to the notes almost as much as to the checks for the last semester; and this was saying a good deal, for, as he constantly reminded himself, he had gone into school-teaching strictly on the commercial basis. One of her letters ran:

"*Dear Mr. Bevans:* What do you think about moods? I know what you will say—that we should conquer them. I think so too. But how? All to-day I have been so dreadfully depressed—so that my heart really aches like a tooth, and anything beautiful makes me want to cry. Yet I have no reason for being unhappy—quite the contrary. I keep telling myself how fortunate I am—one of the luckiest girls. Only the world seems so large and dangerous and I so small and inexperienced.

"Respectfully yours,
"ELISE BENEDOTTI."

The subject of punctuation was one to which Austin had never given even a passing thought, but now the idea that Elise used too many dashes haunted him like a nightmare. It was hard on him to feel obliged to get up the whole subject, because, ever since the Latin teacher had quoted something to him which he couldn't understand, he was spending all his evenings trying to reacquire a reading knowledge of Vergil. But now, nothing daunted, he borrowed a book on punctuation from the English teacher, and after he had done his Vergil—that is to say, from eleven to midnight—he gave his whole attention to the use of stops. As usual his active mind was rewarded by a new interest. "There's more in punctuation than I thought," he said to himself.

Whoever else the school was instructing, it was certainly giving its head-master a liberal education.

VI

THE first of his Monday evening lectures was given by a popular young actor, caught between engagements. It was on the subject of voice placing. He showed them how it was possible to make a whisper heard at a great distance.

"I wish grandfather were here to learn that," Elise whispered to Sally.

The second lecture was by Lady Peale, better known under her Fifth Avenue name of Lucline, who spoke on the History and Philosophy of Fashion in Dress. Austin hoped that as the girls giggled over pictures of crinolines and bustles they got the idea of how comic some of their own exaggerations would be to future generations.

And through all of his plan and arrangements during those first weeks the hope of Susy's ultimate presence moved like a beneficent ghost. He had not seen her, though he had been twice to the house. He was prepared, however, for Mrs. Rolles' arrangements to be too good to break down under a haphazard visit. He had written and had no answer. He had telephoned and found it impossible to get Susy to come to the telephone. Austin, who was one of those people who have the strange combination of sensitiveness and persistence which causes them to go on running their breasts against the lance of circumstance and to feel deeply the resulting wound, was wounded now, but not as deeply wounded as he would have been if he had not been so terribly busy.

But on the afternoon that the girls went away for the brief spring vacation he had the inspiration of calling up Mrs. Rolles herself. After all, she would be better than no one. He could at least talk to her about Susy, and find out if David were making more of a success than he had—David with that "very aristocratic kind of ugliness" that Austin envied so much.

Mrs. Rolles was all graciousness, and asked him, or rather permitted him, to come to tea that very afternoon. Nothing was said about Susy, but, of course, he knew she would be out, or he would not have been allowed to come. As he entered, the ugliness of the brocaded drawing-room struck him for the first time.

"You've changed this room, haven't you?" he said, not at once appreciating where the change had really taken place.

"Changed," said Mrs. Rolles proudly. "No, not in twenty-five years. And so," she went on presently, when tea had been brought in, "so you have become a schoolmaster?"

"Yes, and a darn successful one too," said Austin, surprised to note another change had come over his spirit. In old times he had pretended not to be afraid of

(Continued on Page 95)

New July Numbers of Columbia Records

Columbia Saxophone Sextette Fox-trots through "Chong"

This is the first saxophone record that brings out the real saxophone tones—and the result is a whirlwind medley fox-trot to dance to. Coupled with "Waiting" from "Listen Lester" another fox-trot that will make you step lively.

A-2730—85c

Happy Music of the Moment

The newest new—old pieces, too—by artists sung—well known to you—they're thirty-six—five singers great two novel tricks—songs up-to-date—two marches grand a violin—twelve dances and 'twould be a sin—if it were missed this one best bet—our July list—the greatest yet.

Orientale	Tocha Seidel	78138 10-in. $1.00
Frenchy Come to Yankee Land	Arthur Fields	A-2727 10-in. 85c
Heart-Breaking Baby Doll	Billy Murray	
Fires of Faith	Peerless Quartette	A-2731 10-in. 85c
Heart of Humanity	Charles Harrison	
Anything is Nice if it Comes from Dixieland	Harry Fox	A-2732 10-in. 85c
You Can't Blame the Girlies at All (They All Want to Marry a Soldier)	Arthur Fields	
Before I Grew Up to Love You	Henry Burr	A 2729 10-in. 85c
Somebody's Waiting for Someone	Campbell and Burr	
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Russian Balalaika Orchestra	E-2800 10-in. 85c
Longing for Our Country	Russian Balalaika Orchestra	
A Good Man is Hard to Find—Fox-trot	Sweatman's Original Jazz Band	A-2721 10-in. 85c
That's Got 'Em—Fox-trot	Sweatman's Original Jazz Band	
Egyptland—Fox-trot	Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra	A-2722 10-in. 85c
Mummy Mine—Medley Fox-trot	Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra	
The Royal Vagabond—Medley Fox-trot	Jockers Dance Orchestra	A-6107 12-in. $1.25
The Royal Vagabond—Medley One-step	Jockers Dance Orchestra	
Mary Ann—One-step	Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra	A-2720 10-in. 85c
Bevo Blues—One-step	Yerkes Jazzarimba Orchestra	
How 'Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?—Medley One-step. Incidental Chorus by Billy Murray	Yerkes Jazzarimba Orchestra	A-6108 12-in. $1.25
Mammy O' Mine—Medley Fox-trot. Incidental Chorus by Premier American Quartette.	Yerkes Jazzarimba Orchestra	
Turkestan	Billy Murray and American Quartette	A-2728 10-in. 85c
Idol (Just Let Me Worship You)	Young and Reardon	
King Cotton March	Columbia Band	A-6105 12-in. $1.25
High School Cadets March	Columbia Band	

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(Continued from Page 92)

Mrs. Rolles. Now, incredible as it seemed, he actually wasn't. He found that he regarded her simply as a parent, and parents were now to him as seals to Hagenbeck.

Mrs. Rolles smiled. "And I suppose your idea is that you can get Susy to come and darn socks and be a mother to the pupils?"

"A model, not a mother," answered Austin. "I want to be able to point to her as an example of my method of education."

"But it was I educated Susy, not you, Mr. Bevans."

"Ah, but my system of education is founded on your ideas; though, as a matter of fact, on a showdown I believe it would be found that I had had a lot to do with educating Susy too. That's what parents never can appreciate—the amount of influence young men have on the philosophy of young girls. That's part of my system too."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Rolles, settling back in her chair. "And so you have a principle of education?"

"You bet I have," said Austin. "It's this—that because I'm young and a man, I can put over ideas that they wouldn't listen to from any woman. And, as a matter of fact, I can. For instance, I'm like you; I'm opposed to my girls' going to college. When I took the school seventy-five per cent of the seniors were booked for college, and now only one girl even talks of going. You see you can't take away one ideal without substituting another, and I substituted the ideal of their being charming, gracious, helpful women of the world. Well, that went very well with all but this one—she knows she's going to be charming anyhow, and she thinks she might as well have a college education as well. What am I going to do with her, Mrs. Rolles?"

"Describe her to me."

"Oh," said Austin, falling into the trap, "she's the prettiest little creature you ever saw. Not so small, and yet you think of her as being hardly as big as a minute, because she has a little bit of a face, and ridiculous hands and feet, and eyes as big as all outdoors. She's one of these creatures who behave like a wounded bird and has the determination of an elephant. She trembles when you speak to her, cries if you raise your voice, and, by heaven, inside she's absolutely unchanged by anything you may say. What do you think of that, Mrs. Rolles?"

"I think you're in love with her," said Mrs. Rolles calmly, and yet, such strange mixed beings are mothers, she felt a distinct pang that her Susy should be so quickly supplanted.

"You of all people," he answered reproachfully, "ought to know that that isn't true. My interest is purely paternal—or whatever you call it. But of course I am interested. You don't know how much I want to do the right thing by these girls. I know I'm right about the others—not letting them go; but this one is such a sweet little thing, perhaps it wouldn't hurt her to know a little something. What do you think?"

"I think it ruins every girl to go to college."

"Have you known many college women?"

"None," said Mrs. Rolles, drawing herself up.

"Then it's just a theory with you?"

"My dear Mr. Bevans, it isn't a theory that there are certain experiences that rub off the bloom."

Austin simply couldn't bear the thought of Elise losing any of her bloom. And yet, on the other hand, there was that terrible commonplace boy lurking for her if she returned to her grandfather's. It really was a dreadful problem, and he found it a comfort to talk it over with an expert like Mrs. Rolles—such a comfort that he almost missed his train. He had an appointment with Miss Curtis to go over and sign the reports for the term.

As he stepped on the moving train he realized with a start that he had made practically no effort to see Susy at all. But, he consoled himself by reflecting, it wouldn't have done any good if he had.

On his desk he found a fresh gardenia and a last letter from the little princess. He told himself that he hadn't expected it, yet his eyes had sought it in the accustomed place as soon as he entered the room.

"*Dear Mr. Bevans:* We are all going home. I asked Miss Hayes what made a home, and she laughed and said it was where you had your washing done. It seems to me it is wherever you can find the one person who makes life beautiful and interesting to you. We have to learn a piece of poetry for the English class during the vacation. Do you know one that begins: 'What shall I do with all the days and hours that must elapse before I see thy face'? I am thinking of learning that.

"Good-by, dear Mr. Bevans. I hope you will be well and happy through these long, long holidays. Yours, E. B."

The long, long holidays were four days. Austin put the little piece of paper in his pocket, without any penciled criticism, though he was aware of the defective paragraphing of the letter. He thought it odd how a line of verse, particularly not very good verse, would get ringing in your head. "What shall I do with all the days and hours——" They ought to teach the girls better stuff than that. He'd speak to Miss Curtis about it when she came over with the reports.

But, as a matter of fact, he never did speak to her about it.

About half past nine that evening he heard hurried footsteps on his porch, Miss Curtis' voice demanding entrance, and his Aunt Mary's replying that she had no intention of keeping her out. The next moment Miss Curtis entered, and sinking into a chair burst into tears, while Miss Hayes, retaining her habitual calm, smiled at Austin over her colleague's head and said simply:

"It's not quite as bad as that."

"It is, it is!" sobbed Miss Curtis. "The little princess——"

"Has anything happened to Elise?"

"No," said Miss Hayes.

"Yes," said Miss Curtis.

Austin looked from one to the other, and Miss Hayes, seeing that Miss Curtis was quite beyond explanations, said dryly:

"It appears, Mr. Bevans, that charm is like rain and falls upon the just and the unjust. Elise has been charming the new bookkeeper."

"The bookkeeper!" exclaimed Austin, and a sort of physical nausea swept over him.

"They've been carrying on a correspondence through the accounts," said Miss Hayes.

"Such letters!" wailed Miss Curtis. "The cleaning woman found them in her desk. She asked me if they were any good, and I was just about to say no, for they seemed to be just the accounts in the senior course, when my eye happened to fall—— Oh, Mr. Bevans, every one of them has a message on it. Elise, of all people! Do you want to see them?"

"I can't say I'm particularly keen to," replied Austin, holding out his hand for them, but it is doubtful if anyone who had attempted to take them from him would have left the room alive.

Strictly speaking they were not letters, but scribbled sentences on the bottom of the accounts she turned in each week and which the accountant gave back corrected. "Why wouldn't you look at me this morning?" "Why was your tone so cold?" "You treat me like a dog, and yet I love you so."

For the first time in his life Austin had some idea of what Mrs. Rolles meant when she said things were vulgar. The idea of a red-faced accountant making love to the little princess seemed to him the vulgarest think that had ever happened since the world was made.

"The damned beefy bounder!" he said. "I'd like to wring his neck!"

"Oh, no, no," murmured Miss Curtis; "that would make such a scandal!"

"I don't think you've read the worst one," said Miss Hayes, and he was grateful to her for retaining her habitual calm. "There's one there that seems to imply she's writing regularly to someone else."

Austin found it at once: "Dearest, can't you see that fellow is in love with you? What would I give if you would write me a note every day—how I would treasure them! And the thought that every day, every day of your life, you write to him drives me mad."

Miss Hayes regarded him thoughtfully. "Now who can that be?" she said. "It's unlike Elise to be a good correspondent."

"Oh, what do we know about them when they can deceive us so! Elise! I shall never get over it!" wailed Miss Curtis.

"I am inclined to regard this other man as the more serious of the two," said Miss Hayes, her eyes still fixed on Austin

"Two!" cried Miss Curtis. "Oh, it's disgusting, degrading! I feel as if I should have to give up my work. When you think what must have taken place already, what must have been said between them, in order that he should dare to write her such letters——"

It was just along these lines that Austin did not want to think. He sprang to his feet. "I'll go straight to her grandfather," he said.

"Oh, no, no!" shrieked Miss Curtis. "Oh, Mr. Bevans, it will ruin the school if any parent got a hint of such a thing. They'd think we had been careless."

"And so we have been," said Austin. "Damned careless! And if we are ruined, we're ruined; but at least I'm going to have the satisfaction of saying what I think."

He jammed his hat on his head and made his way rapidly toward the garage.

"What's he going to do? If he'd only listen to reason," said Miss Curtis feebly. "He'll ruin the school."

"But what can you expect of a jealous boy?" said Miss Hayes.

"Jealous?" said Miss Curtis. "I don't understand. Who do you think is jealous? What do you mean?"

"Nothing," answered Miss Hayes.

Miss Curtis was the kind of person who allowed herself to be put off with an answer like that. It really interested her more to go on weeping.

As Austin drove the geranium-colored car south toward the wide pink glare in the southern sky, which indicated, not an immense conflagration, but simply that New York was going on as usual, a conflict was taking place within him. He intended to go straight to Mr. Johns. He was aware that this was his duty, and his idea was that during his drive to town he would think out terms in which he would expose the situation to the culprit's grandfather. But the deeper and stronger part of his nature intended something quite different, and he was continually discovering that the telling sentences he invented were all addressed to Elise.

As he drew up before Mr. Johns' door he saw that a party was going on. There was a striped awning, a red carpet, a policeman, and all the various signs of gayety. But Austin was in no mood to be stopped by a mere party. He ran the car a few feet beyond the door, leaped out and was halfway up the steps when the policeman stopped him, and said with that reasonableness which of late years has become so much the fashion of the force:

"Look here, do you think you showed good judgment leaving that car next the hydrant?"

"Officer," said Austin, "if you knew all I had on my mind you'd be surprised that I have any judgment at all."

"I don't think you have," answered the officer. On which Austin moved his car and went into the house.

The appearance of a young man in morning clothes at half past ten at night in the midst of a party would have been repellent to Mr. Johns' butler, who liked entertainments and liked them well done. He, however, was busy in the dining room, and the footman, who let Austin in, not only remembered him from his former visit, but, like Portia, remembered him worthy of praise.

"I wonder," said Austin, who had the American distaste to giving a direct order, particularly to other people's servants—"I wonder if I could see Mr. Johns for a few minutes?"

Even the footman knew better than to bring him attired as he was directly into the ballroom. "I'll inquire, sir," he said, and ushered him into a little waiting room near the stairs, shutting the door behind him.

The footman had no idea how much was accomplished by this simple action, for this little room, unknown to most of the guests, was at that time occupied by Elise and George. They were sitting on either side of a nice open fire, engaged in a conversation which came to an abrupt halt—as perhaps any conversation would—on the entrance of Austin.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GOOD LUCK, AND KEEP YOUR NOSE DOWN

(Concluded from Page 60)

anger of the last two days leaped into glowing flame. Almost with one motion he ripped loose his belt, cut the gun, released the controls and stood up, leaning with menacing visage over his cowl toward the unconscious Ganes. With the motor off no tube was needed for words.

"Did you call me a liar?" demanded Bustard in a queer low voice.

Ganes flashed a blank face round, then shot on the throttle and seized the controls.

Bustard closed the throttle again.

"I asked you a question."

The throttle went on.

"You fool! Wait till we get on the ground," said Ganes through the tube. Choked breathing that sounded suspiciously like laughter came back to Bustard. He sat down and fumed.

Ganes landed the ship. Climbing out on the wing he faced Bustard.

"Well, son, you've got guts. I'll say that for you. I think I'll take a smoke." He jumped to the ground.

Bustard half rose, looking at him in perplexity and anger.

"Go ahead and take her round," said Ganes, answering the look. "You watch for me and land where I stand. I'll wave my handkerchief." He pulled out a cigarette and lighted it. His hands trembled.

"Good luck, and keep your nose down!"

Bustard was scarcely able to grasp the idea. He was to solo! He—why—— And then in a thrill of excitement he realized it—visualized himself going round the course alone. A calmness possessed him, hiding all signs of trepidation.

Ganes waved him to go. He pulled down his goggles like a veteran, looked about, shot home the throttle and was off!

The ship seemed lighter, more unstable. And how it wanted to climb! He would have to watch that nose.

"Good luck, and keep your nose down!"

He heard that last bit of advice again. And now he was off, away, alone! Could he land? Doubts and fears invaded his mind. He made his first turn. How he missed that calm, ever-assuring figure from the front cockpit!

He made his second turn. Could he land? Doubt grew. He must! He was stern. It must be a good landing. He must make Ganes feel proud. Ganes was a prince. Ganes had shown confidence in him. He must prove that confidence. He took back all the hard things he had thought of him.

Bustard was more tense than he had ever been; but now, thrown on his own at last, he felt endowed with a new quickness of eye, a new alertness equal to the emergency. He already saw Ganes with his handkerchief over there in an open space. He made a last wide turn. Could he land?

He cut his gun and nosed the plane down toward Ganes. With straining eyes he essayed to judge his distance. He had struck a good gliding angle. Closer to the ground he came. Was it time to level off? He waited a bit. Ganes was standing there, his back to him. Why?

Slowly he eased back on the stick, watching the ground and those rocker arms. The plane leveled out and skimmed over the field. Back, back came the stick. The speed died down; there was a settling motion of the plane. He jerked the stick to his stomach. A slight shock—he was on the ground! The thrill of it! He had soloed!

Ganes came running to him now.

"I think I made it on three points, sir." Bustard's voice trembled with pride.

Ganes stuck out his hand. He seemed terribly unstrung.

"Good boy! I didn't see it! Glad to see you alive!" He wrung Bustard's hand. "Glad to see you alive," he repeated. "I couldn't bear to look. My fault, my fault! All right now though. Do you know what you've done? Soloed in two hours and fifty-two minutes! The least time any cadet on this field ever soloed! And I thought you had nearly seven hours! I didn't find out till you'd left and I was looking over your card. Suppose you'd killed yourself! Good boy! You've got the guts!" Again he wrung Bustard's hand.

Into Bustard's eyes as he gazed at Ganes came that look you see in a dog's—and with it two big tears of emotion that did not fall.

For now—the earth was Bustard's, and the fullness thereof.

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DISOBEDIENTLY MARRIED

(Continued from Page 11)

We had to wait longer than we had expected and Metford, slightly nervous, began to grow angry. The elaborate decorations; the heavy scent of the flowers; the rambling pulsations poured forth by a romantic musician; the bustle and whispers; the rustle and flutter of skirts and wraps; the calm solemnity of the clergyman; the nervous ebullitions of the brothers; the forced philosophy of the chief mourner, Gilbert Maurice; the stilted poise of the consciously groomed men; the fluttering curiosity of the women and the suave service of the ushers—all diverted but irritated him, while my remarks, flung over my shoulder to him as I peeped through the vestry door, shocked the curate out of hearing distance and kept Metford from losing his head.

Finally the classic chords rolled forth. The shadowy church filled with harmony. Necks craned stiffly; eyes slid sidewise, glistening or filling with shadows; people rose and the procession entered the doorway. It was a charming picture; and Peggy, looking demure and lovely, wafted forward in conscious radiance with little dad, fierce and desperate, drifting shadow-like by her side.

"They're off!" I said firmly to Bruce and shook hands with him. He licked his lips, jerked at his waistcoat, patted his tie, swept his hand swiftly over his hair, gulped once and sallied forth, looking perfectly cool and self-possessed, with myself in close escort. We all met at the altar rail and knelt. The ceremony proceeded.

With my mind fixed immovably on the ring nestling in my pocket I allowed my mind to enter a trance under the combined effects of the droning voices, the soft shadows and the overpowering scent of flowers and perfume. From this trance I was roused by the call for the ring, which I produced reluctantly. The subsequent proceedings were swift.

The ring was poised, the significant words were being pronounced, when Peggy, very quietly but with cool assurance, said to the minister: "Not the word 'obey,' please."

The minister was a conventional man, unaccustomed to alarms and emergencies. He glared at Peggy. He hesitated, stammered, lost his place. Perspiration suddenly beaded on his forehead. He bent his head to one side and thrust his ear forward, murmuring inanely, "What? Eh? What? Eh?"

"Please don't use the words 'to obey,'" repeated Peggy with demure insistence.

The minister jerked his head about and stared at Metford, who in turn was looking at a stained-glass window in a very queer and thoughtful manner, like a small boy who has been spanked and is thinking it over. He seemed to be trying to grasp without making any mistake all the points of this unexpected—though promised—interruption.

The minister, rudely shaken from his graceful equilibrium, said hurried! "Oh, very well, then!" and was fumbling nervously for the lost place, when Bruce seemed suddenly to make up his mind and turned his head to look at the bride elect with a piercing glance. She met it calmly and brightly, her eyes glittering with pleasurable excitement. She had scored a point! It seemed as though she had concentrated all her thoughts on this one point of the ceremony.

The minister found his place at last and resumed the ceremony before anyone quite realized that anything unusual had happened; but he was immediately interrupted again—this time by Metford.

"There is something wrong here," he said firmly. "The word must be included!"

"No! I simply won't have it!" insisted Peggy in a whisper, not regardless of the fact that she was a cynosure of many eyes, but confident in her perfect self-possession that Metford, rather than offend her or cause embarrassment, would do as she wished. "Bruce, it is stupid—and—and old-fashioned."

"Do you mean that, Peggy?"

"Yes, Bruce, certainly!"

"Peggy!"

They looked at each other steadily. The girl's lips were pressed firmly together. Stimulated by the excitement she had herself created, rendered stubborn by resistance, almost forgetting the nature of the ceremony in her determination to have her will, nothing would have induced her to yield. All at once Metford realized this. His gaze faltered. His head dropped. For an instant he looked crushed. To a casual observer his attitude would have seemed foolishly tragic.

"My dearly—my dearly ——" spluttered the minister desperately.

A trickle of perspiration began to course down my spine. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Jumel, hypnotized, mouth agape, livid, trembling with chagrin, yet seeming poised ready to spring forward. There was

To Metford Peggy Was the Fairest of Sprites

a flutter and stir in the congregation, an impression of a general surge forward—an impression that was purely psychic.

My roving eye saw Gilbert Maurice, hair up, eyebrows elevated, mustache stiff with nervous tension, an expression of anxiety, dismay, curiosity, hope agitating his long countenance. Then I heard a strange noise as of someone suffocating and saw little dad, utterly forgetting the congregation, glaring at Metford with such ferocious intensity that I was startled.

All of a sudden Metford's figure stiffened. He stood up and deliberately brushed his knees. His countenance was pale and taut; but his eyes burned.

"A mistake has been made," he said crisply, addressing the minister. "There's no use proceeding under a misunderstanding. I'm sorry, but there's nothing to be done."

"Bruce!" said the girl sharply, catching her breath.

"I'm sorry," he repeated coldly. "But I repeat, there has been a complete misunderstanding. I will not go on."

He turned away abruptly and walked into the vestry.

I only had time to see the wave of consternation and joyous curiosity that swept the congregation; the black dismay that floored the minister; the empurpled hue that rose to Mrs. Jumel's eyes—eyes that shifted like mechanical instruments from Metford's receding back to me, her speechless lips forming the words:

"You! You!"

Knowing that I could never hope to acquit myself of complicity in the matter I too turned and rushed after Metford, leaving Peggy's attendants to flutter about her; and caught him as he was struggling into his coat.

"Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You can't act this way—wait! We must fix this up. You'll make a terrible scandal of it."

His cold calm had been swept away. He was furious.

"Damn the scandal," he said thickly. "It's a sell!"

The minister came rushing in, mopping his face and waving his hands.

"My good fellow," he exclaimed, "this is an utterly impossible situation! You must be reasonable."

Arthur and Fitz Herbert appeared on the scene, very much perturbed.

"I say, Metford, old boy, you mustn't get ratty over a thing like that! Peggy's always doing some foolish stunt. You must make allowances," pleaded Arthur. "Don't make a silly farce of the thing. Be reasonable."

"She'll change her mind," said the minister hopefully.

"Even if she doesn't," urged Arthur, who had his doubts, "what difference does it make? After all it's only a form."

"Certainly. It's a minor point," insisted the minister soothingly.

"It's not a minor point!" Metford suddenly shouted at the minister, nearly frightening the soul out of him. "It's very vital—more vital than you can understand; more vital than you fellows could ever realize."

Some ladies, old intimate friends of the family, were now trickling into the vestry, bursting with curiosity and mortified—as proxies—for the interested females, feeling it incumbent to do what they could for poor dear Marguerite. Their chatter and shrill little yelps only increased Metford's vehemence.

"And you wouldn't understand it either," he cried, his eyes flashing from one to another. "But it simply amounts to this: We don't love each other."

This outburst brought forth a chorus of shocked protest, as though he had shouted something indecent.

"Metford," said Arthur with unexpected sternness, "you know Peggy's feelings. And if you are going to call into question any improper motive we'll have to discuss this in a different manner."

A look of admiration flashed across Metford's face.

He promptly lowered his voice and continued calmly and rationally:

"I understand, Arthur; but you're off the point. Peggy decided it for herself. I thought she loved me and I certainly loved her until a minute ago. She showed me then that she does not love me, and that is sufficient to wipe out the love I may have felt. If it had been merely a question of injured feelings I'd go on with it. But I will not become involved in a loveless marriage simply to save face. Doctor McCarthy, the minister here, says it's only a form. Well, I regard it as more than that. I'm not exactly a schoolboy to be panicked into a marriage. I have certain definite ideals on the subject and I hope to see those ideals realized. I have seen enough of the world and women to know the value of sincerity and genuine emotions."

"My goodness," expostulated one of the ladies indignantly, "it is only the word 'obey' she objects to. And that's very reasonable. A woman certainly has a right to her own will!"

"And you don't understand either," continued Metford suavely, now that his anger had passed. "A wife's will should be the will of her husband; a husband's will should be to insure the happiness of his wife and home. How is a bride to be assured of that? She isn't assured of it! But if she truly loves her husband—in whom her destiny and the destiny of her children and the perpetuation of her blood and bone rest—if she truly loves him she does not resist him. She does not think it possible that she should want to resist him. She believes in him! She trusts him! In a word, she loves him! Do you understand? That is all there is to it."

When he went to the door there was another outburst, but this time weak and querulous:

"Mr. Metford, you know there must be some way of compromising. This is preposterous! The husband ought to concede something."

"On that point, madam, if it is a marriage of love the husband should not be called upon at the time of marriage to concede anything. If I wanted a wife simply for the sake of her body I shouldn't want a wife at all. I should require a harem. There the question of obeying is

(Concluded on Page 101)

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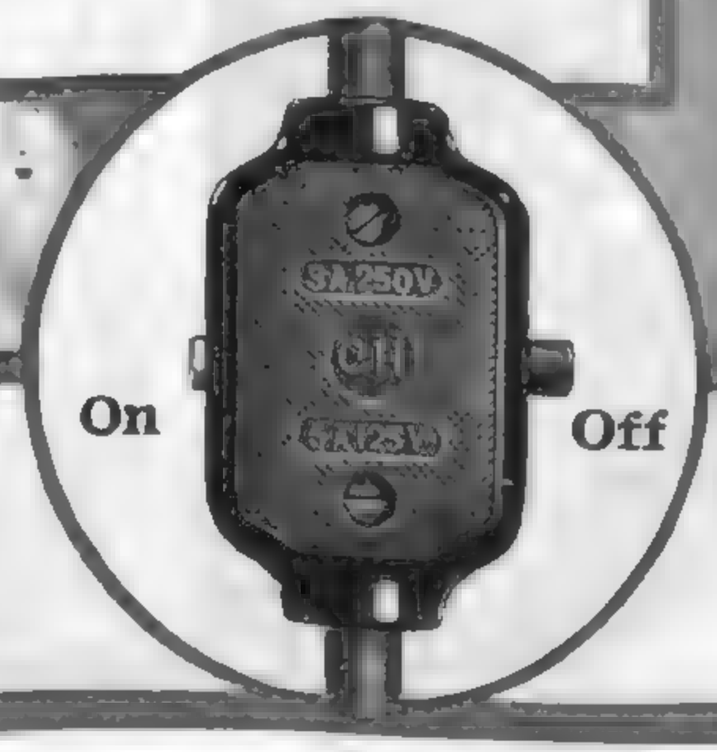
On a toaster, it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved, too.

How It Prevents Troubles

Most sockets now in use were designed primarily for lamp bulbs, which require but little current. The C-H Switch protects these sockets against the ten-fold strain of electrical appliances—by doing most of the on-and-off work itself. Saves cords, too—they usually give way at the plug, you know.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch-equipped. When you buy a new appliance, *look for the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch.*



What Is a Switch?

A switch turns the electric current on or off, just as a water faucet controls the flow of water.

If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents.

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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not raised because obedience is enforced. If you only gave the matter a little thought you'd understand that the Christian ceremony is not made up simply of idle phrases!"

Without another word he left the church and I after him. Though speechless and depressed becomingly as to my mien, my heart was jubilant and my soul tranquil.

It took Metford about an hour, fortified with suitable potations, to run through the gamut of his emotions, while I sat solemnly listening, saying not a word and refraining with heroic fortitude from any comment about prophecies coming true. His rage by degrees turned to cynicism; his cynicism to a petulant uncertainty. At this point, by means of various hints and subtle innuendoes; by fumbling over my kit, for I too had been planning to get away as soon as the wedding was over; by ostentatiously consulting pertinent memoranda; and above all by pointedly ignoring every opportunity for debate I finally drew his attention to future considerations.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

I looked at him blandly.

"You know dashed well what I'm going to do! I've got a seagoing sharpie at Miami.

"And on Thursday—four days from today—we shake out the sheet and sail for Colombia. I've always had a hankering to look up the Magdalena River."

I knew that he too had the hankering. After several gutturals, lapses into silence and struggles with his conscience and pride, Metford finally blurted: "What about me?"

"Well," I said with assumed indifference, "what about you?"

"This! I'm going too!"

An hour later we were ready. We might have made our departure earlier; but I was restrained by a sense of guilt, a feeling that we should not leave until we had given every opportunity to all interested persons to appear and present their claims. As a matter of fact I was rather astonished and secretly perturbed that no one had appeared. It seemed unnatural. Metford had reached the point where he felt a sort of sullen satisfaction—angry because what he had hoped would be the happiest moment of his life had been changed in an instant into the silliest—through the whim of a shallow girl; angry and yet happy because the fortunate contretemps left him free again to rove where fancy willed.

I believe he was secretly agitated at his narrow escape and a trifle apprehensive lest something should occur at the last moment to threaten a readjustment—and that is precisely what happened.

We were about to depart when the bell rang loudly and the door opened. Little dad stood before us. He was not the little dad to whom we were accustomed. His spare figure was stiff with energetic determination; his mustache projected like quills and in his pale eyes there glowed the light of a dangerous and goaded animal. Ignoring me completely he fixed his gaze on Metford with a speechless intensity that was ominous. For the moment I felt that there would be interesting action. Metford arriving at the same conclusion and having no grievance against little dad took control of the situation instantly and offered a conciliating attitude.

"Well, sir," he said promptly, "I'm sorry to have caused you any embarrassment in this affair; but there was nothing else to be done."

Little dad said nothing, but grunted, rocking on his heels. He looked as though he had just come through a bad half hour with his wife and had concluded that he would stand no further insolence.

"If there are any apologies due you," continued Metford doubtfully, "you have them most sincerely. But I will not go through that ceremony again! I'll not talk marriage!"

"Marriage be blowed!" roared dad in an astonishing voice. "The girl's married!"

"Married!" we exclaimed weakly.

"Yes, married!" continued little dad in a loud, blustering tone. "Married! She said she'd hev her own way, and she did. 'Think I'm goin' to be made a fool?' she says. 'A dem fool?' 'Peggy!' says her ma. 'I don't care,' says the girl. 'I'll marry Gilbert first. He'll let me have my own way!' And I'm blowed if she didn't trot him out and marry him right there, as soon as they could get a new license. Sure! He'll let her have her own way. That eel!"

Suddenly while we were yet struggling to grasp this startling news the little man went off into a burst of wild high laughter. We looked at him in astonishment. The strange spectacle of little dad disheveled and convulsed with mirth touched our risibilities. We commenced to chuckle; dad gasped and spluttered. We laughed aloud; dad wheezed. Then we all rocked and roared together.

Presently when we had become sober little dad, shame-faced and abashed, wiped his eyes nervously and looked about the room apologetically. His roving eye was not too dull to take in the details of our hunting kit bags, gun and rod cases.

"Whar you goin'?" he blurted.

I told him my full plans and as I proceeded an expression of dawning eagerness came into his face.

"Just what I want to talk about," he exclaimed. "Mahogany's down thar. Boys, I'm through. I quit. I made my intentions known just shortly after friend Metford here hit the trail. I guess I can be independent too. No more bosses for me. You understand?" His voice rose again to a shout. "I been fooled too many times. No more boss for me, boys," he added gently and persuasively. "Hev you got an extra bunk in that boat o' yours? Can't you make room for me?"

I assured him happily that I could always find room for an independent man of spirit.

JUBILO

(Continued from Page 4)

On the evening of the day of the holdup the wind had died for a space as dusk fell; and in the still airs a column of this black dust rose like a pillar of cloud above the road, a mile south of the house, and steadily approached that homestead.

Jim Hardy was putting his mules and his horse in the stable, and watering them, and pulling down alfalfa from the loft. The horse was a bay, with a splash of white upon its rump. Hardy had been working the mules that day; he had brought the horse up from the fenced pasture half an hour before. He was accustomed to keep his stock indoors at night. There were sometimes thieves about. Hardy was a large man, with graying hair and a firm jaw, and a mouth as tender as a woman's, without losing its strength and fineness. His nostrils were delicate and fine, his eyes gentle and at the same time steady and searching. He was taciturn by nature, and he worked quietly, speaking to the beasts in low, brief monosyllables as he tended to their comfort. The horse nickered at him; the mules, their long ears nodding lazily, paid no slightest attention to his presence. They drank the water he provided, then plunged at the fodder he dropped before them, with an air of busy preoccupation, like hungry men after a day of labor.

When Hardy finished tending them he looked thoughtfully round the stable to see if anything was forgotten, then laid a hand on one of the mules as though in farewell, and the animal kicked at him in a half-hearted, absent-minded way, quite without malice. Hardy smiled a little; then he stepped to the stable door, and before starting after the two cows that grazed by the river, and that were waiting now at the pasture gate, he glanced toward the house.

He saw his daughter Rose standing at the nearer end of the low porch, and he understood that something had awakened her concern. She beckoned to him; and as she beckoned she looked behind her, toward the road that came along the river from Muskoka.

Rose Hardy was very like her father; so much like that the resemblance was instantly apparent. Her eyes had the gentleness and also the strength of his. She had the same nose of a patrician and the same wide tender mouth. Even the soft oval of her face did not disguise the fact that her jaw was level and strong. Her hair was luxuriant; nevertheless, it did not cloud her high broad brow. It was parted and drawn back in smooth waves to unite in a rich braid that hung between her shoulders. She was erect and round and firm and strong; vigor in every line of her, and beauty, and the unstudied grace of a wild thing. She wore a khaki waist, open at the throat; a khaki skirt that buttoned up the front and reached only a little below her knees. Her feet were clad in stout high boots, built for service. The boot tops reached to the hem of her skirt. She looked as efficient as she was beautiful; and she was as efficient as she looked. She knew how to do things, and did them.

When she beckoned, Jim Hardy came up from the stable to where she stood; and thus he saw what she had seen.

"Someone is coming," she said softly, and pointed to where that dark dust cloud rose against the mellow beauty of the southwestern sky. Then she looked up to see what he would do.

The man's face was golden in the dying light of the day, golden over its bronze; and when she looked at him she saw that the gentleness was gone from his eyes and from his wide mouth. He looked very weary and tired. His lips had set hard, and their pressure, each against each, had left them all but bloodless, so that they gleamed as a lighter line across his dark face, like a scar. He nodded.

"I see," he said; and he stepped past her and entered the house.

After a moment he emerged. He had put on his coat over his blue shirt and overalls; and Rose knew that beneath the coat under his left arm he had slung a holster. There was a deadly resolution about the man. She touched his arm soothingly, comforting him with the touch, and he looked down at her and smiled a wistful smile.

They crossed together to the end of the porch that was nearest the road; and they stood there, watching the slow-moving column of dust that came so steadily nearer. They said nothing; their ears were tuned to the faintest sound, and after a time she heard something. There was about it that unmistakable quality that marks the human voice; and there was mirth in it, and gayety.

Rose said softly: "It's a man, laughing, isn't it?"

For a moment Jim Hardy listened intently; then his countenance magically cleared, and he smiled at the girl.

"Not laughing," he said. "Not laughing. Singing. It's all right. It isn't him. He would not sing."

"Singing?" she repeated; and in the hush that followed her word both heard more plainly. "Oh, yes," she said. "I hear now."

"He's afoot," Hardy remarked. "He's coming so slowly. He's afoot. What's a man afoot doing out here?"

"Perhaps he's coming here," she said. "But—no one we know sings like that."

They could hear more plainly now, the tones of a somewhat husky tenor voice, surprisingly accurate as to key, surprisingly pleasing as to quality. The singer was approaching steadily enough, even though his progress was slow. They caught a glimpse of him as the road turned to follow the last curve of the river below the house. Then, while he was hidden from them by a low roll of the land between, they began to catch the words of his song.

. . . de key t'rown in de well.
De whip is los', de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better
Dan to went an' run away.

And then the singer's voice rose in the rollicking, laughing refrain:

De massa run? Ha, ha!
De darky stay? Ho, ho!
It mus' be now de Kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo!

That last line came loud and clear as Jubilo swung into sight below the house and turned from the road toward where they stood. Jim Hardy and his daughter stood quietly upon the porch, and Jubilo came up the knoll to within ten yards of them before he stopped and stripped off his hat and called smilingly: "Good evening!"

Hardy's grim mouth relaxed a little.

"Good evening," he rejoined evenly.

He was studying the singer; and Rose, beside him, was watching the young man with all her eyes. She could see that he was young, in spite of the stubble and the dust upon his countenance. The hat in his hand had been a decent straw once. His coat was torn on the left side, as though someone had gripped it by the pocket and ripped it half away; his trousers were black to the thigh with the clinging dust. As he stood bareheaded before them she saw that his hair was red as fire. Also, he was young. He was almost as young as she; and he came forward after that first greeting with the smiling confidence of youth. He did not look at her, save for a first glance. He was watching her father.

"I'm a candidate for something to eat," he told Jim Hardy pleasantly. "Have you finished supper?"

Hardy's eyes had become keen and steady as he scrutinized the young man. Wiser in his generation he saw some things that his daughter had missed, and he asked with a brutal abruptness: "When did you sober off?"

The young man threw up both hands laughingly, as though to ward off a blow.

"This morning," he confessed. "I woke cold sober and thirsty."

Hardy seemed to meditate; then he asked: "Where did you work last?"

"Did I ever work?" Jubilo asked with frank interest. "If I did I don't remember it."

Hardy stepped toward him and caught up the young man's hand and looked at the palm. It was grimy, but innocent of any trace of toil. He flung it down so that it slapped loosely against Jubilo's hip. Then he considered. He was short-handed. That was a chronic condition in this country. As a matter of fact he had no hands at all. He and Rose did all the work that was done; and there was work for two or three other men if he could find them. He studied Jubilo.

An upstanding chap, strong enough if the spirit was there.

"You're a plain hobo," he said.

"Plain and fancy," Jubilo agreed. "All kinds of hoboing done on a moment's notice. Loafing a specialty. Eating a fine art."

"Do you want to go to work for me?" Hardy asked, his eyes burning the other.

"I don't want to work for anybody," said Jubilo honestly. "I want to eat."

"If you want to eat here you'll have to work," Hardy told him. "I need a man. It's up to you."

"I don't want to get into the habit of working," Jubilo explained. "But I don't want to get out of the habit of eating. I might try it for a while. Say, till meal time."

"What's your name?"

Jubilo grinned. "John Lawrence Alfred Tadema."

"That sounds like a lie."

"It is a lie. Isn't it a good one? Anyway, I've always wanted to be named Tadema. And the other names are good enough for trimming."

"What's your name?" Hardy insisted.

"My friends call me Year ob Jubilo, or Jubilo for short—for reasons which you may have heard. Take your choice, sir."

Hardy's eyes lighted with amusement in spite of himself.

"Answers to the name of Jubilo, eh?"

"Quite so."

"Wait a minute," said Hardy; and he turned into the house with a nod to Rose. She followed him. Jubilo sat down on the stoop. He was dog-tired and wolf-hungry. He had found no food that day.

Inside Hardy took off his coat and hung it upon a nail, and he removed his shoulder holster. The weapon he held in his hands for a moment, hesitating; then he thrust it inside the flap of his overalls and hung the holster beside the coat.

The girl watching him asked uneasily: "Do you think he ——"

"I think he's plain tramp," Hardy told her softly, so that Jubilo could not hear.

"You don't think he was sent by ——"

Hardy shook his head. "He wouldn't send anyone. But if he did, I want the man he sends where I can watch him."

She went to light the lamp; he followed her and asked in a whisper: 'How does he look to you, Rose?'"

She hesitated; then she said: "I think I like him. I like the way he smiles."

(Continued on Page 105)

The Woman in Business
—*how big is her Future?*

What first projected women into business?

The Typewriter.

Who built the first practical typewriter and employed the first typist to run it?

Remington!

Since 1874 Remington has introduced more than 2,000,000 women to paying positions and the means to a bigger life. Each year this number is increased by about 75,000.

Thanks to Remington, who threw open the doors of opportunity, women have advanced to high achievement in the business world.

Today:—

A woman who started as a typist is the private secretary and real advisor to one of America's greatest financiers.

Another is advertising manager of America's greatest premium business.

A salary of about $8000 a year is paid to a woman concerned with the promotion of a highly esteemed proprietary remedy. She started as a typist.

Another woman who not so long ago was written of as the "highest salaried woman in America" thanks the typewriter for her start.

And these few instances but typify many others.

How to Start

How big is the future of the woman today who contemplates business as a career?

Business tells us that it cannot find enough of the kind of women it wants. Business fairly clamors for girls of high intelligence and good education. Executives say that an efficient private secretary is invaluable.

REMINGTON

And how can women hope to achieve in business the greatest immediate gain and the largest ultimate opportunity?

Experience answers, "The Typewriter." It is the surest ladder to your business success.

To women who intend to enter business the Remington Typewriter Company will be glad to give the benefit of its helpful experience. In over 100 American cities you will find Remington employment offices.

Be sure to talk with the nearest office. That will assure you helpful advice on the qualifications for the work and your introduction to the best school in the neighborhood.

And it will guarantee that the Remington office will do what it has always done—help you when qualified to get the kind of position you want.

But just one word of warning—

The kind of woman Remington hopes to attract will realize that she cannot jump to the higher rungs of the ladder. She realizes that the larger success will come as the result of application and actual experience.

How Remington Service helps Business Men

In these 100 American cities a call to the Remington employment office will start the search for the girl you want at the salary you want to pay. The Remington office will not be satisfied till you are.

And in 177 American cities and all the surrounding towns your 'phone or your letter will call to your desk the Remington Salesman. He will bring to your business the forward thought in typing. He will explain machines to fit your every typing need. He will demonstrate to you surprising savings of business time and business money.

You will probably agree that your business deserves all the help it can get. Won't you then give the Remington Salesman a chance to prove the dollars and cents value of the business help given by the Remington machines? For example, the Remington Self-Starter, which helps your operator to get more work out of her machine.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(Incorporated)

374 BROADWAY, NEW YORK BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

We have openings in our sales force for men returning from overseas who have been "over the top" and have the qualifications to make Remington salesmen.

TYPEWRITERS

Two "P.B.'s" Spell Economy

EVERY time a PALM BEACH Suit comes back from the laundry, it brings with it that same novelty and freshness that distinguished it the day you told the Clothier he might send it home.

And—when it's on its trip to the tub, it's nice to know there's Number Two waiting to be slipped on.

For two PALM BEACH Suits cost no more than one good worsted, and they bring you variety in dress, as well as the maximum in style and comfort.

The Genuine, bearing the trade-marked PALM BEACH Label, is shown in a wonderful exhibit of smart patterns—in every conceivable shade. At your Clothier's.

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THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Look for this Label—your safeguard against imitations

(Continued from Page 101)

He nodded. "He's a tramp and a liar; but he may be all right. I'm going to try to keep him."

"We need somebody," she agreed.

Hardy stepped out into the clotting dusk, and she heard him say: "All right, Jubilo, my friend. If you want to eat you can help me milk the cows."

When she heard Jubilo's answer she smiled gayly to herself. For what he said was: "All right, sir. But—heaven help the cows!"

They went to the stable together—he and Hardy. Hardy lighted a lantern and brought the cows to the tie-up. As Jubilo passed through the stable he saw the bay horse with the splash of white upon its rump.

It was unmistakable. And after that Jubilo watched Hardy with a keen and curious attention.

III

IF JUBILO had not witnessed the holdup that morning, and if he had not seen the strangely marked bay horse, and if he had not now discovered that same bay in Jim Hardy's stable—he would have earned his supper, eaten it and drifted on. Hardy had offered him regular work and he had accepted it, but his word lay lightly on this young man. And work did not appeal to him.

But he had an acute and lively curiosity; and the chance that Hardy had been one of the train robbers interested him. He had no intention of betraying Hardy if matters turned out as he suspected. Jubilo was not in alliance with the law. But—he wanted to know; he was pleasantly excited at the prospect of living under the same roof with a train robber. The situation appealed to him.

Hardy showed him how to milk a cow—that is, he showed Jubilo the motions, and Jubilo tried. But the cow did not know him. The creature stepped on his foot, switched him with her tail and held up her milk. Hardy finished the other beast before Jubilo had made a beginning; he stood above the other for a little, watching him.

Jubilo looked up and said cheerfully: "She's dry. Not a drop of the milk of human kindness in her."

Hardy's face flickered into a smile, then was serious again.

"You'll never learn younger," he said. "You've got her excited. Quiet her down. Go up and talk to her and let her see you. Then try again. You've got to get that pail half full before you eat, my friend."

Jubilo chuckled. "Work, before eat. That's the ticket?"

"Yes."

"That's the only thing I don't like about eating," said Jubilo.

He got up from the stool to go and introduce himself to the cow. Hardy had set down his almost-filled pail from the other cow not four feet from Jubilo's nose, and the dizzying fragrance of the fresh milk had been tormenting the young man. When he tried to stand up his world swayed and he tottered back against the wall of the tie-up. Hardy gripped his arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply.

Jubilo was still smiling. "I stumbled," he said.

But when Hardy held the lantern higher he saw the young man's face was gray, and he understood.

"When did you eat last?" he asked.

"I don't remember," said Jubilo.

Hardy lifted the pail of milk. "Drink," he said. And in a moment more the warm milk was pouring down Jubilo's throat. It ran through him in rivers of strength. "Now," said Hardy, "let me try that cow."

Jubilo shook his head stubbornly. "I'll do my work before I eat," he said; and Hardy nodded his approbation.

In the contrary fashion of cows the beast now became complaisant. She yielded as readily as she had been stubborn before. Hardy stood by, watching, while Jubilo labored. For it was hard work, hard on the unaccustomed muscles of the forearms, and hard on the bent back. Jubilo had not yet learned to pillow his forehead against the cow's flank while he worked.

Nevertheless, in the end the thing was done. They started for the house. Halfway there they passed the pump, and Hardy took Jubilo's pail. "Might clean up a bit there," he said.

He had made Jubilo wash his hands before milking; now the young man doused his face and head and scrubbed them and wiped them on the harsh towel Hardy brought out on the porch. When he got through and went to the house, supper was on the table, with Rose in a gingham dress and apron prettily presiding.

Jubilo ate until he hurt. He was very tired, and his eyes were heavy for sleep. When they had finished, he and Hardy went out on the porch and sat on the steps while Rose washed dishes.

Hardy said: "We've no extra room in the house. You'll have to sleep in the mow. Don't smoke there."

Jubilo said cheerfully: "If a puff of tobacco would roll a hundred cigarettes, I couldn't manufacture one, right now."

Hardy looked at him. He was himself smoking a pipe, but he asked: "Could you use the makings?"

"I could," said Jubilo.

And Hardy went in and fetched a wrinkled packet of papers, and gave Jubilo his own tobacco can. After a little both men were puffing in sweet contentment.

Jubilo had not known how tired he was till then. With the cigarette half smoked his head fell back against the porch pillar, and he slept. Hardy did not discover this till Rose came out a little later.

Then he said to Rose softly: "The lad's very tired."

"Did you see him eat?" Rose asked tenderly. "The poor kid!"

Hardy looked at her quizzically. "He must be some years older than you."

"I don't care," said Rose. "He's just a kid."

Jubilo stirred in his sleep then.

Hardy said to him: "You'd best turn in. You'll need sleep."

And Jubilo woke and assented, and bade them good night and went down to the stable. Inside he hesitated, considering. His instinct of a tramp was to move on, move on. But his curiosity as to Jim Hardy made him want to stay.

"I'd like to get acquainted with a train robber if he's one," he told himself.

So he climbed the ladder to the mow and burrowed in the hay near the open window, and was swiftly asleep.

Below him the cows chewed themselves to sleep, the mules swore at each other with good-natured malice in mule sniffs and snorts and kicks, and the bay horse with the white-splashed rump lay down on his bed of straw and settled himself for the night.

Up on the porch in the warm winds of the evening Hardy and Rose talked about Jubilo and decided there was in him the makings of a man.

Jubilo slept so soundly that he did not hear Hardy tend the beasts at dawn next morning; he did not even wake when Hardy came up to toss down hay. Hardy looked at him and decided to let him sleep.

It was a clatter of hoofs up the knoll behind the house that woke Jubilo at last. He looked out of the window and saw a group of horsemen, and recognized some of them. The sheriff, Nate Punt, was leading them, and the marshal was there—his old enemy.

Jubilo was not afraid of the marshal now, since he was a workingman with a job. He slid down the ladder and went up to where Sheriff Punt was questioning Hardy. Punt was a fat, amiable man, and a keen one. He liked Hardy.

Hardy had just come out of the house when Jubilo got there. Punt was saying: "Jim, see anything of a bunch of men up this way yest'day morning?"

Hardy said no, he had seen no one. "Except Jubilo, there. Came along toward night," he explained.

The marshal grinned at Jubilo. The sheriff looked at him.

"Where'd you light from, young fellow?" he asked.

"Marshal told me to get out of Muskoka and I got out. This was the first house I struck," Jubilo told him.

"That was day before yest'day," said the marshal.

And the sheriff asked: "Where'd you sleep last night?"

Jubilo would have lied anyway. That had become an instinct with him in his dealings with officers of the law. In the present case he had no idea of becoming involved in this case, even as a witness. Witnesses without a local habitation and a name were apt to be held in jail, pending the trial. Jubilo shunned jails.

He said: "Slept right outside of Muskoka, under a stack."

"See the morning train stop by the bridge?"

"No. It woke me, coming into Muskoka. I struck out this way."

Sheriff Punt seemed satisfied with that.

"They worked it slick," he said, turning back to Hardy. "They wuz on the train. Started in about ten miles before they come to the bridge. One of 'em stuck up the last car and told everybody to shell out. Everybody did, except one fellow. He beat it up front through the train, yelling to everybody they wuz holdup men aboard, and for them to hide their stuff. So they did. When they'd got it all hid a man in each car got up with a gun and collected f'om where he'd seen 'em hide it. They dropped the cars—uncoupled them—when they finished with each one. Then just short o' the bridge they crawled over the express and held up the engineer. Made him stop. Dynamited the express car and the safe. Killed the messenger. Got just short of thirty thousand, besides odds and ends. And a fellow with six horses wuz waiting for them at the bridge. They hopped aboard and beat it."

Hardy nodded; and he asked quietly: "Did they come up this way?"

"Yeah. Right up to the ford, yonder." The sheriff flung a hand up the river beyond the house.

"Looks to me you'd have been here yesterday," Hardy suggested. "What held you up?"

"We got a tip they'd been seen at Squanto, and ran up there on the train. Turned out there wasn't nothing in that, so we came back to take a fresh start on their trail."

"That Squanto story was to delay you, of course. Did you run it down?"

"Couldn't find out who started it. It was done a-purpose, all right. Somebuddy up there knew about the holdup."

Hardy looked across the river. "How'd they come up this way?" he asked.

"Along that gully over there," said Sheriff Punt. "Out of sight behind the ridge till they come to the ford. You can see the ford f'om here. Funny you didn't see them. Six of 'em."

"I was down in the lower field, cultivating," said Hardy, and pointed. "Down there early, by six. What time would they get here?"

"Might have been round eight o'clock."

Hardy turned to Rose, on the porch. "Where were you, about eight?" he asked.

"Tinkering the flivver," she told them. "In the shed behind the house."

"You didn't see 'em, ma'am?" the sheriff asked courteously.

Rose shook her head. "No, I didn't see them."

"Could you see yore paw, where he was working?"

"Oh, yes."

Hardy asked: "Where did they go from the ford?"

"Trail ends there," said Punt. "Reckon they rode their horses in the water a ways, and then scattered. Maybe had a boat there. You got a boat, Jim?"

Hardy pointed to the skiff stranded high above the river below the house, and Punt walked down and looked at it. The thing had obviously been there for days; the mud was plastered round it by the retreating water. He came back up the hill, and he and another man went into the stable. Hardy began to look troubled, Jubilo saw. Sheriff Punt came out of the stable and rejoined them.

Hardy asked: "What are you looking for, sheriff?"

Punt said amiably: "Just taking a look at your horse, Jim."

"What about my horse?" Hardy asked.

"Where was he yest'day morning?"

"He was in the stable all night. I turned him into the pasture with the cows after I'd fed them."

"Which is the pasture?"

Hardy pointed to the gate at the foot of the knoll.

Punt looked that way and asked: "Runs up to the ford, don't it?"

"Not that far. But it runs that way."

"Sure he was in the stable all night?"

"Sure."

"What time d'you turn him out?"

"Little before six, maybe."

"Was he in the pasture f'om then on?"

Rose said from the porch: "I saw him there after I'd washed dishes, about seven o'clock."

Hardy asked, a hint of impatience in his voice: "What's in your mind, sheriff?"

Punt spat on the ground. "'Member I told you there was a fellow waiting at the bridge with six horses?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He rid your horse," said Punt.

"My horse!" Hardy echoed; and Jubilo thought there was a false note in his surprise.

"Yeah. That horse with the white rump."

"No, he didn't," said Hardy. "That horse was here."

"He was saw by half the passengers," said Punt positively.

"What did the man look like?"

"Looked like a good-sized man, in blue overalls and shirt, with a bandanna tied across his mouth and his nose."

Hardy as he stood before them was a good-sized man in blue overalls and shirt; and he caught the implication, and his voice hardened.

"Well?" he challenged.

"I'm asking you, Jim," said Punt uncomfortably, "what do you make of it?"

"Nothing," said Hardy. "Either it just happened or they painted a bay to fool you."

"They'd know they couldn't lay it on you. No sense in that fooling."

"They'd figure it would delay the hunt."

"Mebbe." Punt was noncommittal. He spat again.

"If I'd been in it," said Hardy, "I'd have covered that white rump. Painted it out. Do you think I'd have left my card like that?"

"You might figure we'd figure you wouldn't, so you would," said Punt cryptically; and Jubilo laughed and offered his contribution.

"That sounds like 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,' sheriff," he said.

Punt looked at Jubilo bleakly.

"Does it?" he asked, and Jubilo thought of the Muskoka jail, and kept still.

Punt turned back to Jim Hardy.

Hardy asked again: "Well?"

"Jim," said Sheriff Punt, "don't you go taking any trips for a spell. I might want to talk to you."

"You can talk now, sheriff," said Hardy.

"I ain't got a word to say—not now," said Punt. "But—you stay round home."

He climbed on his horse, with the difficulty a fat man must experience in such a maneuver, and nodded to his men. Some of them grinned at Hardy. Then they all wheeled and rode down the knoll to the river, and up the river bank toward the ford.

Hardy and Rose and Jubilo watched them go. When they were out of sight Rose came and touched her father's arm.

"Breakfast's ready," she said.

Hardy nodded to Jubilo. "Come along," he told the young man.

They went into the house and sat down at the table and ate.

IV

JUBILO was interested, during the following days, in studying Jim Hardy. Train robber or not, Hardy was a strange man and an interesting one. That there was a mystery about him Jubilo made sure on the afternoon of that first day, when he had been at Hardy's place less than twenty-four hours.

He and Hardy were at the stable. There was a promise of rain in the skies and they had driven in from the field. Hardy heard the hoofbeats of a horse approaching along the river road. He listened for a moment, then went into the house. When he came out Jubilo saw a hard bulge beneath the flap of his overalls. He maneuvered to get on that side of Hardy and saw the butt of a revolver, where it was tucked between overalls and shirt.

That interested Jubilo immensely. Train robber or not, Hardy lived with fear. He expected the coming of a man to meet whom a revolver might be required. Jubilo let his conjectures play with that idea. But he was too tired for much thought that first evening. He had been worked like a mule that day. Planting was over and done with before he came, but cultivating time was beginning, and there was work for half a dozen men. Hardy's last man had departed toward Muskoka two days before Jubilo's advent, on bibulous pleasures bent, and his return was not anticipated. Jubilo had to fill his place.

Farming is not skilled labor in the sense of requiring a long apprenticeship—that is to say, farm work is not skilled labor. Jubilo found that he only needed a new set of back muscles, and of leg muscles, and of arm muscles, and a new skin for the palms of his hands, to be reasonably well equipped

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Firestone

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FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Firestone Park Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Most miles per

Actual size illustration of a 5-inch Firestone Cord Tire with the new Non-Skid Tread, built to the largest standard of this size established by the industry.

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for his tasks. He acquired these tools of the trade in the only possible way.

Hardy had gone in for corn that year, and the green blades were six inches high when Jubilo arrived. Along with the corn, however, vast quantities of weeds, all extra tough, had thrust up their heads. On the day after his arrival Hardy took Jubilo and a hoe to the edge of the nearest cornfield, identified the corn for him so that he need not mistake it for a weed, and gave him brief instructions. Then he hitched one of the mules to the cultivator and drove to the opposite side of the field and started to work on his own account, and once or twice he looked over to where Jubilo was doggedly chopping away, and smiled to himself.

Jubilo started in at his task with a certain zest. He had never fallen in love with work; he had never even become acquainted with it. To drive his sharp hoe through the base of a flourishing weed and see it topple and fall was exhilarating. Also, he was surprised to find how easy it was. The weeds cut like cheese, the hoe weighed no more than a cigarette, and the sun was only comfortably warm.

This was during the first five minutes or so. At the end of that time he became conscious of a faint pain low down in his back. He decided that came from stooping over too far, so he tried to stand up straighter as he worked.

The pain did not go away; in fact, it increased. Also, he found it hard to stand as straight as he wished. The hoe was becoming heavier; it was pulling him forward. It required a distinct effort to lift it for each stroke. This effort increased. After fifteen minutes Jubilo stood the hoe up on end and inspected it, turning it from side to side.

"You don't look any bigger, darn you," he told it. "But you surely are acquiring weight fast."

Then he wiped the sweat off his forehead and started in again, and the sun began to burn through his shirt upon his shoulders. Also that ache in his back was spreading to his shoulders. And the thighs of his legs, in the back, were developing an ache of their own. And his shoulder muscles were lagging. When he stopped to straighten up now his back felt stiff, and he half-expected to hear it creak.

The hoe was so heavy by this time that it was all he could do to lift it, and there was no force whatever in its downward swing. Also, his strokes were becoming inaccurate, and once he sliced off a spear of corn.

When he did that he looked across the field to Hardy, and wondered guiltily whether Hardy could see. But Hardy was a quarter of a mile away. However, he might come over this way and discover the cut stalk. So Jubilo knelt down and buried it in the soft earth out of sight. Then he moved on along the row.

It was a few minutes after that that he discovered the weeds were toughening. The hoe came down on the stalk of one that was only medium size, and it did not cut through. Jubilo could hardly believe his eyes. He swung the hoe again and cut the weed, and went on. Five minutes later the thing happened again; and five minutes after that it was happening regularly. Jubilo wondered if the sun climbing higher was baking the weed stems to this new steel-like consistency. The thing seemed probable. He knew that the sun was baking him. His shoulders felt hot, scorching.

An hour after he started to work he was one ache from head to toe; half an hour after that he was dead tired. He felt angrily that Hardy had given himself all the best of it. Nothing to do but trail along after a mule, while he, Jubilo, broke his back over this gigantic and ponderous hoe.

He was about ready to quit in disgust when he saw Rose come out of the house and down to the field. She carried a jug and something done up in a napkin. He decided he would not quit so long as she was in sight. Besides, she might be bringing him something to eat. Jubilo enjoyed eating.

Rose came to the edge of the field at the other side, and waited there for Hardy to finish a row. When he stopped beside her she handed him the jug and he tilted it. It was full of buttermilk, cooled in the well; and there were cookies in the napkin. Hardy wiped his lips after his drink and took two or three of the cookies. Rose looked across the field to where Jubilo toiled.

"Why do you make him do that?" she asked. "You could do in five minutes with the cultivator as much as he will do in a day."

"He needs the work," her father said.

"I expect he's awfully tired."

Hardy nodded. "I remember my first day hoeing corn," he said. "I quit at eleven o'clock—dead-beat. Let's see how he holds out."

"I'm going to take him some buttermilk," Rose said.

"Yes," Hardy agreed. "But—don't keep him from his work, Rose."

Rose smiled her assent as she started off across the field. Jubilo saw her coming but he pretended not to see until she called to him: "Do you like buttermilk?"

He looked toward her at that; and it rested him just to look at her. She was so clean.

"I don't know the meaning of the word," he said; "but I'll try anything once."

She gave him the jug and held out the cookies. He ate all there were, drank till he could drink no more.

"I expect you're pretty tired," she suggested.

"Shucks, no! This is just play," he bragged. "I like it."

Her eyes twinkled as she watched him pick up the hoe and make an awkward swipe at the nearest weed.

"Here," she said. "Let me show you an easier way." And she took the hoe from him. "Give it a sort of sidewise, slicing cut," she said. "And—you don't need to lift your hoe so high. Not more than a foot or two above the ground."

He had a faint and sneaking hope that she would keep the hoe and keep on demonstrating. While she worked he could not. That was certain. But he was disappointed. She handed the hoe back to him.

"Do you see?" she asked.

"You mean to say you've done this?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, I often put in a day at it when we—when the weeds get ahead of us."

He took the hoe. If she could do it so could he. She said good-by and started away, and he went at the work again. His hands were blistered by this time. Before long the blisters would break. His arms and shoulders burned and throbbed, and he felt sure his back was permanently bent and baked into a fish-hook curve. But—if she could do it so could he.

He was still at it when Rose blew the horn that called them to dinner; and Hardy nodded approvingly when they met on the way to the house. He inspected Jubilo's hands, and put adhesive over the blisters.

"They'll toughen up in a day or two," he said.

"Sure," Jubilo agreed.

He ate so much that he felt like apologizing, and did so. Rose laughed at him.

"That's because you've worked so hard," she told him.

"They didn't know what work was till I invented it," he agreed cheerfully. "And I'll take that piece of pie."

A razor, a needle and thread clumsily manipulated, soap and water, and a week of hard work made a difference in the outward aspect of Year ob Jubilo. He had given up thinking of slipping away. He was still interested in Hardy and in the dread that lay upon the man; but more than that, he was beginning to take a very distinct pleasure in being near Rose.

Nevertheless, the young man's shifty and evasive habits were still strong upon him. When he could shirk the work without detection he did so. There was no shame in him; there was only a wariness lest he be found out. He made an impression on Hardy. Hardy was a just man; justice was his preëminent quality. He acknowledged to himself that Jubilo had done better than he expected, and his first mistrust of the young man was slowly dissipated. Once or twice he questioned Jubilo as to affairs in Muskoka, seventeen miles across the fat prairie. Had strangers appeared there? What were they like? What did they seek? Whence had they come? Did they remain or had they departed? These questions, and many others, in the all-too-short evenings upon the porch while they watched the lights of Muskoka flicker so dimly through the night. Jubilo could not answer Hardy's questions. He had been in Muskoka only two days. But—he sensed the anxiety behind the man's inquiries, and wondered over it.

During that week Jubilo learned the joys of waking at dawn, of tumbling out for the long day of steady, healthy toil with its pleasant intervals for eating, and of the quiet smokes upon the porch in the night, before sheer drowsiness and fatigue sent him off to the mow to sleep. The soul of the man was quickening. But—there remained dross which must be purged by fire.

The beginning of this purging came about at the end of the week. Hardy had given Jubilo the task of feeding and watering the beasts in the morning. Jubilo did this before coming to breakfast. For the most part he did it well enough; but on the seventh day of his stay he slept late, and scanted the task. He fed the cows and the mules and the white-rumped horse; and he watered the cows; but he left the mules and the horse thirsty, and hurried up for his breakfast.

Hardy said nothing while they were eating. But afterward, when they came out of the house, he asked casually: "Did you water the stock?"

Jubilo had meant to go back and do it after breakfast, but he knew Hardy would not approve of that arrangement, so he lied easily and naturally.

"Sure," he said.

Hardy did not at once look at him. He was gazing off across the prairie; but after a minute he turned toward Jubilo.

"I've made some allowances for you," he said quietly. "I know you're not used to work. I've seen that you shirked now and then. That's to be expected. But—there are two things I cannot stand for: I won't let the animals be abused; and I won't be lied to."

In the old days Jubilo would have taken an impudent delight in the situation. Now he was faintly ashamed of himself, and so he was sullen.

"All right," he said. "If you don't like the way I do things I'll quit. Right now!"

"You have that right," said Hardy. "But—first I'm going to teach you to care for your beasts, and to tell the truth."

"How will you teach me all that?" Jubilo asked, something of the old impudent challenge in his tones.

"I'm going to give you the thrashing you need," said Hardy slowly. And he stepped off the porch to the ground. "Come down here," he said.

Jubilo's face flamed with the first rush of honest anger he had felt for a good many days; then he grinned wickedly. There had been a time when he knew something of boxing. And—Hardy was an old man, as such things go. Must be near fifty at least. He himself had been hardened by his week of work; he was in fair condition. He stepped lightly down and faced Hardy, and Hardy came toward him slowly and struck out.

Jubilo moved his head, dodging the blow, and his counter went home in Hardy's body. That was where Hardy must be weak; that was where the punishment would tell. As he side-stepped Hardy's rush he saw Rose come to the door and watch them. Her hand was at her throat, but there was no revulsion in her eyes. There was only interest.

After that first glimpse Jubilo found himself too busy to watch Rose. Hardy showed a surprising, an appalling ability to take care of himself. Jubilo had landed the first blow, but he did not land another. Hardy began to break down his guard, and his stiff jolting punches went home on Jubilo's body and mouth and nose with persistent regularity. Jubilo's nose began to bleed—he could taste the blood in his mouth—one of his eyes ached and swelled till he could not see from it, and his breath began to sob in his throat.

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Within Ten Minutes After the Train Had Stopped He Saw These Men Gallop Away From the Train and Strike Due North

I'll tell the world!

JIM, you and I have been friends ever since you came to town, about 18 years, I think. In fact, you and I and CINCO cigars get the palm for friendship on this corner, with a shade the best of it in favor of CINCO. Have you ever stopped to think how fortunate, how lucky, we Americans are to have a cigar of such wonderful uniformity and such excellent quality as CINCO, *for seven cents!* You'd know if you'd ever traveled abroad—you'd know too, how valuable it is to the smoker to be able to lay seven cents on a show case, say 'CINCO', and get a cigar that beats anything you ever found in Europe for less than fifteen cents. Even in this country, it's pretty fine when you are traveling, to know that any place you go you can meet our old friend CINCO for the small sum of seven cents. Many a time, Jim, far away from home, out in the oil fields of the southwest, or in visiting my mines in Colorado, I have returned to the hotel, bought a pocket full of CINCOS, tilted back my chair, cocked my feet above my head and completed the day's success in a cloud of cheerful CINCO smoke that circled o'er my head. COMFORT! Yes, regular CINCO comfort that makes you tell the world,—

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This one three-ton chassis, with its optional gear reductions, wheel bases and special equipment, offers to dealers a greater range of sales, though not necessarily the same range, as that of any conventional line of rear-drive trucks from two to five ton capacity.

The boys from the Front will tell you

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Nevertheless, he was quite cool under the punishment. He saw that he could not reach Hardy by sparring. Hardy was the better boxer, for all his years. And Jubilo was game enough in such matters to take punishment and watch his chance. When that chance came he would rush.

Presently Hardy stepped back a little, breathing deeply. And Jubilo saw the opening he had waited for. While Hardy was still off balance with that backward step Jubilo went in, his guard down, his left driving for Hardy's body, and his right ready for the finisher if Hardy should lower his hands.

But—Hardy did not lower his hands. Jubilo saw the iron fist coming, immensely big and dangerous; and for the life of him in that infinitely long instant of time he could not move or block. He watched that big fist come till it slapped home against his chin; and then he whirled dizzily and went down and lay quite still.

His senses came back under a deluge of water. Hardy had poured a bucketful of it over his head. Jubilo mumbled something, and sat up and opened his eyes. Hardy was standing watching him; and Rose was still in the door.

Hardy said evenly: "Now go water the stock; then you can get out."

Jubilo got to his feet; and abruptly through his battered countenance there broke a smile.

"I'll water the stock," he said quickly. "I'm sorry I lied. But as for getting out—I'm not much good—haven't been—but I may be some day. If you're willing to keep me I'd like to stick round."

Hardy studied Jubilo for a moment, then he looked at Rose, then back at Jubilo again.

"All right," he said. "You've taken this very well. I need you. And—it takes a good man to take a licking. I'll be glad to have you stay."

Jubilo nodded. Then he went to the pump for the water, and Rose and her father saw him disappear into the stable. After a moment they heard him singing there. Rose said softly: "You—hurt him badly."

"I thought it would bring out—whatever was in him," said Hardy. "I was right. He is a man."

"Yes," said Rose, and she smiled. "Yes, I think so too."

v

JUBILO'S second week at Hardy's place went quietly. No more was said of the thrashing Hardy had administered; there was no rancor and no taunting. Hardy was pleased with Jubilo, and Jubilo was more interested in the business of living than he had ever been before. He liked Rose, liked to be near her; but it was really Hardy who held him. Jubilo was trying to fathom the man and understand him. Hardy was not at all his idea of a train robber. Yet—Hardy might have been anything. He was calm and strong and steady and quiet. Strength was the dominant feature in the man. Jubilo thought that if Hardy was a train robber he was certainly a good one. He would be good at anything. He was that sort of man.

Jubilo was enjoying himself. He was even beginning to get a distinct pleasure out of the steady work that Hardy laid upon him. Every night saw him throbbing with weariness; and each morning he woke aching and stiff. But after the first few minutes of waking, strength and suppleness flowed into him, and life had never been so sweet. He ate ravenously, lived wholesomely, and little by little the dross of idleness fell away from him. Once or twice he laughed at himself for his new habits of industry, and once or twice he wondered why the old restlessness did not drive him away again upon the open road.

In the middle of the second week a man he knew tramped past Hardy's place—a hobo. The man remembered Jubilo, and they talked together, the other jeering. Jubilo grinned good-naturedly and bade the man get along.

"Else Hardy will put you to work and make you like it too," he threatened.

And the other tramp departed with furtive backward glances as though he suspected Jubilo's sanity.

Hardy asked Jubilo about this man that night; and Jubilo sensed the familiar alert suspicion in Hardy's voice. There was no doubt that Hardy expected and feared the coming of an enemy. Jubilo was able to reassure him.

"His name's Side-Door Red, or Red for short," he said. "I ran into him in Ohio last summer, and he was in Mississippi last winter. Plain 'bo."

"He's a traveler, to cover that ground," Hardy remarked; and Jubilo nodded.

"Sure, in side-door Pullmans," he agreed. "That's the way he got his name."

Rose was inside washing dishes and singing softly to herself. She sang well, and this was a certain bond between her and Jubilo. She had a piano, and once or twice she played while they sang together, Hardy in tilted chair against the wall listening and watching them with veiled eyes. Jubilo taught her the song that had given him his name. The tune took possession of her, as a catchy tune will, and she hummed it constantly about her work:

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh t'ree hundred pound.
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go halfway round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so dreffful tann'd,
I spect he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to t'ink he contraband.

Then the laughing chorus, with that triumphant couplet:

It mus' be now de Kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo!

Even Hardy took up the song, until it got on all their nerves and they cried out in protest when anyone started it up. Only Jubilo was loyal.

"I like it," he insisted. "When a song's as good as that one I don't care how often I sing it."

"Well, I do," Hardy told him. "Keep it out of my hearing, young man."

He was good-natured about it. Hardy was an even-tempered man, and he was habitually good-natured. He and Rose and Jubilo got along very well together. They had the gift of harmony. They were good friends. Thus far Rose and Jubilo were nothing more.

Hardy had an ancient and dilapidated automobile, which lived in a shed behind the house. Theoretically it was for use on trips to town, too long for a horse to compass easily in a day. Actually it was much out of order. Rose and Hardy both knew how to run it, but neither of them had the mechanical gift that would have enabled them to keep it in order. It was balky when Jubilo came to the place; so balky that Hardy did not dare use it for fear it would stall and leave him stranded miles from home.

They joked about this antiquated car, and Jubilo told Hardy he could tinker it into shape. But in the steady flow of daily toil there was no time till one day in the second week when it rained, a steady and torrential rain that made even the few paces from house to stable as wet as a transatlantic voyage. After the stock had been cared for there was nothing more that could be done. Hardy at breakfast asked Jubilo whether he played cribbage. Jubilo did.

Hardy got out the board; but Jubilo said: "Suppose I go over the flivver."

Hardy said: "It's not worth it. The thing is too old to work."

"They're never too old," Jubilo told him. "The older the better. I'll take a look at it."

Hardy went out with him to the shed and lighted his pipe and sat just inside the door on an upturned box, the rain pelting down outside, and watched Jubilo set about his task. There is a charm about a rainy day when one can idle indoors and let it rain. The shed, this day, was a pleasant place. It was small; and the rain outside the door was so near them that they had that pleasant sensation of imminently escaping peril or discomfort. There's no fun in being warm unless the day is cold; there's no fun in being cool unless the day is hot; and there's no fun in being dry unless the day is wet. This day was very wet indeed. So Jubilo and Hardy had a cheerful time of it in the shed, and made more progress in their mutual acquaintance than they had ever made before.

Jubilo found any number of things the matter with the car. A spark plug was cracked, and Hardy thought he had a new one somewhere, and found it, and Jubilo put it in place. Then he suspected carbon, and took off the cylinder head, while Hardy laughed at the contortions that were necessary to reach the bolts hidden under the dash. He found carbon a quarter of an inch thick on piston and cylinder walls; and he took a screw driver and laboriously scraped it away. The valves were pitted, but he had no grinding tool. The best he could do was to clean them thoroughly before he replaced the cylinder head.

Then he cleaned the contact post in the crank case, which picks current from the magneto; and while he was about it he tightened up the gears. For good measure he jacked up the wheels in turn and adjusted them. One front wheel was so tight it would scarcely turn at all; the other was so loose it wabbled an inch each way in his hands. Grease and oil, plentifully applied to the car and his own face and hands, completed the job, and kept him busy through the morning and into the afternoon.

At last he stood back and rubbed his black hands together and said cheerfully: "There. If she don't go now I'll eat an inner tube."

"Don't do it," Hardy warned him. "I've only got one spare."

When they went back into the house Rose protested that Jubilo was too dirty to come in, and that he would never be clean again. But he made her pour kerosene on his hands to cut the grease; and when he was a white man again he and Hardy took up their game of cribbage.

Cribbage is an amiable game, and one meant for good fellowship; for there are only two kinds of cribbage players—beginners, and others. There is probably less skill in this game than in any other that pretends to be a game of skill. Take the shrewdest old master and a player who knows the rudiments and let them play a hundred-game match—there will not be three games to choose between them at the end. Hardy and Jubilo were to play many games of cribbage; and they kept an account from the beginning. At the end of their first hundred games Hardy had won fifty-one, Jubilo forty-nine. And Jubilo won the next two.

A gentle and a leisurely occupation. And these days, for all the steady work from dawn till dusk, were gentle and leisurely days. Jubilo continued to wonder whether Hardy was a train robber, and once or twice he was half minded to ask point-blank. But he did not. He contented himself with waiting and with wondering. Sheriff Punt had not ridden their way again; they had no news of the chase. Jubilo thought the robbers would be lying low just now, and waiting for the excitement to blow over. He decided it was not unlikely, if Hardy was one of them, that the loot was hidden about the place somewhere. He wondered where it was hidden, and even poked into a corner or two to see what he might see.

He found nothing, but he had not really expected to find anything. He could wait. If Hardy was in it, sooner or later some of the gang would be dropping in on them here, to pass a word and fill a pocket with dollars, and ride away again. Jubilo wondered if it was the coming of the gangsters that Hardy dreaded. He thought not. Hardy was not a man to fear his associates in such an enterprise. He was not, in fact, a man to fear anything.

But he did fear something—that is to say, he expected someone, for whom he waited with a pistol ready to his hand. Not many came along the river road in those days. Few had business that way. But when anyone did come Hardy made ready for them.

Jubilo was taking pride by this time in his ability to work. Rose laughed at him for it one night; and he told her cheerfully: "Laugh if you like, but you can't tell me there ever was a man who picked up the trick of it so smartly."

"In a year or so," she teased, "you'll be able to really accomplish something when you work."

"You talk like these old-timers who begin every story they tell with: 'Now when I was a boy.'"

"Oh, but you really don't know what work is—yet," she assured him.

"I'm satisfied," he declared. "If I don't know then ignorance is bliss. Don't teach me."

"Dad will teach you, when corn-cutting time comes."

"Corn-cutting!" he exclaimed. "You mean to say just when I've got that corn trained to stand alone and lick the weeds without help I've got to cut it all down?"

"Not yet," she said. "Not till it's taller. Half again as tall as you."

"Does it get that big, honestly?"

"Of course."

"I didn't know corn grew on trees."

She laughed; and he thought her laugh very musical and charming. A fine girl. A girl who could do things too. No namby-pamby, sitting round with her hands in her lap. He thought, she was what stage directions would call a "practicable girl," and the idea amused him. He would tell her that—some day. He did not quite dare tell her now, and it was a new experience for Jubilo to hold his tongue.

A very quiet, peaceful sort of existance, there on Hardy's place. But over them day by day hung that shadow of dread. One night he and Hardy were on the porch as usual, and Rose, her work done, came out to join them.

No one spoke for a moment and then Hardy said softly: "Someone's coming."

They listened, and Jubilo heard the soft thud of a horse's hoofs in the dusty road down the river, and the creak of a buggy's wheels.

"That's right," he agreed.

Hardy got up and went into the house, and when he came out Jubilo knew he was armed. He and Jubilo had been sitting on the steps just in front of the lighted door. He moved to one side now, and sat down in the shadow on the edge of the porch. Rose stood near him, with a way she had of rallying to him at such times.

Jubilo did not move and Rose said softly: "Come out of the light."

Jubilo shook his head laughingly. "I'm comfortable."

They heard the horse and buggy come nearer, slowly. The horse was walking. After a long time they caught a glimpse of the lighted lantern which hung between the wheels at the right-hand side, to light the road under the horse's feet. The lantern disappeared behind a rise of ground, came in sight again, approached the house.

It did not turn up toward them, however; it went past, on up the river road. The light disappeared, and slowly the faint sounds of its progress receded till they died in the distance.

After a little time Hardy stirred. He went into the house and came out again and sat down beside Jubilo. He filled his pipe and smoked it in silence; and Rose went to the piano inside and began to play and sing softly. The hush and the glory of the night wrapped them warmly round. The stars shone high above. The smoke from Hardy's pipe and Jubilo's cigarette drifted upward and was lost, as it seemed, among those stooping stars. Jubilo, looking up, thought he might almost have reached up and plucked one of the largest, they seemed so near.

He wondered whose coming Hardy was awaiting. He wanted to ask. Some day, perhaps, he would do so.

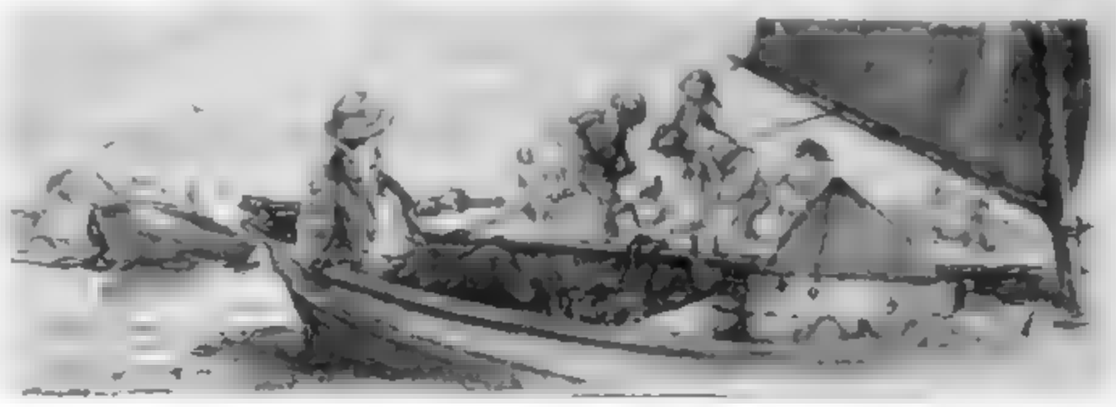
When the pipe was done Hardy rose.

"Good night, young man," he said gently.

Jubilo said "Good night, sir," quietly. He had never said "sir" to Hardy before, and he was quite unconscious of it now.

Hardy went indoors; and Jubilo went down to the barn and slapped the bay horse on that white-splashed rump and climbed to his bed in the mow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Exact reproduction of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild "Service Workshops" on Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 25)

"No, I hardly think I could do that. I shall go back to London to-morrow and stay at the Carlton for a few days. Then I shall sail for America. There are a couple of pieces I've got to do for the fall. I ought to be starting on them."

Maud looked away.

"You've got your work," she said almost inaudibly.

George understood her.

"Yes, I've got my work."

"I'm glad."

She held out her hand.

"You've been very wonderful. Right from the beginning you've been—oh, what's the use of my saying anything!"

"I've had my reward—I've known you. We're friends, aren't we?"

"My best friend."

"Pals?"

"Pals."

They shook hands.

XXV

"I WAS never so upset in my life!" said Lady Caroline. She had been saying the same thing and many other things for the past five minutes. Until the departure of the last guest she had kept an icy command of herself and shown an unruffled front to the world. She had even contrived to smile. But now, with the final automobile whirring its way homeward, she had thrown off the mask. The very furniture of Lord Marshmoreton's study seemed to shrink, seared by the flame of her wrath. As for Lord Marshmoreton himself he looked quite shriveled.

It had not been an easy matter to bring her erring brother to bay. The hunt had been in progress fully ten minutes before she and Lord Belpher finally cornered the poor wretch. His plea, through the keyhole of the locked door, that he was working on the family history and could not be disturbed was ignored; and now he was face to face with the avengers.

"I cannot understand it," continued Lady Caroline. "You know that for months we have all been straining every nerve to break off this horrible entanglement and, just as we had begun to hope that something might be done, you announce the engagement in the most public manner. I think you must be out of your mind. I can hardly believe even now that this appalling thing has happened. I am hoping that I shall wake up and find it is all a nightmare. How you can have done such a thing, I cannot understand."

"Quite!" said Lord Belpher.

If Lady Caroline was upset, there are no words in the language that will adequately describe the emotions of Percy. From the very start of this lamentable episode in high life Percy had been in the forefront of the battle. It was Percy who had had his best hat smitten from his head in the full view of all Piccadilly. It was Percy who had suffered arrest and imprisonment in the cause. It was Percy who had been crippled for days owing to his zeal in tracking Maud across country. And now all his sufferings were in vain. He had been betrayed by his own father.

There was, so historians of the Middle West tell us, a man of Chicago named Young, who once, when his nerves were unstrung, put his mother—unseen—in the chopping machine, and canned her and labeled her "Tongue." It is enough to say that the glance of disapproval which Percy cast upon his father at this juncture would have been unduly severe if cast by the Young offspring upon their parent at the moment of confession.

Lord Marshmoreton had rallied from his initial panic. The spirit of revolt began to burn again in his bosom. Once the die is cast for revolution there can be no looking back. One must defy, not apologize. Perhaps the inherited tendencies of a line of ancestors who, whatever their shortcomings, had at least known how to treat their womenfolk, came to his aid. Possibly there stood by his side in this crisis ghosts of dead and buried Marshmoretons, whispering spectral encouragement in his ear—the ghost, let us suppose, of that earl who, in the days of the seventh Henry, had stabbed his wife with a dagger to cure her of a tendency to lecture him at night; or of that other earl who, at a previous date in the annals of the family, had caused two aunts and a sister to be poisoned apparently from a mere whim. At any rate, Lord Marshmoreton produced from some source sufficient courage to talk back.

"Silly nonsense!" he grunted. "Don't see what you're making all this fuss about. Maud loves the fellow. I like the fellow. Perfectly decent fellow. Nothing to make a fuss about. Why shouldn't I announce the engagement?"

"You must be mad!" cried Lady Caroline. "Your only daughter and a man nobody knows anything about!"

"Quite!" said Percy.

Lord Marshmoreton seized his advantage with the skill of an adroit debater.

"That's where you're wrong. I know all about him. He's a very rich man. You heard the way all those people at dinner behaved when they heard his name. Very celebrated man! Makes thousands of pounds a year. Perfectly suitable match in every way."

"It is not a suitable match," said Lady Caroline vehemently. "I don't care whether this Mr. Bevan makes thousands of pounds a year or twopence-ha'penny. The match is not suitable. Money is not everything."

She broke off. A knock had come to the door. The door opened and Billie Dore came in. A kind-hearted girl, she had foreseen that Lord Marshmoreton might be glad of a change of subject at about this time.

"Would you like me to help you to-night?" she asked brightly. "I thought I would ask if there was anything you wanted me to do."

Lady Caroline snatched hurriedly at her aristocratic calm. She resented the interruption acutely, but her manner, when she spoke, was bland.

"Lord Marshmoreton will not require your help to-night," she said. "He will not be working."

"Good night," said Billie.

"Good night," said Lady Caroline.

Percy scowled a valediction.

"Money," resumed Lady Caroline, "is immaterial. Maud is in no position to be obliged to marry a rich man. What makes the thing impossible is that this Mr. Bevan is nobody. He comes from nowhere. He has no social standing whatsoever."

"Don't see it," said Lord Marshmoreton. "The fellow's a thoroughly decent fellow; that's all that matters."

"How can you be so pig-headed! You are talking like an imbecile. Your secretary, Miss Dore, is a nice girl; but how would you feel if Percy were to come to you and say that he was engaged to be married to her?"

"Exactly!" said Percy. "Quite!"

Lord Marshmoreton rose and moved to the door. He did it with a certain dignity, but there was a strange, hunted expression in his eyes.

"That would be impossible," he said.

"Precisely," said his sister. "I am glad that you admit it."

Lord Marshmoreton had reached the door and was standing holding the handle. He seemed to gather strength from its support. "I've been meaning to tell you about that," he said.

"About what?"

"About Miss Dore. I married her myself last Wednesday," said Lord Marshmoreton, and disappeared like a diving duck.

XXVI

AT A QUARTER past four in the afternoon, two days after the memorable dinner party at which Lord Marshmoreton had behaved with so notable a lack of judgment, Maud sat in Ye Cosy Nooke, waiting for Geoffrey Raymond. He had said in his telegram that he would meet her there at four-thirty; but eagerness had brought Maud to the tryst a quarter of an hour ahead of time; and already the sadness of her surroundings was causing her to regret this impulsiveness. Depression had settled upon her spirit. She was aware of something that resembled foreboding.

Ye Cosy Nooke, as its name will immediately suggest to those who know their London, is a tea shop in Bond Street, conducted by distressed gentlewomen. In London, when a gentlewoman becomes distressed—which she seems to do on the slightest provocation—she collects about her two or three other distressed gentlewomen, forming a quorum, and starts a tea shop in the West End, which she calls Ye Oak-Leaf, Ye Olde Willow-Pattern, Ye Linden-Tree, or Ye Snug Harbor, according to personal taste. There, dressed in Tyrolese, Japanese, Norwegian or some other exotic costume, she and her associates administer refreshments of an afternoon with a proud languor calculated to knock the nonsense out of the cheeriest customer. Here you will find none of the bustle and efficiency of the

"This Mr. Bevan is Nobody. He Has No Social Standing Whatsoever"

rival establishments of Lyons and Co., nor the glitter and gayety of Rumpelmayer's. These places have an atmosphere of their own. They rely for their effect on an insufficiency of light, an almost total lack of ventilation, a property chocolate cake which you are not supposed to cut, and the sad aloofness of their ministering angels. It is to be doubted whether there is anything in the world more damping to the spirit than a London tea shop of this kind, unless it be another London tea shop of the same kind.

Maud sat and waited. Somewhere out of sight a kettle bubbled in an undertone, like a whispering pessimist. Across the room two distressed gentlewomen in fancy dress leaned against the wall. They, too, were whispering. Their expressions suggested that they looked on life as low and wished they were well out of it, like the body upstairs. One assumed that there was a body upstairs. One cannot help it at these places. One's first thought on entering is that the lady assistant will approach one and ask "Tea or chocolate? And would you care to view the remains?"

Maud looked at her watch. It was twenty past four. She could scarcely believe that she had been there only five minutes, but the ticking of the watch assured her that it had not stopped. Her depression deepened. Why had Geoffrey told her to meet him in a cavern of gloom like this instead of at the Savoy? She would have enjoyed the Savoy. But here she seemed to have lost beyond recovery the first gay eagerness with which she had set out to meet the man she loved.

Suddenly she began to feel frightened. Some evil spirit, possibly the kettle, seemed to whisper to her that she had been foolish in coming here, to cast doubts on what she had hitherto regarded as the one rock-solid fact in the world, her love for Geoffrey. Could she have changed since those days in Wales? Life had been so confusing of late. In the vividness of recent happenings those days in Wales seemed a long way off, and she herself different from the girl of a year ago. She found herself thinking about George Bevan.

It was a curious fact that the moment she began to think of George Bevan she felt better. It was as if she had lost her way in a wilderness and had met a friend. There was something so capable, so soothing about George. And how well he had behaved at that last interview. George seemed somehow to be part of her life. She could not imagine a life in which he had no share. And he was at this moment probably packing to return to America, and she would never see him again. Something stabbed at her heart. It was as if she were realizing now for the first time that he was really going.

She tried to rid herself of the ache at her heart by thinking of Wales. She closed her eyes and found that that helped her to remember. With her eyes shut, she could bring it all back—that rainy day, the graceful, supple figure that had come to her out of the mist, those walks over the hills. If only Geoffrey would come! It was the sight of him that she needed.

"There you are!"

Maud opened her eyes with a start. The voice had sounded like Geoffrey's, but it was a stranger who stood by the table, and not a particularly prepossessing stranger. In the dim light of Ye Cosy Nooke, to which her opening eyes had not yet grown accustomed, all she could see of the man was that he was remarkably stout. She stiffened defensively. This was what a girl who sat about in tea rooms alone had to expect.

"Hope I'm not late," said the stranger, sitting down and breathing heavily. "I thought a little exercise would do me good, so I walked."

Every nerve in Maud's body seemed to come to life simultaneously. She tingled from head to foot. It was Geoffrey!

He was looking over his shoulder and endeavoring, by snapping his fingers, to attract the attention of the nearest distressed gentlewoman; and this gave Maud time to recover from the frightful shock she had received. Her dizziness left her, and, leaving, was succeeded by a panic dismay. This couldn't be Geoffrey! It was outrageous that it should be Geoffrey! And yet it undeniably was Geoffrey. For a year she had prayed that Geoffrey might be given back to her, and the gods had heard her prayer. They had given her back Geoffrey, and with a careless generosity they had given her twice as much of him as she had expected. She had asked for the slim Apollo whom she had loved in Wales, and this colossal changeling had arrived in his stead.

We all of us have our prejudices. Maud had a prejudice against fat men. It may have been the spectacle of her brother Percy, bulging more and more every year she had known him, that had caused this kink in her character. At any rate, it existed; and she gazed in sickened silence at Geoffrey. He had turned again now, and she was enabled to get a full and complete view of him. He was not merely stout, he was gross. The slim figure which had

(Continued on Page 117)

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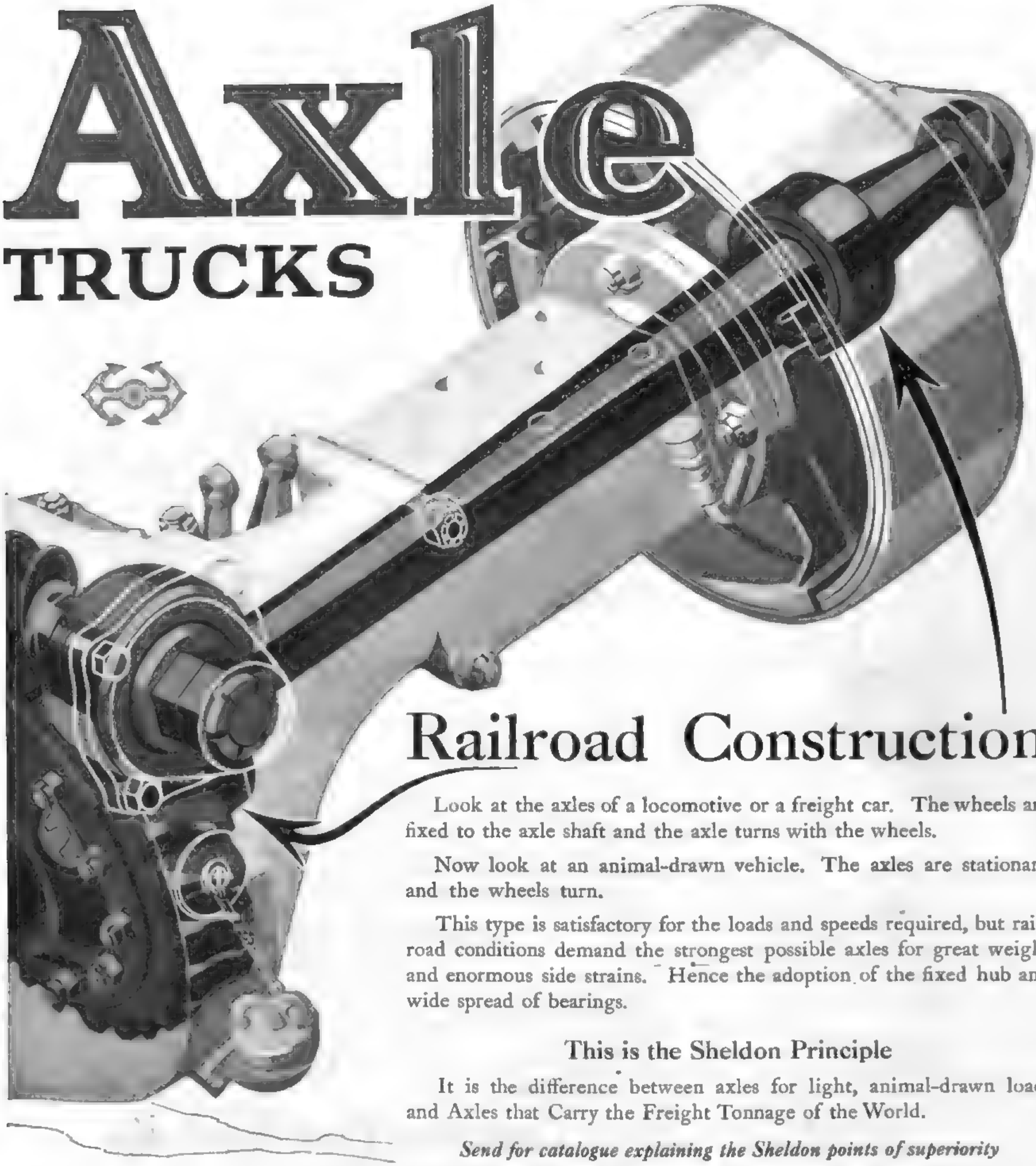

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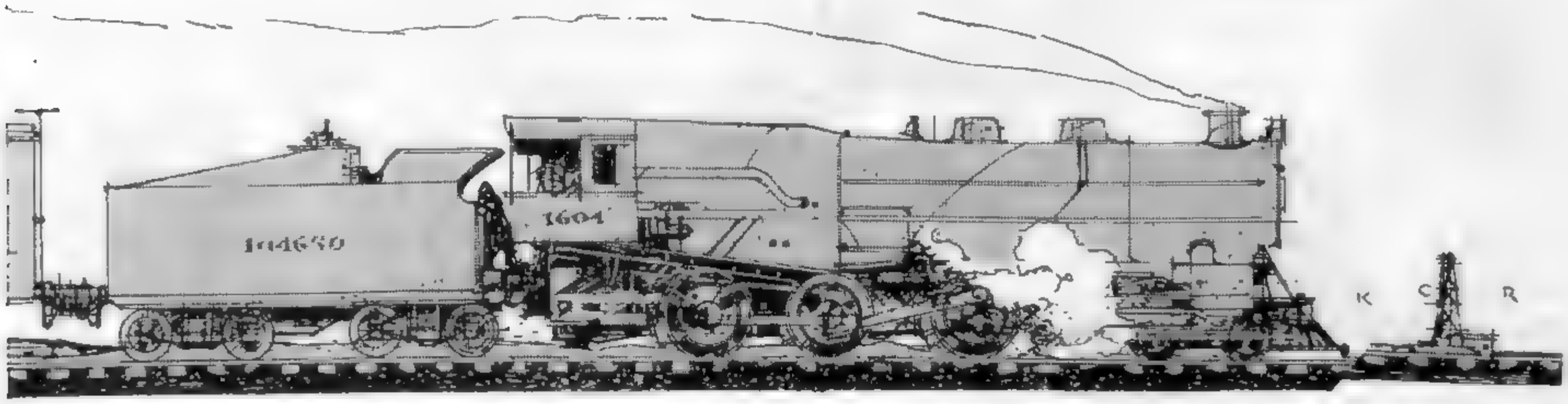

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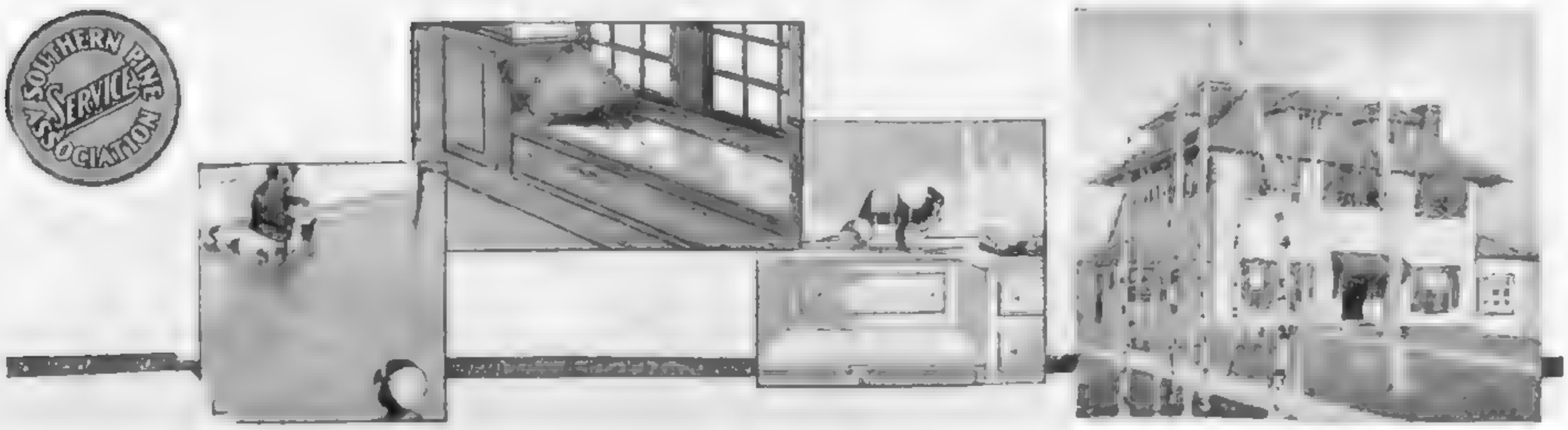


(Continued from Page 113)

haunted her for a year had spread into a sea of waistcoat. The keen lines of his face had disappeared altogether. His cheeks were pink jellies.

One of the distressed gentlewomen had approached with a slow disdain, and was standing by the table, brooding on the corpse upstairs. It seemed a shame to bother her.

"Tea or chocolate?" she inquired proudly.

"Tea, please," said Maud, finding her voice.

"One tea," sighed the mourner.

"Chocolate for me," said Geoffrey briskly, with the air of one discoursing on a congenial topic. "I'd like plenty of whipped cream. And please see that it's hot."

"One chocolate."

Geoffrey pondered. This was no light matter that occupied him.

"And bring some fancy cakes—I like the ones with icing on them—and some tea-cake and buttered toast. Please see that there's plenty of butter on it."

Maud shivered. This man before her was a man in whose lexicon there should have been no such word as butter, a man who should have called for the police had some enemy endeavored to thrust butter upon him.

"Well," said Geoffrey, leaning forward, as the haughty minister drifted away, "you haven't changed a bit—to look at, I mean."

"No?" said Maud.

"You're just the same. I think I"—he squinted down at his waistcoat—"I have put on a little weight. I don't know if you notice it?"

Maud shivered again. He thought he had put on a little weight, and didn't know if she noticed it! She was oppressed by the eternal melancholy miracle of the fat man who does not realize that he has become fat.

"It was living on the yacht that put me a little out of condition," said Geoffrey. "I was on the yacht nearly all the time since I saw you last. The old boy had a Japanese cook and lived pretty high. It was apoplexy that got him. We had a great time, touring about. We were on the Mediterranean all last winter, mostly at Nice."

"I should like to go to Nice," said Maud, for something to say. She was feeling that it was not only externally that Geoffrey had changed. Or had he in reality always been like this, commonplace and prosaic, and was it merely in her imagination that he had been wonderful?

"If you ever go," said Geoffrey earnestly, "don't fail to lunch at the Hotel Côte d'Azure. They give you the most amazing selection of hors-d'œuvres you ever saw. Crayfish as big as baby lobsters! And there's a fish—I've forgotten its name—it'll come back to me—that's just like the Florida pompano. Be careful to have it broiled, not fried. Otherwise you lose the flavor. Tell the waiter you must have it broiled, with melted butter and a little parsley and some plain boiled potatoes. It's really astonishing. It's best to stick to fish on the Continent. People can say what they like, but I maintain that the French don't really understand steaks or any sort of red meat. The veal isn't bad, though I prefer our way of serving it. Of course what the French are real geniuses at is the omelet. I remember, when we put in at Toulon for coal, I went ashore for a stroll, and had the most delicious omelet with chicken livers, beautifully cooked, at quite a small, unpretentious place near the harbor. I shall always remember it."

The mourner returned, bearing a laden tray, from which she removed the funeral bakemeats and placed them limply on the table. Geoffrey shook his head, annoyed.

"I particularly asked for plenty of butter on my toast!" he said. "I hate buttered toast if there isn't lots of butter. It isn't worth eating. Get me a couple of pats, will you, and I'll spread it myself. Do hurry, please, before the toast gets cold. It's no good if the toast gets cold. They don't understand tea as a meal at these places," he said to Maud, as the mourner withdrew. "You have to go to the country to appreciate the real thing. I remember we lay off Lyme Regis, down Devonshire way, for a few days, and I went and had tea at a farmhouse there. It was quite amazing! Thick Devonshire cream and homemade jam and cakes of every kind. This sort of thing here is just a farce. I do wish that woman would make haste with that butter; it'll be too late in a minute."

Maud sipped her tea in silence. Her heart was like lead within her. The recurrence of the butter theme as a sort of leitmotif in her companion's conversation was fraying her nerves till she felt she could endure little more. She cast her mind's eye back over the months and had a horrid vision of Geoffrey steadily absorbing butter, day after day, week after week, ever becoming more and more of a human keg. She shuddered.

Indignation at the injustice of fate in causing her to give her heart to a man, and then changing him into another and quite different man, fought with a cold terror, which grew as she realized more and more clearly the magnitude of the mistake she had made.

She felt that she must escape. And yet how could she escape? She had definitely pledged herself to this man.

"Ah!" cried Geoffrey gayly, as the pats of butter arrived. "That's more like it!" He began to smear the toast.

Maud averted her eyes. She had told him that she loved him, that he was the whole world to her, that there would never be anyone else. He had come to claim her. How could she refuse him just because he was about thirty pounds overweight?

Geoffrey finished his meal. He took out a cigarette.

"No smoking, please!" said the distressed gentlewoman. He put the cigarette back in its case. There was a new expression in his eyes now, a tender expression. For the first time since they had met Maud seemed to catch a far-off glimpse of the man she had loved in Wales. Butter appeared to have softened Geoffrey.

"So you couldn't wait!" he said with pathos.

Maud did not understand.

"I waited over a quarter of an hour. It was you who were late."

"I don't mean that; I am referring to your engagement. I saw the announcement in the Morning Post. Well, I hope you will let me offer you my best wishes. This Mr. George Bevan, whoever he is, is lucky."

Maud had opened her mouth to explain, to say that it was all a mistake. She closed it again without speaking.

"So you couldn't wait!" proceeded Geoffrey with gentle regret. "Well, I suppose I ought not to blame you. You are at an age when it is easy to forget. I had no right to hope that you would be proof against a few months' separation. I expected too much. But it is ironical, isn't it! There was I, thinking always of those days last summer when we were everything to each other, while you had forgotten me. Forgotten me!" sighed Geoffrey. He picked a fragment of cake absently off the tablecloth and inserted it in his mouth.

The unfairness of the attack stung Maud to speech. She looked back over the months, thought of all she had suffered, and ached with self-pity.

"I hadn't!" she cried.

"You hadn't? But you let this other man, this George Bevan, make love to you."

"I didn't! That was all a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. It would take too long to explain, but ——"

She stopped. It had come to her suddenly, in a flash of clear vision, that the mistake was one which she had no desire to correct. She felt like one who, lost in a jungle, comes out after long wandering into the open air. For days she had been thinking confusedly, unable to interpret her own emotions; and now everything had abruptly become clarified. It was as if the sight of Geoffrey had been the key to a cipher. She loved George Bevan, the man she had sent out of her life forever. She knew it now, and the shock of realization made her feel faint and helpless. And, mingled with the shock of realization, there came to her the mortification of knowing that her aunt, Lady Caroline, and her brother Percy had been right after all. What she had mistaken for the love of a lifetime had been, as they had so often insisted, a mere infatuation, unable to survive the spectacle of a Geoffrey who had been eating too much butter and had put on flesh.

Geoffrey swallowed his piece of cake and bent forward.

"Aren't you engaged to this man Bevan?"

Maud avoided his eye. She was aware that the crisis had arrived and that her whole future hung on her next words.

And then Fate came to her rescue. Before she could speak there was an interruption.

"Pardon me," said a voice. "One moment!"

So intent had Maud and her companion been on their own affairs that neither of them observed the entrance of a third party. This was a young man with mouse-colored hair and a freckled, badly shaven face which seemed undecided whether to be furtive or impudent. He had small eyes, and his costume was a blend of the flashy and the shabby. He wore a derby hat, tilted a little rakishly to one side, and carried a small bag, which he rested on the table between them.

"Sorry to intrude, miss." He bowed gallantly to Maud. "But I want to have a few words with Mr. Spencer Gray here."

Maud, looking across at Geoffrey, was surprised to see that his florid face had lost much of its color. His mouth was open and his eyes had taken on a glassy expression.

"I think you have made a mistake," she said coldly. She disliked the young man at sight. "This is Mr. Raymond."

Geoffrey found speech.

"Of course I'm Mr. Raymond!" he cried angrily. "What do you mean by coming and annoying us like this!"

The young man was not discomposed. He appeared to be used to being unpopular. He proceeded as though there had been no interruption.

He produced a dingy card.

"Glance at that," he said. "Morris Willoughby and Son, Solicitors. I'm Son. The guv'nor put this little matter into my hands. I've been looking for you for days, Mr. Gray, to hand you this paper." He opened the bag like a conjurer performing a trick, and brought out a stiff document of legal aspect. "You're a witness, miss, that I've served the papers. You know what this is, of course?" he said to Geoffrey; "action for breach of promise of marriage. Our client, Miss Yvonne Sinclair, of the Regal Theater, is suing for ten thousand pounds. And if you ask me," said the young man with genial candor, dropping the professional manner, "I don't mind telling you I think it's a walk-over! It's the best little action for breach we've handled for years." He became professional again. "Your lawyers will no doubt communicate with us in due course. And if you take my advice," he concluded, with another of his swift changes of manner, "you'll get 'em to settle out of court, for, between you and me and the lamp-post, you haven't an earthly!"

Geoffrey had started to his feet. He was puffing with outraged innocence.

"What the devil do you mean by this?" he demanded. "Can't you see you've made a mistake? My name is not Gray. This lady has told you that I am Geoffrey Raymond!"

"Makes it all the worse for you," said the young man imperturbably, "making advances to our client under an assumed name. We've got letters and witnesses and the whole bag of tricks. And how about this photo?" He dived into the bag again. "Do you recognize that, miss?"

Maud looked at the photograph. It was unmistakably Geoffrey. And it had evidently been taken recently, for it showed the later Geoffrey, the man of substance. It was a full-length photograph, and across the stout legs was written in a flowing hand the legend "To Babe from her little Pootles." Maud gave a shudder and handed it back to the young man, just as Geoffrey, reaching across the table, made a grab for it.

"I recognize it," she said.

Mr. Willoughby Junior packed the photograph away in his bag and turned to go.

"That's all for to-day then, I think," he said affably.

He bowed again in his courtly way, tilted the derby hat a little more to the left, and, having greeted one of the distressed gentlewomen who loitered limply in his path with a polite "Gangway, if you please, Mabel!" which drew upon him a freezing stare of which he seemed oblivious, he passed out, leaving behind him strained silence.

Maud was the first to break it.

"I think I'll be going," she said.

The words seemed to rouse her companion from his stupor.

"Let me explain!"

"There's nothing to explain."

"It was just a—it was just a passing—it was nothing, nothing!"

"Pootles!" murmured Maud.

Geoffrey followed her as she moved to the door.

"Be reasonable!" pleaded Geoffrey. "Men aren't saints! It was nothing! Are you going to end—everything—just because I lost my head?"

Maud looked at him with a smile. She was conscious of an overwhelming relief. The dim interior of Ye Cosy Nooke no longer seemed depressing. She could have kissed this unknown "Babe" whose businesslike action had enabled her to close a regrettable chapter in her life with a clear conscience.

"But you haven't only lost your head, Geoffrey," she said; "you've lost your figure as well."

She went out quickly. With a convulsive bound Geoffrey started to follow her, but was checked before he had gone a yard.

There are formalities to be observed before a patron can leave Ye Cosy Nooke.

"If you please!" said a distressed, gentlewomanly voice.

The lady whom Mr. Willoughby had addressed as Mabel—erroneously, for her name was Ernestine—was standing beside him with a slip of paper.

"Six and twopence," said Ernestine.

For a moment this appalling statement drew the unhappy man's mind from the main issue.

"Six and twopence for a cup of chocolate and a few cakes?" he cried, aghast. "It's robbery!"

"Six and twopence, please!" said the queen of the bandits with undisturbed calm. She had been through this sort of thing before. Ye Cosy Nooke did not get many customers, but it made the most of those it did get.

"Here!" Geoffrey produced a half sovereign. "I haven't time to argue!"

The distressed brigand showed no gratification. She had the air of one who is aloof from worldly things. All she wanted was rest and leisure, leisure to meditate upon the body upstairs. All flesh is as grass. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. But there beyond the grave is peace.

"Your change?" she said.

"Damn the change!"

"You're forgetting your hat."

"Damn my hat!"

Geoffrey dashed from the room. He heaved his body through the door. He lumbered down the stairs.

Out in Bond Street the traffic moved up and the traffic moved down. Strollers strolled upon the sidewalks.

But Maud had gone.

XXVII

IN HIS bedroom at the Carlton Hotel George Bevan was packing. That is to say, he had begun packing; but for the last twenty minutes he had been sitting on the side of the bed, staring into a future which became bleaker and bleaker, the more he examined it. In the last two days he had been no stranger to these gray moods, and they had become harder and harder to dispel. Now with the steamer trunk before him gaping to receive its contents, he gave himself up whole-heartedly to gloom.

Somehow the steamer trunk, with all that it implied of partings and voyagings, seemed to emphasize the fact that he was going out alone into an empty world. Soon he would be on board the liner every revolution of whose engines would be taking him farther away from where his heart would always be. There were moments when the torment of this realization became almost physical.

It was incredible that, three short weeks ago, he had been a happy man. Lonely, perhaps, but only in a vague, impersonal way; not lonely with this aching loneliness that tortured him now. What was there left for him? As regards any triumphs which the future might bring him in connection with his work, he was, as Mac the stage-door keeper had said, "blarzy." Any success he might have would be but a stale repetition of other successes which he had achieved. He would go on working, of course, but ——

The ringing of the telephone bell across the room jerked him back to the present. He got up with a muttered malediction. Someone calling up again from the theater probably. They had been doing it all the time since he had announced his intention of leaving for America by Saturday's boat.

"Hello?" he said wearily.

"Is that George?" asked a voice. It seemed familiar, but all female voices sound the same over the telephone.

(Concluded on Page 120)

The Announcement of the Cleveland Six

ITS makers are proud to present to the world the Cleveland Six, a product of engineering skill, devotion to ideals and a desire to serve.

Today, after three years of development in the engineering office and the shop and on the road, the Cleveland Six takes the center of the stage. And it will be in the spotlight just so long as men buy automobiles.

It is not an eleventh-hour idea—the Cleveland Six—and it is not an uncertain quantity. It was ready two years ago last January. Experimental models had then been on the road for a year. Plans for production had been formulated. But our nation was at the brink of war, so the Cleveland waited.

These two years have been productive of much progress in design, and now the Cleveland comes to you a highly perfected car.

The men producing the Cleveland Six are men of broad and successful experience in the motor car industry. They are men of highest standing in the industry, engineers and producers of the first rank. The Cleveland Six—their car—is the exponent of all that is best in six-cylinder light car construction. It is an achievement, an individual creation of distinctive merit.

Reliable distributing organizations from coast to coast have contracted for the representation of the Cleveland Six.

CLEVELAND

It fixes New Standards in the Light Car Field

THE coming of the Cleveland Six raises new standards in the light car field. You will find new interest now in choosing a car. For here is a car such as the market has not previously offered.

In the lines of its design, in the nicety of all its fittings and furnishings, and in the beauty of its finish, it reflects the ideals which created it, and which are built into it.

And underneath these pleasing bodies is a chassis that will make all motordom talk.

Up front is a compact little engine that *performs*. Men who have "stepped on it" on the open road, who have watched it on the mountain climb, who have sat at its wheel in crowded traffic, say there is no other like it.

And the same efficiency that distinguishes the motor is found throughout the whole chassis. From front to rear, every detail of design and construction has been developed with the purpose of sturdy service.

Here, truly, is a car which will make its presence felt in American life, and in the city and country alike, for it brings new motoring qualities. It brings new motoring satisfaction for thousands of families who want and appreciate something better than the commonplace.

The Cleveland Six is built with four types of body, each designed with due thought to grace of line and to comfort.

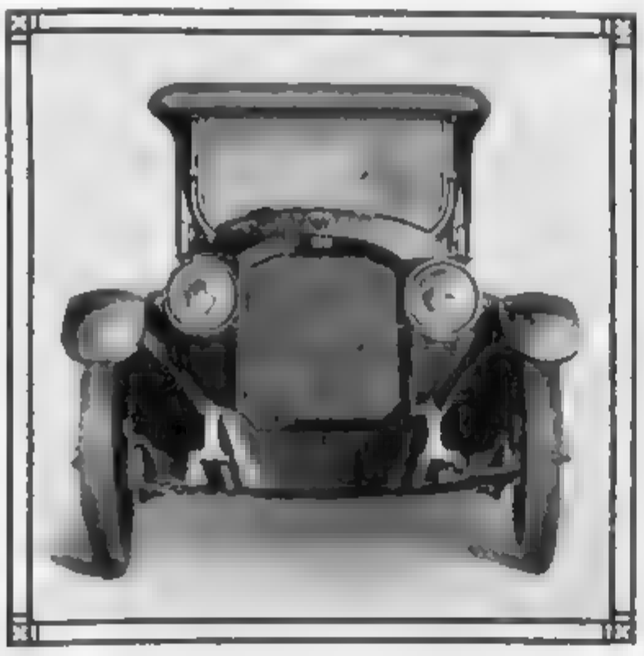
The illustration can only suggest the attractiveness of the touring car. It seats five persons in unusual comfort. It rides smoothly at any speed. Its deep cushions are upholstered in genuine hand-buffed leather. Its well-fitted top adds a touch of style.

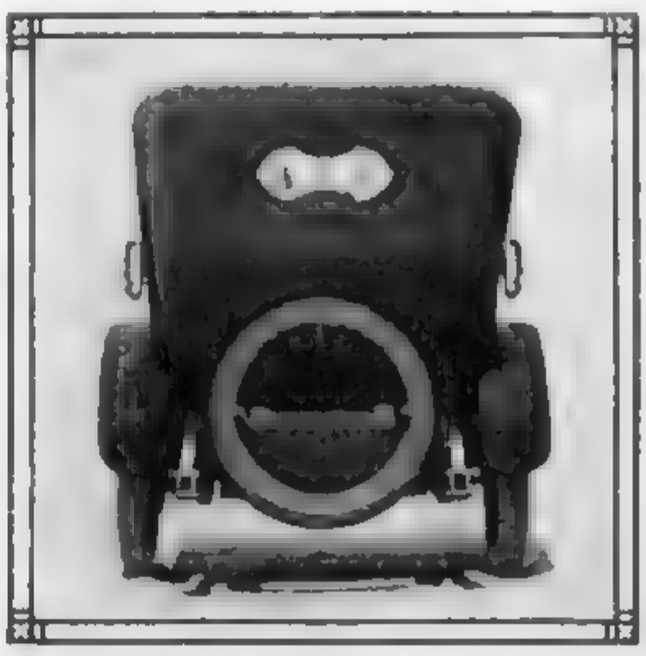
For the many who desire a roomy single-seat roadster, the Cleveland offers a most satisfying model. A big wide seat, lots of leg room and cushions tilted just as you want them. It's a snappy, serviceable car. Under the rear deck is a spacious stow-away compartment.

Two attractive closed-car models complete the Cleveland line — a five-passenger, four-door sedan and a four-passenger coupé, substantially built bodies of pleasing design, trim and finish.

The Cleveland Six will be Shown by Dealers in July

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO





CLEVELAND

(Concluded from Page 117)

"This is George," he replied. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know my voice?"

"I do not."

"You'll know it quite well before long. I'm a great talker."

"Is that Billie?"

"It is not Billie, whoever Billie may be. I am female, George."

"So is Billie."

"Well, you had better run through the list of your feminine friends till you reach me."

"I haven't any feminine friends."

"None?"

"No."

"That's odd."

"Why?"

"You told me in the garden two nights ago that you looked on me as a pal."

George sat down abruptly. He felt boneless.

"Is—is that you?" he stammered. "It can't be—Maud!"

"How clever of you to guess. George, I want to ask you one or two things. In the first place, are you fond of butter?"

George blinked.

This was not a dream.

He had just bumped his knee against the corner of the telephone table, and it still hurt most convincingly. He needed the evidence to assure himself that he was awake.

"Butter?" he queried. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, well, if you don't even know what butter means, I expect it's all right. What is your weight, George?"

"About a hundred and eighty pounds. But I don't understand."

"Wait a minute." There was a silence at the other end of the wire. "About thirteen stone," said Maud's voice. "I've been doing it in my head. And what was it this time last year?"

"About the same, I think. I always weigh about the same."

"How wonderful! George!"

"Yes?"

"This is very important. Have you ever been in Florida?"

"I was there one winter."

"Do you know a fish called the pompano?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"How do you mean? It's just a fish. You eat it."

"I know. Go into details."

"There aren't any details. You just eat it."

The voice at the other end of the wire purred with approval.

"I never heard anything so splendid. The last man who mentioned pompano to me became absolutely lyrical about sprigs of parsley and melted butter. Well, that's that. Now here's another very important point. How about wall paper?"

George pressed his unoccupied hand against his forehead. This conversation was unnerving him.

"I didn't get that," he said.

"Didn't get what?"

"I mean, I didn't quite catch what you said that time. It sounded to me like 'What about wall paper?'"

"It was 'What about wall paper?' Why not?"

"But," said George weakly, "it doesn't make any sense."

"Oh, but it does. I mean, what about wall paper for your den?"

"My den?"

"Your den. You must have a den. Where do you suppose you're going to work, if you don't? Now my idea would be some nice quiet grass cloth. And of course you would have lots of pictures and books. And a photograph of me. I'll go and be taken specially. Then there would be a piano for you to work on, and two or three really comfortable chairs. And—well, that would be about all, wouldn't it?"

George pulled himself together.

"Hello!" he said.

"Why do you say Hello?"

"I forgot I was in London. I should have said 'Are you there?'"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Well, then, what does it all mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"What you've been saying—about butter and pompanos and wall paper and my den and all that? I don't understand."

"How stupid of you! I was asking you what sort of wall paper you would like in your den after we were married and settled down."

George dropped the receiver. It clashed against the side of the table. He groped for it blindly.

"Hello!" he said.

"Don't say Hello! It sounds so abrupt!"

"What did you say then?"

"I said 'Don't say Hello!'"

"No, before that! Before that! You said something about getting married."

"Well, aren't we going to get married? Our engagement is announced in the Morning Post."

"But—but ——"

"George!" Maud's voice shook. "Don't tell me you are going to jilt me!" she said tragically. "Because, if you are, let me know in time, as I shall want to bring an action for breach of promise. I've just met such a capable young man who will look after the whole thing for me. He wears a bowler hat on the side of his head and calls waitresses 'Mabel.' Answer yes or no. Will you marry me?"

"But—but—how about—I mean what about—I mean how about ——"

"Make up your mind what you do mean."

"The other fellow!" gasped George.

A musical laugh was wafted to him over the wire.

"What about him?"

"Well, what about him?" said George.

"Isn't a girl allowed to change her mind?" said Maud.

George yelped excitedly. Maud gave a cry.

"Don't sing!" she said. "You nearly made me deaf."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Certainly I have!"

"And you really think—you really want—I mean, you really want—you really think ——"

"Don't be so incoherent!"

"Maud!"

"Well?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Of course I will."

"Gosh!"

"What did you say?"

"I said Gosh! And listen to me, when I say Gosh! I mean Gosh! Where are you? I must see you. Where can we meet? I want to see you! For heaven's sake tell me where you are! I want to see you! Where are you? Where are you?"

"I'm downstairs."

"Where? Here at the Carlton?"

"Here at the Carlton!"

"Alone?"

"Quite alone."

"You won't be long!" said George.

He hung up the receiver, and bounded across the room to where his coat hung over the back of a chair. The edge of the steamer trunk caught his shin.

"Well," said George to the steamer trunk, "and what are you butting in for? Who wants you, I should like to know!"

(THE END)

J. A., 1760

(Continued from Page 19)

They had told her last winter in psychology of salesmanship not to be impersonal.

"Establish at once," they said, "a personal relation with your customer."

Perhaps it was this in her memory that made J. A., 1760, lean forward, coloring divinely, her eyes like deep skies of blue, resting on the girl's face, her voice caressing as she said, "Something in leather? A comfort kit?"

Perhaps. And then again, perhaps she was thinking: "Oh, happy and fortunate girl! Able to lay any offering in the hand of your knight, which unworthy gift may I aid you to choose?"

At any rate, Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, alert across the aisle, seeing her parted lips, the starry tenderness of her eyes as they rested on the girl, reflected: "My heavens! With her looks I could simply sell ice in Iceland."

The girl, however, did not seem to hear. Involuntarily the eyes of J. A., 1760, flashed toward the young man's face. He, too, absent, downcast, stood staring at leather goods, not knowing what he saw. Bewilderment, even fear growing in her eyes, she turned her regard upon the girl and stood patient.

"Our line of wrist watches is very nice," she hinted. The girl gave an impatient movement.

"Well, Hal," she observed. "Do you want another wrist watch? You have two. Or do you want a comfort kit?"

Thus addressed, Hal brought himself back from whatever somber reverie engrossed him.

"Do I want—why—there is nothing I want—unless you care to give it to me."

His voice, curiously flat for one so young and vital, stammered, then stopped entirely. The girl shrugged.

"Oh, well! I'll give you a comfort kit. You'll probably give it to the first French girl you meet." J. A., 1760, did not look up. She could not. With hands as cold as ice she rearranged her wares.

"The green is a wonderful value," she heard herself saying in a far voice. She showed the pockets, the flaps, the trench mirror and other charms of the green.

"How much is it?" broke in the girl's voice. "I suppose the green will do. Charge it, please." She gave a name and address that J. A., 1760, knew well from the Sunday society page.

"Send it to Lieut. Harold Somers," and she named a downtown club.

J. A., 1760, arranged the carbon paper in her little book and wrote neatly the record of her sale: "One comfort kit, twelve-thirty-five, charge and send." She wrote the magic name and address of the Sunday page once. Twice she wrote her own identification, "Dept. J. A., No. 1760." Mechanical device she was, numbered and ticketed. Nothing more.

So regarding her, deaf and invisible mechanism necessary to the smoothness of human transactions, the girl once more addressed her companion, evidently going on with earlier private interchange none too happy:

"Of course I understand that my feelings in the matter are of no importance. But you may call it patriotism as much as you like. I call it simple desertion of responsibilities. You're terribly excited over Belgians you never heard of. But you don't care what becomes of people at home who are depending on you."

She was moving away as she spoke, unconscious of a flash of sky-blue eyes across the counter, melting a moment since, steely now in their horror and surprise. The young man somber, his eyes downcast, stood a moment almost as if in a dream. Almost as if in a dream he became aware of a small white hand, writing neatly before him in a red-lined square, Dept. J. A., No. 1760. Twice the small white hand wrote it in indelible blue pencil. Watching it with misery-dulled eyes the young man found it one of the outstanding memories of a sickening moment.

"Dept. J. A., No. 1760," he was parroting to himself as he turned away, following miserably the retreating Pellique model and the Hanley shoes. Even though he had heard her he could not believe. He had thought ever since he went into the R. O. T. C. that she had not meant what she said:

"Of course! Get a commission. Then with all the influence you have you can easily get an office job in town."

It had been too incredible then. He had said to himself that she was joking. Not a very nice kind of a joke. It was true enough, of course. That was the worst of it. He had all kinds of pull. But the one fear of his life had been that somebody might use it for him somewhere.

It had turned out that she wasn't joking. Now when he was just on the eve of going her months of suppressed bitterness welled out. He had been fumbling over it through two wretched days of his leave with her. About all he had really gleaned was a sense that he had hurt her. The Government, the war, the whole arrangement was hurting her. But most of all he, her supposed lover, was administering the fatal wound. They were taking him. Worse yet, he was letting them do it—was leaving her. Unnecessarily. Perfectly patriotic things could be done at home. But no, he cared nothing for home—and her. Some French girl had caught his fancy. Heavens! The sickening abysses into which he found himself looking stupefied him. As he walked after the graceful undulations of the Pellique model he scarcely knew what he thought or that he thought at all.

"Dept. J. A., No. 1760," he was stupidly repeating to himself as he went through the turnstile door.

The eyebrows of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon lifted slightly as her gaze saw the last of the two figures.

"Kinda snippy?" she questioned. "I guess she thinks she's losing her meal ticket."

J. A., 1760, busy tearing out the pink duplicate slip and putting it in one of the pockets of the comfort kit, made no reply.

"Take or send?" inquired Mayme at the wrapping desk. "Send? Then I'm going to lunch first."

"That's a fact," assented Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon from her post by the Yanko-Frank. "Pretty near due for a little nourishment myself."

J. A., 1760, wordless, looked at the clock over the main elevator. Seeing that it was her own luncheon hour, or to be more exact, her luncheon thirty minutes, she slipped through the hinged exit in her counter and was swallowed up in the far mazes of Wiggins & Wiggins' labyrinthine aisles. As she walked her step slowed, became irresolute, then at the basement stairway leading to her daily noon sandwich and cup of chocolate it halted entirely. A moment she stood hesitant. Then, her head erect, her cheeks flaming, her eyes dark with new and tremendous purpose, she turned and walked swiftly back. Sandwiches could wait. Perhaps they might wait forever. J. A., 1760, did not care. She had made a resolve before which sandwiches and chocolate became highly nonessential industries.

She hung five minutes over stationery. She knew just the kind she wanted. Cream linen. Heavy but not too heavy. Note size. Her purchase made she sped away to a writing room she knew of on the third floor. There at a little desk, behind a screen, she spent twelve minutes of her precious thirty, alternately biting the end of her pen and writing very neatly. When she had written she read it over, then blotted it with care. Having seven minutes left of luncheon thirty she fled for leather goods. She found time to stop once at jewelry. There over a tray of service stars she hung a moment, made a purchase and sped on.

Back at leather goods she had still three minutes before Mayme was due. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's post was vacant. Six-one, down at the other end of the counter, was staring idly through the turnstile door at the drizzle of rain without. Swiftly, J. A., 1760, took the green comfort kit from the wrapping desk, slipped what she had written into the pocket with the trench mirror, buttoned down the flap and was rearranging special values in hand bags before Six-one knew she had returned.

"You couldn't of eaten much," was Six-one's comment. "Well, I'll be off. Mind if I take an extra minute to-day, dearie?"

Her smile brilliant as her cheeks, J. A., 1760, assured her she did not mind. When Six-one had gone, however, she ceased to rearrange hand bags and addressed herself to one more task. She had just finished this to her satisfaction as Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon was disgorged from the elevator, absorbed in conversation with a man. They lingered evidently arranging the finalities of some business. As they parted Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon in some excitement made her way to leather goods.

"Well what d'you think has happened now?" she demanded. "Say, that's a cute way to fix your service star in your tie, that way. I hadn't noticed it. It looks cute. But lemme tell you. That man I was just talking to. Remember? I sold him this morning. You remember, when I said I liked men, they spent freer?"

J. A., 1760, fingering her newly adjusted service pin, nodded.

"Well, he manages the Liberty Loan campaigns for this state, and whaddyou suppose?"

J. A., 1760, being unable to suppose, Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon went on: "Why—he said till he saw me this morning he'd never given vacuum cleaners a thought. But he said I hadn't talked to him two minutes till he saw a Yanko-Frank

(Continued on Page 124)

Cool food for a hot day

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee:

Sweet Corn
Green Peas
Tomatoes
String Beans
Beets
Pork and Beans
Leaf Spinach
Asparagus Tips
California Peaches
Pineapple
Cherries
Blueberries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Pumpkin
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Jellies
Jams
Preserves
Peanut Butter
Mince Meat
Olives
Sardines
Salmon
Ox Tongue
Veal Loaf
Oleomargarine
Ham
Bacon
Coffee

TENDER and tempting, perfectly cooked, Wilson's "square pressed" Certified boiled ham not only gratifies your hot-weather appetite, but it saves time and tiresome work in the kitchen. Each ham is carefully selected, properly boned and trimmed, then boiled by expert chefs. Our exclusive method of pressing the ham squarely gives it the ideal shape for wasteless slicing. Divide the slice and make two sandwiches. Your delicatessen store, grocer or meat dealer will be glad to slice this ham for you—ask for Wilson's Certified square pressed boiled ham.

THE rich, full-ripe flavor of our Certified ripe olives appeals to all. And they "go splendidly" with sandwiches, salads and all other hot weather dishes.

All Wilson products are selected, handled and prepared with *respect*. Thoughtfulness, care and consideration, such as your own mother would show, are second nature in our organization. The Wilson label is a pledge and promise to you that your purchase must entirely satisfy you.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

Thousands freed from drudgery

Made with copper or galvanized tub.

Cylinders of wood or zinc as preferred.

Several convenient sizes.

A Monument to Woman's Freedom

The Eden

Electric Clothes Washer

About 4 years ago we purchased an Eden. Since then washday has ceased to be drudgery. The machine washes large pieces as well as small ones does not wear out the clothes. My son, who is a machinist tells me this is the best in construction for service and simplicity. We surely have had uninterrupted service from our Eden and I hope every housewife may have one.

MRS. J. B. GIBSON,
Duluth, Minn. 3801 W. 5th St.

Your machine has become absolutely indispensable. It is the best washing machine I have ever seen in use.

ALBERT S. LARSON
Shewano, Wis.

The electric washing machine I purchased from you some time ago has given excellent service beyond my expectations.

MRS. J. A. SWANSON,
St. Paul, Minn.

In over 3½ years' experience with the Eden Washer I am still more than ever its advocate and it

DR. JOHN J. REPP
Philadelphia, Pa. 926 S. 60th St.

I am so perfectly delighted with my Eden that I wouldn't let it go out of the house for any amount of money I could not get another

MRS. W. W. WHITING,
107 Pottawattamie.
Tecumseh, Mich.

I purchased, in February, 1916, one of your Eden Washers and have used it regularly each week. Have a family of four, including one boy 6 years old. You are aware how dirty a boy gets his clothes, but the Eden brings them clean without boiling them. Find the machine easy to operate and very inexpensive and heartily recommend it to anyone.

MRS. O. L. WATSON
East St. Louis, Ill. 1028 N. 36th

I had several machines on trial; one of them I had over a month, but it was not the machine perfect . . . . . A friend of mine told me to give the "Eden" a trial. Result—the longer I work her the better I like her. No trouble to get your washing out. Always in good humor.

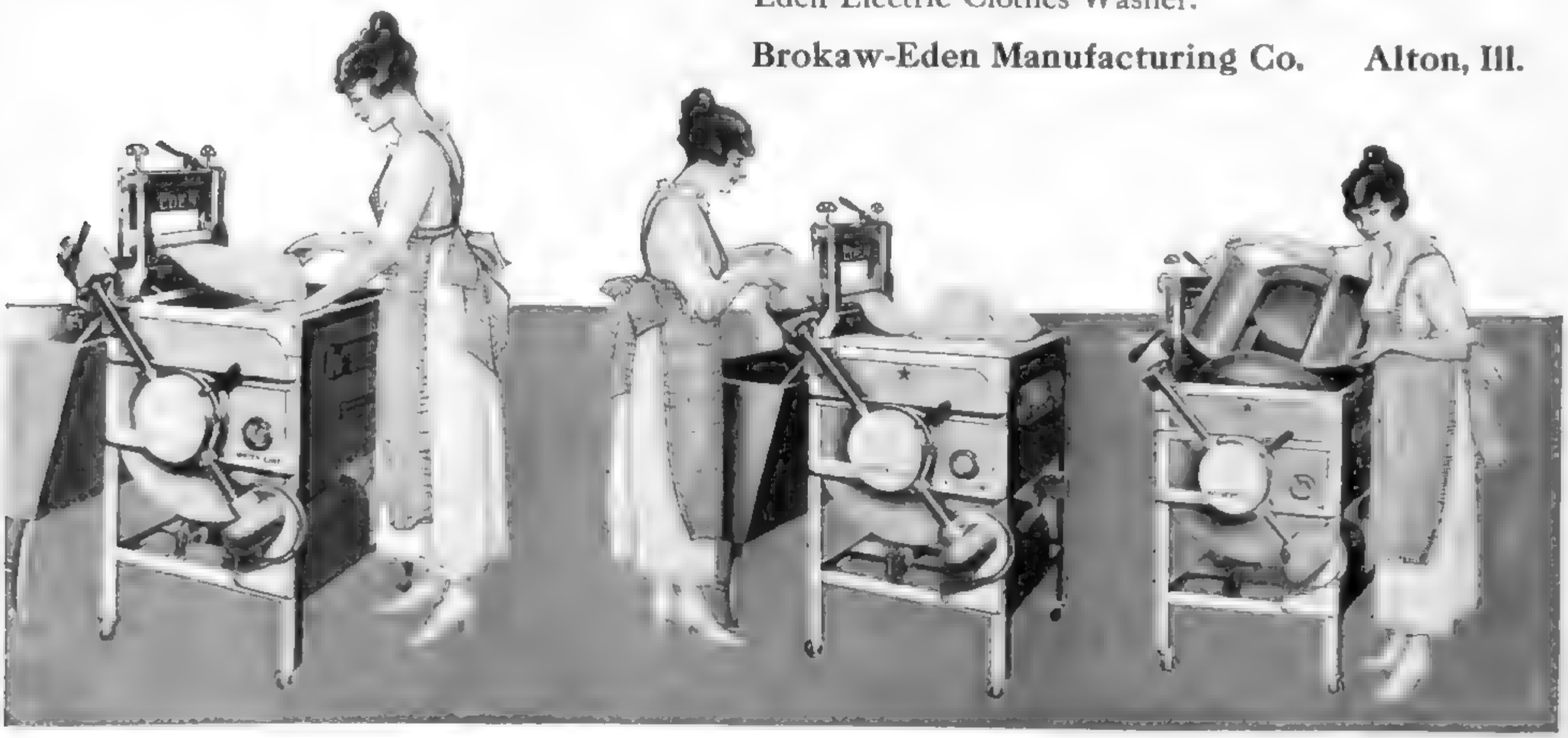
MRS. H. ROBINSON,
Chicago, Ill. 740 Lovel Ave.

WHY not hire this mechanical laundress as you would a hired girl? Many thousands of women have had Eden Washers sent to their homes, tried them on their own washing, and have hired them by the week or month, just as they would pay for any other kind of help—and in a little while had the machine paid for. They found the Eden Clothes Washer much more economical than the old washboard method.

Housekeepers everywhere have learned to lean on the capable services of this mechanical laundress that substitutes its scientific and sure washing for the old-time human laundress and her aching back.

In hiring a laundress—you ask for her references. Do the same with the Eden. Send us your name and address and we will see that you are sent the names of neighbors who own Eden Washers. Ask them what they think of "The Best Servant in the House"—The Eden Electric Clothes Washer.

Brokaw-Eden Manufacturing Co. Alton, Ill.



(Continued from Page 120)

Vacuum Cleaner was the one thing his existence always had lacked. He said he never saw anything so clear in his life. He said his whole past looked to him misspent for want of one. He couldn't hardly wait till he'd bought one and had the receipt for it in his pocket. And he said if I'd do it I could sell Liberty Bonds to people the same way. And so I'm going to do it. I'm going out of cleaners for a month and give my whole time to bonds. There's no money in it. One of these here dollar-a-year jobs you've heard about. But I got some saved up. And you never know. It'll mean meeting lotsa people and making friends. People always like me after I've sold 'em. So I'm going right at it. I'm to get my badge or what you call it to-night. Then I may come round your way to-morrow. Think I could interest you in a Liberty Bond?"

Her eyes twinkled across the counter. J. A., 1760, her fingers on her service star, leaned forward a little as she always did when eager.

"Oh, yes!" she breathed. "I'd like to so much. I'm going to do it." Her eyes glowed again with tremendous resolve.

The next morning before ten o'clock Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, bebadged and radiant, had pinned her Liberty Loan pin on the shirt waist of J. A., 1760.

"Looks fine beside that service star, don't it?" she beamed. "Well, I gotta hustle. I got lotsa prospects already. Maybe I'll be back to cleaners some day. Not while this lasts, though. This looks kinda big to me. Well, so long! Be good!" And on the swelling tide of large endeavor she was gone.

J. A., 1760, watched her through the turnstile door, her eyes wistful but happy, her fingers on her service pin.

"I had a right to. I'm sure I had a right to," she was saying. She was completely happy. And she was almost sure.

Did she remember? J. A., 1760, looking with wistful eyes down the aisle toward the drizzle of rain outside the turnstile door, lived again that other drizzling day, dreamed once more that roseate daydream. She fingered her service star happily.

"I had a right to," she had said to herself. "Surely—hadn't I a right to?" Little creeping doubts had begun already to steal the smiles from her lips and dim the daydream.

She lay awake that night in the still hours when little creeping doubts join forces and stagger the daydreamer with cruel realities. She cried a good deal as the realities crowded upon her. Shopgirl that she was, a numbered nobody, with not even a name, she saw the facts of her daydream, wept over them, and in the morning put the service star in a box in her drawer. She couldn't quite throw it away. But she couldn't wear it.

"You haven't any right," she told her image in the mirror, in pale contempt. "If he doesn't belong to that girl he does to someone like her. Not to you. Not ever to you." And the image, convicted, dropped its eyes. The image had daydreamed: She would wear the star.

And after a long while when the war was over Lieut. Harold Somers would come through the turnstile door, alone this time; would stride swiftly to leather goods in all the glow of his healthy youth, with the gladness of victory crowning him; would lean over leather goods and say thrillingly, while Mayme, the wrapping clerk, hung entranced and Six-one bent avid attention: "Did you wear that service pin for me?"

And she would say—— The image, daydreamer that it was, could not quite get farther.

A stern young woman, however, shutting the silly service star up in her bureau drawer, put an end to all that. "The Romance of Sadie, the Beautiful Shopgirl," she told herself with a curling lip, could end right there.

After that all she had left was the buying of her Liberty Bond! All that long winter, for want of luncheons, her color waned perceptibly. Her shoes, half-soled once, nobly stood it again before her last payment on the bond was due. Year before last's suit dyed surprisingly well. These were minor but rather drab satisfactions. The rosy glow had quite died. There was even in its place a settled unhappiness with now and again a sharp stab. The Pellique model, undulating by in some one of her many becoming uniforms, could always deliver the stab. Sometimes she was alone. More often there was an adoring male in her wake. In either case, at sight of her, J. A., 1760, acutely felt herself once again a number, not a name. She was glad she had written the letter. If he ever found it Lieut. Harold Somers would probably think it came from the Pellique model; or some other Pellique kind of person. She was glad she had bought her bond. In an impersonal drab fashion both these acts gave her satisfaction.

There were other stabs, however, when the Pellique model was not undulating by. When the war ended, what J. A., 1760, had not foreseen suddenly began to happen.

Six-one's husband, for instance, dropped straight from heaven down beside leather goods one day, leaned over grinning and said: "Hello, kid! Glad to see me?"

After that Six-one, wearing a rose velvet hat her husband had bought her in Paris, came in now and then to talk about her apartment and how his firm had saved Tom's job for him and raised his pay. About that time parades began to march by the Fifth Street entrance with flags flying and bands playing. Little cash girls, importantly starred, began to disappear from Wiggins & Wiggins. Elevator girls kept getting married to returned soldiers and returned soldiers began to run the elevators. Life began to run backward into its old channels just as fast as it had run into new ones months ago. And in it all J. A., 1760, felt herself even more acutely drab.

Once in the early fall a paragraph in her morning paper had told her that Lieut. Harold Somers' mother had died. She was something of a personage in an upstate town, of pioneer stock and commercial standing. That and the service of her son in France gave her several lines. Later, after the armistice was signed, the same faithful chronicle announced that the Pellique model had gone away on her honeymoon with one of the office lieutenants who had become an office captain in late October. Even then she did not stir into the old thrilling daydream. She hoped Lieut. Harold Somers would not care. If he did care it would be a curious greeting for him when he came back—if he ever came back.

As she gazed absently down the empty aisle at the drizzle of rain beyond the turnstile door she told herself that if he came back or never came back she had no right to care. In the midst of all the coming back she remained out of the current. She had bought a bond. Her shoes would not stand another resoling. The war was over. So far as she was concerned life was unchanged.

She could not know that a green leather comfort kit addressed long months ago to Lieut. Harold Somers at a downtown club remained unopened when Lieutenant Somers flung it into his bag before taking a late train the night after it arrived. He had gone through a horrible parting with the Pellique model. There had been tears, last appeal, words spoken with quivering lips that he had not believed could be imagined by anyone. The parting with his mother's white-lipped smiles had been hard enough. He was all she had. She was not holding him back. Yet there had been something in her gallant silence that meant reproach.

What if, after all, it was wrong to go? The tears and reproaches of the Pellique model completed his uncertainty. Was it just adventure? Was he shirking the real things to which he was bound for the sake of some far mirage of crusading that another might do as well? Would future years point their finger at him saying: "You remembered everything but the things you should have cherished"?

He flung the unopened comfort kit into his bag and caught the eleven-fifty for camp, a most military-looking but wretched figure.

This, J. A., 1760, could not know. She could not know that the package remained unopened for months. Lieutenant Somers looked at it often in strange far places. He hadn't really room for it—many times. Yet whenever a morose impulse overpowered him to give it away or throw it away the sense that this would be another treachery, another desertion, stayed his hand.

She could not know either that as the long luncheonless days went by the comfort kit and its owner were at last nearing the end of their billeting in a remote little French town, fifteen miles from railroads. There all the human and animal inhabitants moved out into the fields in the morning and back to their housing at night, apparently all sleeping together in greatest amity. There for weeks he and his detail of young fellow officers were schooled in sniping, night patrol work—that difficult liaison between attack and support so necessary, so impossible to rehearse. And the day at last came when the little town must be left.

"And it's pretty hard to know what we may be up against next," the young fellows said to each other, eager and on tiptoe for that next.

Lieut. Harold Somers, neither eager nor on tiptoe, took account of his worldly goods. He had what his top sergeant called a hunch that something sudden and rather final might be about to happen. Earlier in the war he would have written to his mother. His last mail had let him know that she was not waiting now for his letters. He wrote to the Pellique model. It was not an easy letter. He rather more than fancied that the Pellique model was finding consolation in the tenderness of a young lieutenant he knew who had one of the recommended office jobs. However, he wrote a letter that he hoped was decent and having so done, looked about him to arrange his other affairs. He must go light-handed to whatever it was that impended. That flat package in its much worn wrappings had now come, he knew, to the moment of its final disposition. It took up little room. But room was now a life-and-death matter.

With the sense upon him that he was performing a final act he undid the package. There was a funny little peasant girl in a black dress, one of the few village children, on all of whom he had beneficently bestowed much chocolate. He wondered how she would like a good-by present. He looked at the duplicate slip and wondered how Jeanne would like to own a green leather comfort kit bought at Wiggins & Wiggins for twelve-thirty-five, charged to a well-known name of the Sunday society page, sent to Lieut. Harold Somers and sold by Dept. J. A., No. 1760. In giving it to Jeanne he had a feeling that he was finally severing something between him and the Pellique model. Well, this being his hour for final things, he held the comfort kit in his hands and gave it somber inspection. Never since that sickening moment in Wiggins & Wiggins had he been sure whether going to war did not in his case mean desertion rather than rallying to the colors.

"Well," he decided, "if I'm a deserter, here's the last and worst of it."

He looked the pockets of the comfort kit through and tore up the duplicate slip. After all, Jeanne need not know her name. Behind the trench mirror he found a sheet of paper, cream linen, note size. With a curious contraction in his throat, a curious throbbing of excitement growing in him, he read, very neatly written:

"What you are going to do will need the best there is in you. It is bigger than

(Concluded on Page 126)

In the Morning She Put the Service Star in a Box in Her Drawer. She Couldn't Quite Throw It Away

Industrial Expansion

BIGGER and better production is the present day demand. This can be met only by the development of present working facilities and the conservation of man power.

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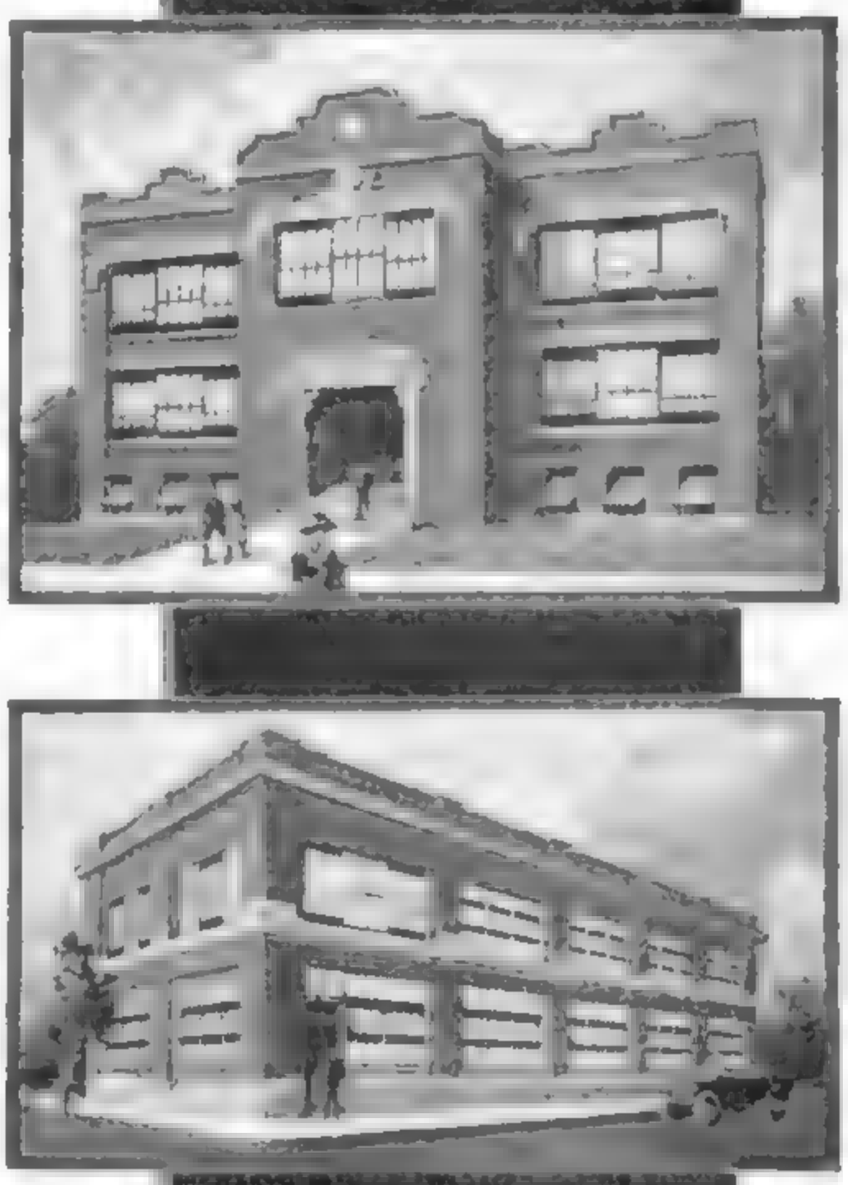

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Fenestra Mechanical Operators

(Concluded from Page 124)

yourself, finer, far beyond you. You must believe in it and in yourself or you can never be fine enough for it or do it well.

"I am going now to buy a service star and wear it for you. I hope you will not mind. Think that someone you have never seen, never will see, believes in you, is proud of you, and knows that no woman who loves you would put out a hand to draw you back from any glorious sacrifice you may be making of yourself."

Lieut. Harold Somers sitting on a bench against an old stone wall on the outskirts of a remote French village reread the neat writing that seemed as he read it vaguely familiar, and turned the paper over. So far as he could see, there was no name, no clew. He looked the pockets of the comfort kit through once more. Then he picked up the torn pieces of the duplicate slip and laid them against each other on the bench. As he did so his memory visioned a rainy day, a turnstile door, the main aisle of Wiggins & Wiggins, a counter piled with hand bags, belts and pocketbooks, a small white hand, writing neatly, twice in its red-lined squares, "Dept. J. A., No. 1760."

He gave the comfort kit to Jeanne. The note, reread, he put in an inside pocket. Then, his moment having come, he waved the little town farewell and marched away. Hearing them sing as they marched and seeing particularly the look on the face of Lieut. Harold Somers as he sang, little Jeanne, her comfort kit close to her flat little bosom, innocently inquired: "Where do the Americans go, grandmother? Is it to a feast?".

The top sergeant had not been far wrong. Something sudden, and for some of the singing young Americans, final, happened. When they found Lieut. Harold Somers in a shell hole beside his machine gun, with something horribly bloody where his face should have been, they thought at first it had been final for him.

The next day an American woman doctor, standing at the door of a crowded ward full of newly wounded fine young boys, resolutely winked back tears from her tired eyes and called out: "Well, hello!"

A yell of joyous youth recognized her good cheer and her familiar tongue and smiles were her portion as she moved among the beds. By one bed she stopped. There was no smile here. The face was all bandage but one eye. It was going to be, the surgeon said, an interesting case of plastic surgery. They would make that side of his face, he prophesied, exactly as good looking as the other. The bandaged head lay very still. One hand outside the cover, too, was quiet. Knowing that it must be something precious they had put back in it the crumpled sheet of note paper that had been clenched in it so tightly when they found him. The woman doctor leaned over to see whether the one eye was shut. He must be just about coming out of the anæsthetic. She found it wide open, staring at her.

And from among the bandages came somewhere, quite distinctly, the remark: "J. A., 1760."

He said it twice. The doctor thought it was a football signal. Seeing that the patient was still a little under the ether she drew the covers about his neck, gave him a pat and moved on.

All this, J. A., 1760, looking after Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's vanished figure, could not know. She could not know either that Lieut. Harold Somers, feeling the comfort of the crumpled note paper in his hand, drowsed off, forgetting the pain in his head because of a vision he was enjoying of a small white hand, writing neatly.

"And who's to care, whether anything happens or doesn't happen to me?" she was saying as the elevator gave up the form of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, once more nourished and visibly bearing news

"What d'you think," she leaned over leather goods to ask, "has happened now!"

Listless as she was, J. A., 1760, could not refuse her engaging twinkle an answering smile

"Something always is happening to you," she said. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon considered.

"That's right," was her final verdict. "It looks that way, don't it? But this is certainly something. My kid nephew wrote me a letter and said he'd be home in a month after I got it. Maybe less. I can't hardly wait."

Her eyes twinkled across the counter. J. A., 1760, surveyed her.

"You must be glad," she said in a dull voice.

She was trying to imagine how it would seem to get a letter saying that someone who belonged to her would be home in less than a month. By trying ever so little she could entirely imagine it. She could feel the reluctant days go by. She could wake up on the very last day of all and know that to-day someone who belonged to her would come through the turnstile door. He would be tall and young and strong. He would look as if in all his life he had thought generously and done victorious deeds. He would come toward her swiftly, triumphantly, down the aisle of Wiggins & Wiggins and when he reached leather goods he would lean over and say ——

There! She had done it again. The dream she had shut away in her bureau drawer had burst out upon her, more roseate, more poignant than ever. As she stood, her startled eyes wide upon Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, her color flaming, that lady thought: "My heavens! There has been someone. There is this minute." Aloud, she remarked: "It's going to be a wonderful time. We'll certainly be proud of them when they come back."

A thought at the back of her mind made her add: "And those that don't come back—we're proud of them." Her gaze, casual, indifferent, lost nothing of the swift changes in the girl's face. Theatrically as if the footlights had been extinguished the color left her cheeks and her face was gray.

"There's no one coming back for me," she said. "There never was."

"That's all right," said Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon with heartiness. "You brace up. There's goin' to be." She twinkled encouragingly and took her station by the Yanko-Frank. Her face showed nothing of her inner pity.

"The poor kid!" she was thinking. "They've quarreled. Or he's got another girl or something. He's not dead, I don't believe, or she'd look different. I've a kinda feeling ——"

She did not finish but her gaze as it passed lightly over the girl was reminiscent and speculative. J. A., 1760, looking down the aisle toward the Fifth Street entrance winked rather fast. She had stripped the last rose leaf from her daydream. There wasn't anyone for her. There never had been.

The next month went by on leaden feet. Spring was not a brisk season for leather goods. There are spring bags, of course, and cheerful belts. But ginghams and shower-proof silks call the shopper down other and more bewildering aisles. J. A., 1760, had plenty of time to think. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon herself found the hours long. Spring housecleaning proved a godsend to the Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner and business was never more prosperous. It was a stolid housewife who could resist her latest argument.

"You know," she would say, always at the provocative moment, "we gotta make our houses look fine for all these boys of ours that are coming home," and the sale was closed.

The days were prosperous and busy. Yet she checked off on her fingers night after night and found time laggard.

Spring grew riotous outside the turnstile door. J. A., 1760, looking up from attentive examination of the imperfections of a newly purchased pigskin bag, could see daffodils and hyacinths in the florist's windows across the way. Day after day, as the spring sun smiled or spring rainbows banded the changing sky, she stood behind the counter of leather goods selling belts or purses. The hour of comfort kits was forgotten. The Pellique model was far away.

There came a day, however, when the Yanko-Frank stood silent. The hand of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon was not there to snap and unsnap the electric snapper. She was in fact engaged in standing on the curbstone watching the kid nephew march up from the station to Liberty Temple. There orators were to have their opportunity. Later there was to be a public dinner. But Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon would bring the kid nephew up to the store as soon as he could get away and they would all go up to her apartment in the Tudor Manor for real food.

"You never had one of my lemon pies," she said. "Well, I can make a meringue just as good as I can sell bonds. And that's pretty good. You wait and see." She laughed as she went away, leaving J. A., 1760, smiling faintly after her.

She would be back, she said, about closing time.

All day long, while the sun chased shadows past the turnstile door, J. A., 1760, sold leather goods after the best methods of psychology of salesmanship. All day bands played without, khaki-clad figures streamed back and forth and irruptions of happy relatives gushed in and out of Wiggins & Wiggins on the arm of some sunburned overseas man. It was almost closing time when J. A., 1760, regretfully selling a bright red leather belt five inches wide to a woman with a thirty-two-inch waist, looked up and saw the short but ample figure of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon make its way through the turnstile door. Behind her was the form of the kid nephew, much like a dreadnought behind a tugboat, on a large scale not unlike her and showing a humorous face unmistakably Haskins.

Behind him still another uniform made J. A., 1760, pause in her neat transcribing of symbols necessary to the sales record. She did not need to pause long. She had not forgotten that tall figure as she had seen him coming down the aisle on a long-past rainy day. He was coming slowly now, not swiftly as in her daydream; slowly and with something of a limp. The scar across his face showed almost as far as she could see his face at all. Scarred and limping he was coming down the aisle. The Pellique model had not been among those who crowded the station or waved from the curb as he limped by. She remembered, too, the paragraph about his mother. There must have been, she had time to think, something fairly drab and impersonal in this return.

Then she could just make herself seem to be writing neatly in its appointed square her appointed "J. A., 1760," when the robust voice of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon broke in. "Meet my nephew, Sergeant Haskins," it said. "He's grown two inches and gained thirty pounds. But he's an awful cute kid just the same."

J. A., 1760, stayed her hand and met the grin of Sergeant Haskins.

"And this," went on the robust voice, "is the lieutenant he's said so much about. He's not got a relation in the city and he's going to eat up one of my fine lemon pies while you and I eat the other and Sergeant Haskins stands at attention—or whatever it is he's learned to stand at. Meet Lieutenant Somers."

Her hand still pausing in its business of writing neatly "J. A., 1760," she met the eyes of Lieutenant Somers. She gave the belt to Mayme, the wrapping clerk, got the change and dropped it in the waiting shopper's hand. She did not forget the smile that psychology of salesmanship said would encourage the customer to return.

This done she could only lean against the shelves behind her and lift half-frightened eyes to his again. Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon by this time was showing the sergeant the workings of the Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner.

"It may of been different in foreign lands, but back here in the good old U. S. A., you see, there are three kinds of dirt," her voice floated clearly across the aisle.

Lieut. Harold Somers leaning a little heavily on the counter was looking from the small white hand that rested there to the frightened eyes of the girl and back again.

"Please forgive me," he said, "if I seem silly. But it is the same handwriting."

Her eyes questioned him timidly.

"I had a lot of fever for a long time and a lot of headache. I used to feel lost and rather scared. I felt a long way off from everything and I couldn't seem to know the way back. But every now and then I could see a small white hand writing what you wrote, just now, 'J. A., 1760,' very neatly and nicely inside a little red square. Then I would cheer up. You couldn't possibly remember ever seeing me watch you do it before?"

J. A., 1760, looked desperately down the emptying aisle.

Across the way the voice of Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon was saying to the absorbed sergeant: "And there is embedded dirt."

The pleasant everydayness of it steadied her.

"Yes," she said, "I remember."

Across the counter Lieutenant Somers' eyes begged for help.

"There was a wonderful letter in that comfort kit you sold us here. There wasn't anyone I knew who could have written it. But if whoever wrote it knew how flat things had gone for me, how drab it all seemed, how often I wondered whether I had any business to be where I was and how little I cared whether I ever got back, I think—the person would have been glad. You couldn't possibly know?"

J. A., 1760, looked at him. This was not the glowing face of that other day, nor the compelling voice of her daydream.

It was a face that had felt pain and weariness, a voice that asked but could demand nothing.

"Yes," she said gently, "I do know."

"And did this person—wear that service star?" His eyes besought her. She stretched her hands, palms upward, a little toward him on the counter and wonderful color, the color of daydreams, flooded her cheeks.

"Oh!" she smiled. "Would it really have made any difference?"

"Made any difference!" he echoed.

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's gaze, here perceiving his intentness and the girl's eager face, made an inspired suggestion.

"Us two," she sent across the aisle, "are going on up to beat the meringue and set the table. Maybe when closing time comes you could show Lieutenant Somers the way."

She had the kid nephew by the arm leading him protestingly down the aisle to the turnstile door.

"What's the great idea?" he demanded, once outside, with the irascibility of an outraged top sergeant.

"Well," said Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, "I had a kinda feeling."

"'Kinda feelin' what?" Her nephew strode mutinously beside her. He loved his aunt. He had left no one in France who did not know that Annette Haskins Witherspoon was a wonder. But at times all women were as yet beyond him.

"Well, as soon as you introduced me to that lieutenant I said to myself I'd seen that fella before. And when I saw him lean over and saw her face I remembered. I'd had a kinda feeling all along anyway."

Sergeant Haskins drew a deep breath.

"I guess it's all right if you say so. But it's beyond me."

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon twinkled at him. She was letting him into the automatic elevator on the way up to the three-room apartment.

"You're an awful cute kid," she said. "But I'm cute too. All you got to do is to beat the meringue like I tell you. Beat it about half an hour. And I'll set the table."

She was turning the key in her lock as she said this.

"My! It's good to have you back. Kiss your old aunt!"

He kissed her, unashamed. And when she took her arms from about his neck her eyelids were rather red.

She began, however, to stir about briskly, getting her hat off and starting sizzling sounds in the kitchenette.

"There's chicken," she announced, "all ready to heat up. And that's the egg beater. I'll put an apron over that uniform. That lieutenant of yours," she observed, "has a kinda funny look in his eyes. He's gotta get rid of it." She tied his apron strings firmly.

The kid nephew gave the egg beater an experimental twirl.

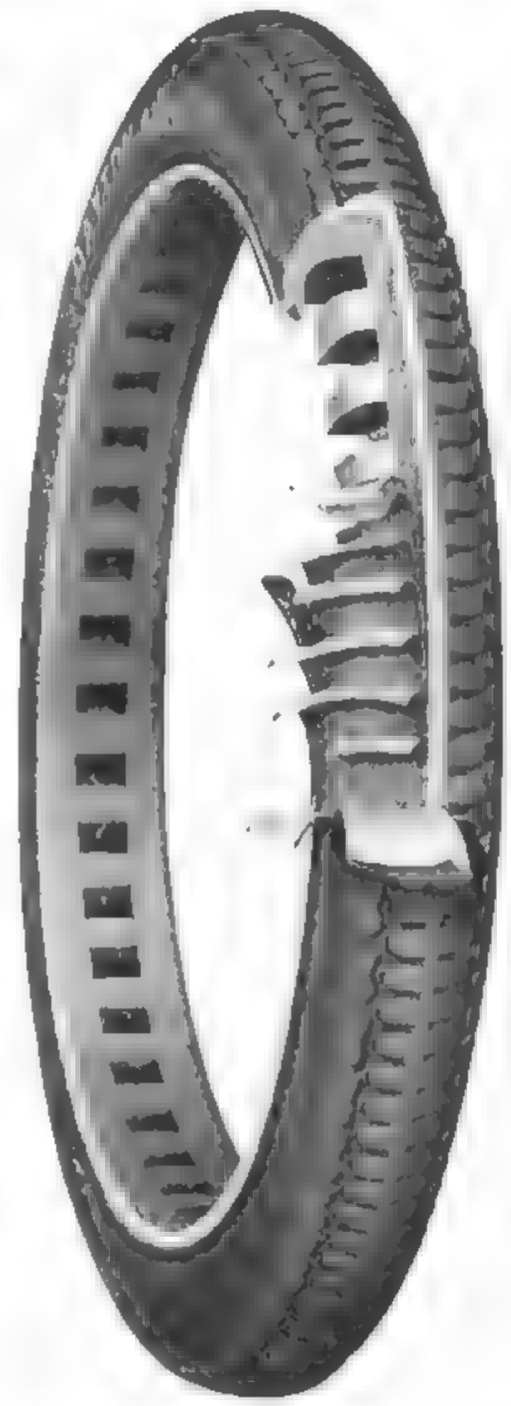
"He's had a kinda funny time, I guess," he remarked.

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon, at her window, was looking down the street. Her gaze, casual, roving, rested on two figures a block away, coming slowly toward the apartment. The two figures were rather close together, the one in khaki bent over, as he limped along, to hear what the little one with the upturned face seemed to be saying.

Mrs. Annette Haskins Witherspoon's gaze, resting on these two, drew them slowly but inevitably onward.

"Well," she said, "you beat that meringue like I tell you and let those two have a little conversation. If you do I've a kinda feeling ——" Her gaze here saw the two figures safely swallowed up by the entrance of the Tudor Manor four floors below. "I've a kinda feeling," she finished, "that if you do the day'll come when I'll be able to interest those two in a Yanko-Frank Vacuum Cleaner."

Can't Puncture Nor Blow-Out



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Brinkley, W Lawson Hill Piano Co
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Forrest City, Loyd Neil
Jonesboro, A J Tatum
Pine Bluff, Riley Auto Tire Co
Walnut Ridge, Lawrence Commission Co
Warren, Sahne Grocery Co

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San Francisco, Salch Cuppel Co 1426 Market St., State Distributor

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Creede Elmer B McCrone
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Montrose Clarence W Gregory
Ordway, Wm H Smith
Peeta, A N Robinette
Peyton, Chas P Scott
Pueblo, Cut-Rate Tire & Acc. Co., 100 W Third St
San Acacio, J M Gonzales
Sanford, Ed Jones
Selbert, F D Allen
Springfield, G M Madden
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Gridley, Mudge & Son.
Ludell, Ludell Equity Co-operative Exchange
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Packerville F W Burch
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Guthrie, Luther P Cooke
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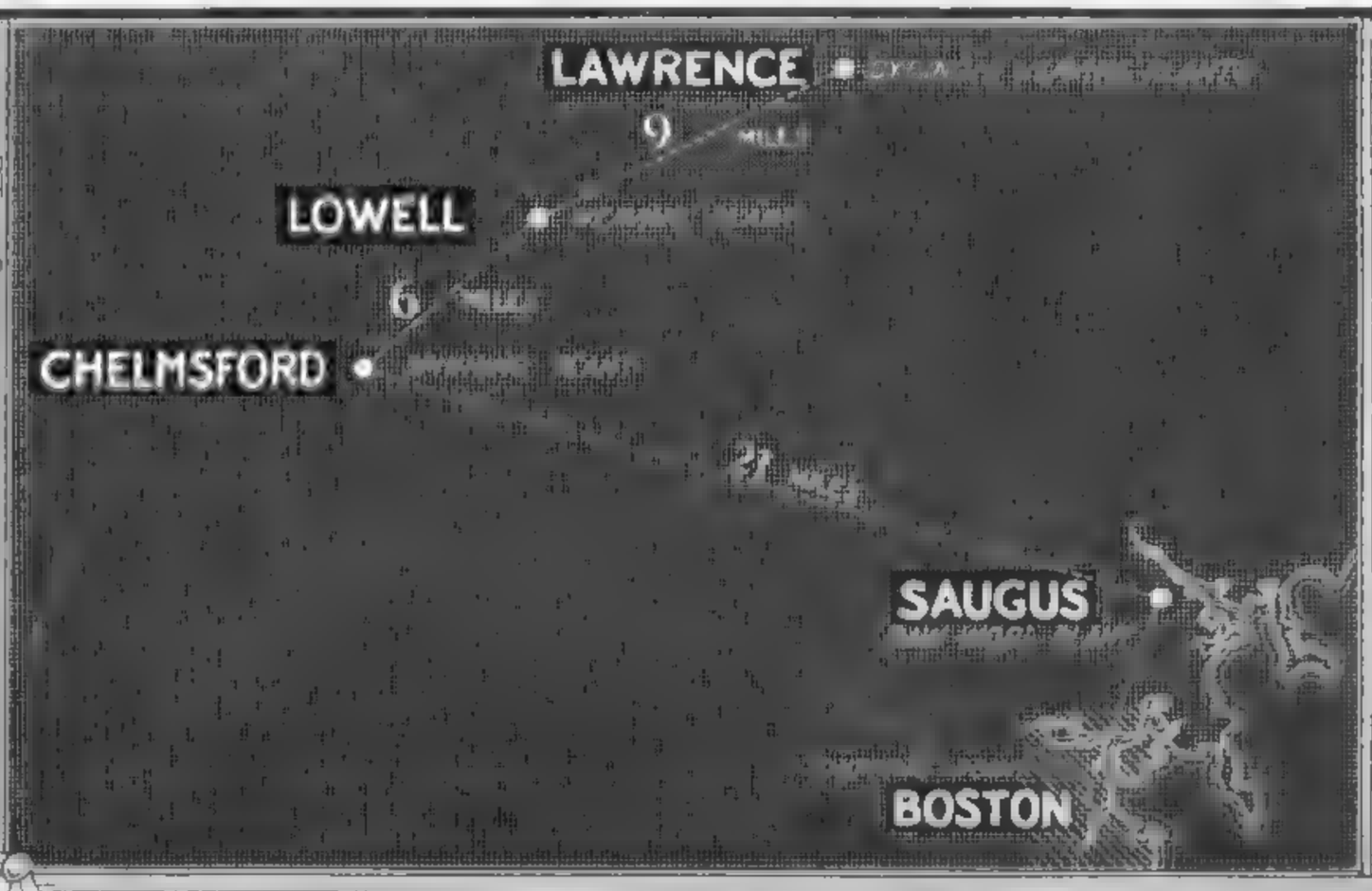

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ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION MAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

with people. They represented every walk in life. Apparently the whole new Russian democracy had come to lay its troubles at the door of the man who voiced its aspirations and embodied its hope. I have never seen such social contrasts as I saw there that April morning in 1917.

I made my way to an officer, who, I discovered, spoke English. When I told him my name he said: "You are expected and your name comes first." Nabokoff had done his work thoroughly.

My appointment was for ten o'clock. Just before the big clock on the shabby wall indicated the hour I heard the slamming of a door. A curious movement stirred the crowd. Instinctively we knew that Kerensky had arrived. My eyes were turned to a pair of folding doors. Suddenly a little window on one of them popped open and a pale face peered out. Having seen many pictures of Kerensky I knew that it was the man of the hour. The act betrayed one of his strong characteristics—the theatrical. He was doing precisely what David Belasco would do on a first night at the play. He was sizing up the audience. Belasco would look through a hole in the curtain; Kerensky used this little window in the door.

For a moment he surveyed the crowd, which constantly grew in numbers. Then the little door closed with a bang and he was gone. I sat waiting my turn. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed.

Then the officer whom I had accosted upon my entrance came up and said: "The minister will see you now."

I entered a small room, bare as a monk's cell. At a flat-topped desk in the center sat a man whose physical appearance fitted that ascetic environment. Of average height, spare build, with pale smooth face and high cheek bones, grayish-black hair and blazing eyes, he looked the zealot that he was. His whole being seemed charged with a restless energy. He wore, as I recall it, a curious jacket with high collar and buttoned close up to the throat. It gave the finishing touch to a weird and unforgetable presence.

A Born Actor

His manner was a strange combination of shyness and impetuosity. This paradox seems absurd at first glance, but anything was possible with Kerensky. He violated every tradition of statesmanship, for he was Premier and Commander in Chief of the Army at the same time. In short he was a contradiction to himself and to everyone else. But he made things happen.

No strategic approach or diplomatic maneuvering was necessary to make Kerensky talk. He began the moment we entered the office. I saw at once that my feeble knowledge of French would be wrecked before this torrent of speech. I asked him to use Russian, which he did.

I have heard most of the champion conversationalists of this world, but I must confess that their talk is a tiny rivulet compared with the Niagara of words that rushed from those torrid lips. For one solid hour Kerensky discoursed with an earnestness and passion almost enthralling. Though I scarcely knew a word of Russian I felt what he was saying. It was like watching Duse or Bernhardt act. They employ only their native tongue, yet without the slightest knowledge of Italian or French you understand the story of the drama they interpret. Kerensky has the same histrionic ability.

He told the story of the revolution and his part in it; he painted his ideals of a government in which a constituent assembly elected by the people would be the voice of the people. What interested me most were his impressions of people. For one, he spoke of Lincoln. He said: "All my life I have admired Abraham Lincoln. I often wonder what he would have done in this Russian crisis."

Kerensky spoke with great admiration of President Wilson. In the light of recent events he uttered a prophecy which has been much in my mind of late. At that time there was a strong peace-without-annexation sentiment in Russia. It was one of the rocks on which the first provisional government foundered.

Kerensky referred to the President's peace-without-victory speech, and said: "If President Wilson adheres to the principles of that speech he will be the dominating factor in the Peace Conference."

This forecast came true, but not through Kerensky's idea of a peace without victory. Wilson's authority in the Peace Conference was largely due to our own part in the war and Europe's need of us in peace.

Paul Miliukoff, After Kerensky Perhaps the Most Tragic Figure of the Revolution

It was impossible to speak with any eminent European in those days without a reference to Roosevelt. Kerensky hoped he would come to Russia. He felt that his galvanic personality would stir the Slavic imagination. The selection of Mr. Elihu Root as head of the American Mission to Russia had just been announced. My inference from what Kerensky and his colleagues said was that they were surprised that a lawyer who had been conspicuously identified with reaction all his life should be sent to Russia. Here is one reason why the American Mission did not obtain all the results that it had hoped to secure.

In this connection I can throw a little new light on Roosevelt's attitude toward Russia. In May of last year just before I returned to Europe I took Lady Muriel Paget down to see Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. She had organized and conducted the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd and was much concerned with Russian affairs in England. She had survived the Bolshevist terrors and was on her way back to England. She was very anxious to meet the former President. When I told him she was in America he invited us out to tea.

Roosevelt was tremendously interested in Russia. After Lady Muriel had told him her story of the murder of the Kerensky government by the Bolsheviki he pounded the table so vigorously that the tea service rattled.

Then he said with animation: "I could have taken two American divisions to Russia and saved the whole situation!"

Kerensky's face, with its ghastly pallor, drawn features and unearthly eyes, gave him the look of a dying man. In the first talk I had with him, as in many of his speeches, he referred to his physical condition, for he was not strong. He did this so often that more than one person suspected that he converted his poor health into what we would call a theatrical prop. In this, however, he was doing a typical Slavic thing. If you know Russian literature at all you know that disease and physical deformity are part of its realism. The Russian loves to read about such things. The more vividly they are portrayed the more he enjoys it.

Fond of the Spectacular

Kerensky loves to do spectacular things. He delighted in making what actors call a good entrance. If he was scheduled to speak at a public meeting he waited until the audience was assembled and clamored for his appearance. When apparently all hope of his arrival had been abandoned he would dash out on the stage in dramatic fashion, stop suddenly, fix the crowd with those haunting eyes, and let loose an avalanche of oratory. I saw him do this once at a crowded session of the famous Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Delegates and it made a tremendous hit. It was his way of doing things.

To have met both Kerensky and Lloyd George is to recognize at once a striking parallel between them up to a certain point. Each is self-made, each is a one-time pacifist who became Minister of War, each is a lawyer whose advent into national leadership was inspired by national peril, each is a brilliant and convincing orator, each rose to the premiership. Here the kinship ends. Lloyd George mounted the heights and remained there, while Kerensky tasted the bitterness of downfall and exile.

I cannot resist the impulse to tell a story on Lloyd George which bears directly on the Kerensky tragedy. When I returned to England from Russia in May, 1917, I was among the first to get back. On the day after my arrival, at Lord Northcliffe's request I gave an interview to the Daily Mail on the whole Russian situation. Kerensky's name was on every tongue, and I spoke of him as the Lloyd George of Russia. A few days later I saw Lloyd George and he seemed much pleased at this phrase. A year later, however, when I came back to England, Kerensky was down and out. The phrase that I had coined for him still stuck, much to the irritation of the Prime Minister of England.

Why did Kerensky fail? There are many reasons—some personal, some national. All bear directly upon this present troubled hour when the Bolshevism that overwhelmed him and his cause has reared its head in our own midst, aided and abetted by the I. W. W. Profiting by his costly mistake, or, rather, by the tragedy of his indecision, America can easily crush the reptile that destroyed that hard-won Russian freedom if she stamps it out at once. Kerensky delayed and it was fatal.

To understand Kerensky's downfall let me briefly recapitulate the closing scenes of his régime. The provisional government which followed the overthrow of the Czar and which was dominated by Kerensky immediately faced two malignant enemies. One was the Germans and Austrians abroad—the other the Bolshevists at home. Those two forces of evil were in league with each other. Lenine, as you will see later in

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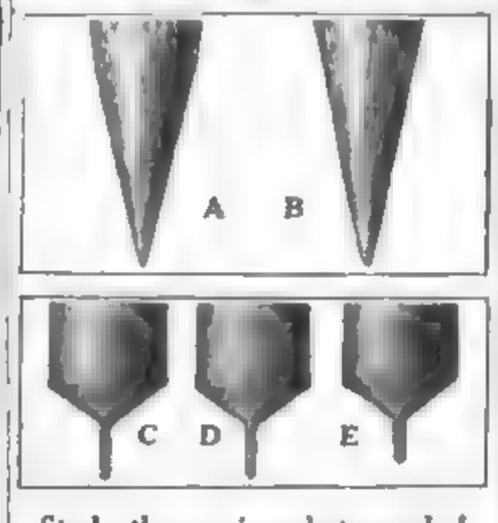

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C—New Sonora Semi Permanent Silvered Needle. Note that the parallel sides (which are *not* tapered) always fit record groove perfectly

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this article, arrived in Petrograd while I was still there. Aided by Trotzky, who came soon afterward, he began to debauch the Russian democracy. With propaganda and otherwise they finally undermined the army morale that Kerensky, by word and deed—he led the last offense in person—had worked to restore.

Kerensky's last opportunity to save himself developed after the first serious Bolshevist demonstration, in July, 1917. That uprising was suppressed by the Cossacks under General Korniloff, a fine upstanding figure of a man. I saw him often. Trotzky was arrested and put in prison, while Lenine hid. There is a strong impression that had Kerensky, who was then Premier, acted with vigor and decision at that time and employed the machine gun and the firing squad instead of hot air and diplomacy he might have stamped out the poisonous growth that was to be his undoing.

Instead he quarreled with Korniloff, who had urged stern measures, and eventually caused his arrest. From that time on he led a forlorn hope. Trotzky was permitted to leave jail. Lenine came back unashamed. In November, 1917, came the Bolshevik coup that established the so-called "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," with Lenine and Trotzky as dictators. It standardized anarchy and made human slaughter a fine art.

The members of the provisional government were arrested and imprisoned. Kerensky fled to Sweden. Red Russia was born in a reign of terror more awful than any horror that czar had ever decreed.

Why Kerensky Failed

Kerensky failed because, for one thing, he was a dangerous optimist. He held the government together in the early days with sweeping oratory and rare powers of conciliation. He thought he could do the same thing with the assassins of popular government masquerading as Bolshevists. Then, too, Kerensky's swift and enormous success accentuated a vanity that contributed to his disaster. Unfortunately, as events proved, he wanted, as we say in America, to be the whole show. He could not swing it. Had he joined forces with Korniloff he might have saved Russia. But apparently he wanted to go it alone. He had the rare quality of magnetic and popular leadership, but he lacked executive ability. He temporized when he should have struck.

Early in May of this year Kerensky turned up in Paris. He is still pursuing the phantom of a return to power. Whatever his frailties he lived a great hour and contributed a meteoric but pathetic figure to the human interest of the war.

Though Kerensky monopolized the spotlight of the revolution he was merely one of a group of unusual men. Each brought a picturesque personality and experience to that momentous period. The exact opposite of the flaming zealot I have just described and whose oratory was always on tap, was Prince Lvoff, the first Premier in the provisional government. He embodied a curious contradiction in that he was an aristocrat of the aristocrats wedded to the democratic idea.

Physically Lvoff was also the antithesis of Kerensky. Smaller in stature, he had the face and look of a poet. He seemed to behold always the vision of the great things. Where Kerensky was explosive, Lvoff spoke in a gentle voice. There was more logic and reason in five minutes of Lvoff's talk than in a whole day of Kerensky's.

It was no easy matter to see Lvoff. The government was in such an incessant turmoil of talk and change that the officials themselves scarcely knew where they stood. Lvoff bore a heavy burden of responsibility. Besides, he disliked to be interviewed.

Once more Nabokoff came to the rescue. I told him that it was important for America to know something of the personalities of the new leaders. I used this selling argument successfully with most of the other members of the Russian Cabinet. There is no doubt that America then was a name and a power to conjure with. Both Kerensky and Lvoff hoped that we would send over an army to help them against the Germans and the Austrians. Anyhow, the moment Lvoff realized that he could get a message to America through me he acquiesced. Here is revealed another phase of the grand approach in interviewing. In other words you must hold out the lure of some advantage to be gained by the interviewee.

I first met Lvoff in his office in a huge yellow-and-white structure that had been for many years the nest of Russian reaction. Oddly enough he sat at the same desk that had been used by Sturmer, the notorious Premier whose pro-German sympathies during the war were well known. It was a commentary on the new order that this real trustee of the people should be dispensing justice and humanity inside the walls that had witnessed such dark and deadly conspiracy against the masses.

Lvoff spoke Russian, German and French, but little English. Patriotic Russians would not speak German, so the conversation was in French. Though he had been one of the organizers of the zemstvos—a public-spirited organization with branches in every community—he had seldom been interviewed. He was therefore shy, almost diffident at the start. Conversation, however, is a favorite Russian sport. With the possible exception of the French I do not think that any people talk quite so much. When the novelty of the experience wore off Lvoff let loose and was most diverting.

Among other things he told me that as a very young man he had made a walking trip through our western country. He said: "The first thing that impressed me about America was its vastness; the second was the extraordinary freedom of speech and action. I decided then that if the opportunity ever came to me in Russia I should like to translate some of those American ideals into action. That hour has now come."

The hour came, but unfortunately was never fully realized. Lvoff went the way of most of his colleagues. It was characteristic of the unconquerable spirit that defied Russian autocracy for so many years that a few months before the signing of the armistice Lvoff turned up in Siberia, where with a handful of devoted followers he was trying to organize a movement for a new Russia. This dauntless persistency somehow inspires the hope that all is not lost in Russia and that perhaps out of the present orgy of Bolshevism will come a new and happier day.

The Personality of Miliukoff

After Kerensky perhaps the most tragic figure of the revolution—and pathos envelops him still—was Paul Miliukoff. He incarnated the irony that pursued all his associates. This veteran of the long wars for reform, who had endured exile, imprisonment—indeed every penalty that attached to the fight for freedom—saw his dream fulfilled and then shattered. He was the only member of the provisional government who really knew America. He spoke English fluently and had lectured in Chicago and New York. Having been an editor and a teacher he was easy of approach.

Personally Miliukoff appears to be the mildest-mannered individual in the world. He has white hair and mustache and his kindly eyes beam behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

He had a magnificent courage. It was never better revealed than in November, 1916, when he made the famous speech in the Duma in which he denounced Sturmer's pro-German intrigue to debase Russia and deliver her to her enemies. That speech was something like the famous Revolutionary shot at Lexington. It was heard throughout Russia.

I saw him many times, but the first meeting with him will always stand out in my memory. It was on Easter Sunday and Petrograd was flooded with sunshine. In Russia spring comes with amazing swiftness. One day the world is bleak and ice-bound; the next morning it is a sea of slush.

On Easter Saturday I had gone to the Kazan Cathedral, with its superb pillared façade, to watch the charming festival of the children. On this day every Russian child is supposed to take a homemade cake surmounted by a candle to church and have the cake blessed and the candle lighted by a priest. The cake becomes the center of the holiday feast. I thought of this ceremony the following morning when I stood in the stately Foreign Office salon with its yellow silk hangings and massive crystal chandeliers and talked with Miliukoff, who seemed to reflect the spirit of that glad Eastertime.

He spoke entertainingly about the whole Russian situation. He looked eagerly for a close brotherhood with America. When I asked him to give me a message for my own people he sat down at his desk and wrote out the following:

"The new Russian democracy greets the great Republic of the United States and hopes to concur with them in the foundation of a new world on an enlarged international basis of law and freedom and goodwill of nations."

I reproduce this message to show that this amiable professor-statesman sounded one of the first notes of that concord now known as The League of Nations. Perhaps he did not realize it at the time, but it was prophetic.

To run the roster of that first Russian Cabinet as I saw it in Petrograd is to uncover an almost incredible range of achievement. I doubt if any government ever mobilized a greater variety of careers. Hard-headed business, for instance, was represented by Michael Téréschtchenko, who was Minister of Finance. He is the son of the sugar-beet king of South Russia and had inherited his father's title and fortune. While Lvoff represented aristocracy, Téréschtchenko expressed plutocracy. He had studied at Oxford and spoke English with a British accent. He looked like the clear-cut, carefully groomed, well-set-up young man of affairs whom you meet in a Wall Street broker's office.

A Loan Drive in Petrograd

Before we began our nation-wide campaigns for funds Téréschtchenko launched a Liberty Loan in Petrograd. I believe he was the first to give a war loan this title. He called it, however, the Loan of Liberty. Incidentally he wrote every line of advertising that was put out. He was a pioneer in using war equipment for war-loan purposes. On the day the loan started I was nearly run over on the Nevskii Prospekt by a huge armored car plastered over with posters and manned by excited Russian soldiers distributing loan leaflets.

Téréschtchenko was a live wire when it came to interviewing. He was so full of speech that it almost overflowed. It was therefore only necessary to guide the currents. In one respect he resembled Sir Eric Geddes. He found Russian finance a terrible jumble of debt and misappropriation.

He said: "Our first task is to establish a system of adequate bookkeeping. We cannot work until we have statistics."

It was the simple application of business methods. The Bolsheviki shot his system to pieces. According to their idea, money as well as a human being is a thing to be destroyed.

No Petrograd figure was more striking, however, than Michael Rodzanko, the President of the Duma. He was the first member of the government that I met. In singling him out as the initial victim I was merely following an old rule of mine in interviewing. The way of it is this: If you are called upon to interview a group of men—say, for example, all the members of a cabinet—and I have had this experience more than once—the important preliminary is to sell—as they say in business—one of them immediately. The mere fact that you have interviewed one of them is always an argument to employ in winning the rest of them.

The same thing is true of the psychology of ordinary salesmanship. A canvasser selling goods on a street will invariably say to a prospect: "You ought to buy this article. All your neighbors have bought it." It usually means an order.

When I got to Petrograd I found that Ambassador Francis and Rodzanko had become good friends. They lived on the same street and saw each other often. Rodzanko spoke English fluently, which helped in the relationship. The Ambassador informed me that I would not have the slightest difficulty in meeting Rodzanko. He arranged the interview.

My first encounter with him was somewhat unconventional. He lived on the top floor of a large apartment house. Petrograd, like New York, has the apartment-house habit. I had to use a French operated-by-the-passenger elevator. When I got halfway up it stuck between landings. I tried in every conceivable way to start it, but without success. I had seen a sleepy-looking porter down in the lobby, so I yelled down to him. He was Russian and did not understand a word of English. His dumb brain could not comprehend that I wanted to continue my ascent. He probably took my yell for a good-humored greeting. He simply looked up and grinned.

(Concluded on Page 133)

How Duplex Process Safeguards Tire Quality

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The truck gave satisfaction. We cut our hauling cost on ore, 40 per cent.

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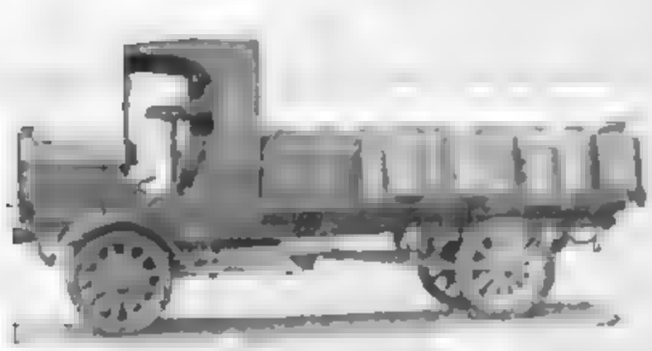

DUPLEX TRUCKS
Cost Less Per Ton-mile

(Concluded from Page 130)

Suddenly I heard the booming of a voice above me. It sounded like the explosion of a forty-two-centimeter shell. The porter galvanized into action and in a few minutes the elevator shot upward. At the landing I saw a mountain of a man. It was Rodzanko, who having heard my sounds of distress had come to the rescue himself.

Rodzanko is one of the most massive human beings I have ever seen. Nature must have intended that he should preside over the stormiest session in the history of the Duma. He personified big-boned authority. He looked—and when in the Duma he acted—like a four-ply edition of the late Thomas B. Reed. In parliamentary matters he, too, was a real czar.

Being a fat man Rodzanko is naturally inclined to be amiable. However, I fortified myself for this meeting with an irresistible asset. It pays to be prepared. Various people had told me that Rodzanko had his presidential lightning rods out. Human nature is the same the world over, even in reddest Russia. The moment that the Czar was overthrown a score of possible candidates for the presidency developed. As time passed nearly everybody wanted to be the first President of the Republic of Russia. Rodzanko was merely one of the many. At that time it looked as if he had the best chance.

I said to him: "I feel that I am meeting the first President of the Republic of Russia."

His broad face broke into a luminous smile and he replied: "I hope it may come true."

If Rodzanko had felt the slightest reserve about talking with me this exchange of courtesies would have melted it. Even with men of sterner mold such a passage as I have described is an unfailing aid to speech. It proves that most people are susceptible human beings after all.

Rodzanko really precipitated the revolution. During the prelude to the Seven Days, when Petrograd was a smoldering volcano, he sent the Czar a telegram asking him to form a new government. Without waiting to hear from their royal master his representatives in Petrograd ordered the Duma dissolved. It was the custom of the reactionary government to have a supply of such documents on hand, signed and sealed, for any emergencies.

Rodzanko's Great Speech

Upon receipt of this order Rodzanko rose in his seat and, towering like a colossus of wrath, said: "They have dissolved the Duma, but it will not be dissolved. Stand with me, my colleagues. From this time on the Duma is the constituted authority of Russia."

This was a characteristic Rodzanko performance. He was no respecter of power. Round him rallied the forces that now broke loose against their ancient oppressors. Thus he will always have a permanent place in the annals of those days. I shall always remember him, however, as a kindly rescuer.

There is no need of making a further tour through that first Russian Cabinet. Kerensky, Miliukoff, Lvoff and Téréschtchenko had their full mates in Goutchkoff, the soldier banker who defied labor aggression in the same way that he fought the Japanese; in Konovaloff, the textile king who became Minister of Trade and Industries; in Shingareff, the doctor who became Minister of Agriculture and who launched a system which would probably have solved that eternal Russian agrarian problem; and all the rest of that group. They made history once. Perhaps they will make it again.

Late in that momentous April of 1917 the first strains of Bolshevism rose like a discordant note. At first it was drowned in the tumult and the shouting over a swift emancipation. Like an evil motif the discord swelled until it drowned out that earlier chant of real liberation. The Mephisto of that national opera was Nikolai Lenine, who is to-day the red-handed dictator of Russia. Though I saw him several times I did not meet him.

Lenine, always an agitator, was in exile in Switzerland when the revolution broke. In the general amnesty which was at once declared in Russia all bars were let down. From foreign countries, and more especially from Siberia, the exiles flocked home. It was a moving and dramatic spectacle—this return of the exiles, many of them patriots who had endured the long martyrdom. No sight that Petrograd witnessed those days was more pathetic than the arrival of Catherine Breshkovsky, "the Little Grandmother of the Revolution," heroine of the crusade for freedom. Kerensky met her in person at the station and escorted her to the Duma amid a frenzy of tears and cheers.

Lenine received no such ovation, nor was his heart stirred by the same deep emotion and thanksgiving that shook most of his fellow exiles. He traveled almost direct from Switzerland to the Russian frontier in a sealed car. The average traveler would have had to come out through France and then across England, Norway and Sweden. The German Government, as is well known, gave him every possible facility. If the Germans had not realized then that Lenine was their ally they would not have showered him with courtesies. They knew their man.

Many Americans believe that Lenine is a lowbrow. Far from it. He is a hereditary nobleman, educated in Kazan University and the University of Petrograd, where he specialized in law and economics. By an extraordinary coincidence—and I doubt if this fact has ever been stated before—both Lenine and Kerensky were born in the town of Simbirsk.

I first saw Lenine in circumstances that left no doubt about his attitude toward the United States. We were among the first of the great nations to recognize the new provisional government and to pledge our aid to it in the war. This of course irritated the Leninites, who bitterly opposed the war and who desired an immediate and separate peace with Germany. Subsequently they achieved their desire at Brest-Litovsk.

Russia and Germany

I was standing in front of the American Embassy one day when I heard the noise of an approaching crowd. Down the street came a mob carrying red banners and making a demonstration against the embassy. At the head marched a man of medium height, with high shoulders, rather reddish face and with brown mustache and scraggy beard. His eyes flamed with passion.

"Who is that person at the head of the procession?" I asked.

"His name is Lenine," was the reply.

After that demonstration, at the request of the Ambassador an armed guard was placed at the embassy.

At that time no one in Petrograd, certainly none of the high government officials, regarded Lenine as a real menace. It was a fatal and costly neglect. He was practically looked upon for a time as what we would call a soap-box orator. Had these optimists only read the future they would have learned that this soap box was loaded with an explosive destined to destroy the fruits of freedom.

Lenine's mode of existence during the first few months after his return was not exactly in harmony with the much-vaunted idea of the simple life of the proletariat.

When Lenine, whose name is pronounced "Lennin," and Trotzky, who arrived after I left Petrograd, succeeded in deposing the provisional government they instigated a carnival of crime which had not been equaled since the French Revolution. With that saturnalia this article is not concerned. Yet the consequences will affect all posterity. To-day the whole world is wondering about the fate of Russia.

Even the madness of Bolshevism cannot utterly destroy a nation with nearly two hundred millions of people. They remain and they must be salvaged in some way. How? That is the supreme question.

The Peace Conference was unable to shape a definite procedure. Whatever happens, one thing seems certain: When real European reconstruction crystallizes, at least one nation will have a clear-cut Russian policy. That nation will be Germany. To the average Russian in business, and despite all her frightfulness in war, she spells law and order. He will turn to Germany for commercial rehabilitation. Propinquity is usually the mother of economic assimilation. Out of every mistake made by Allies, Bolshevists and real reformers in Russia, Germany will capitalize an advantage for herself. On it she will rear much of the structure of her material regeneration.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson showing some of the outstanding personalities of war and peace at close range. The next will deal with General Pershing, Marshal Foch, Clémenceau, Marconi, Sonnino and General Cadorna.

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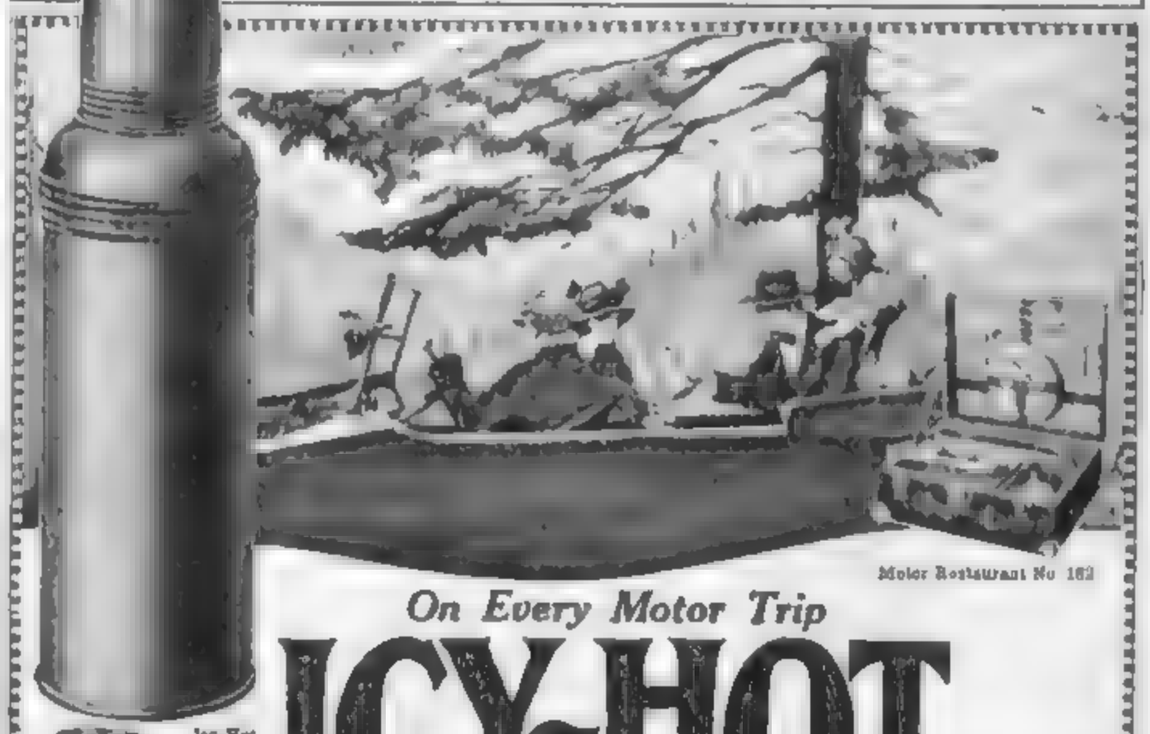

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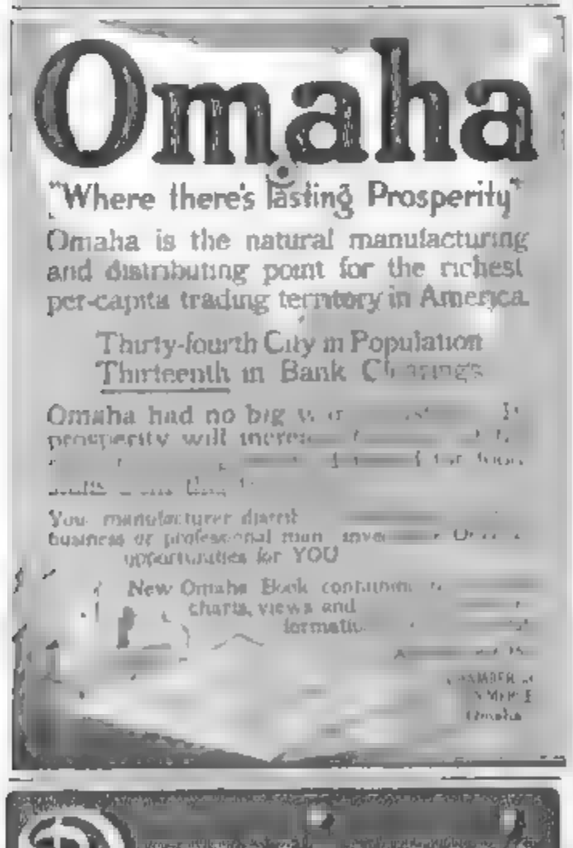
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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

(Continued from Page 17)

arrange, transpose, emphasize, delete, and then assemble into the fluent continuity of a good five-reel story.

It is true we start our stories with a written continuity, but due to the necessity of focusing so many minds on its building, the finished product, translated into pictures, can never be identical with the literary conception. No one would be more pleased than directors of production could they make pictures exactly according to script, and shoot only five thousand feet to make a five reeler, but it is a physical and an intellectual impossibility, plain only to those who have tried it.

In order to get an estimate of the film editor it is necessary to understand the condition of the material that comes to his desk. At the finish of every bit of action a boy holds up before the camera a slate upon which is written the number of the scene and cabalistic signs by which the laboratory is informed of light conditions, and what not. This is done merely to identify the action with the scenes as arranged in the written continuity. For instance: Interior set 88, showing the children saying their prayers, will be found in scenes 342-3-4-5-6 on the film. When the finished shots are all printed the films are brought to the cutting room and assembled in rough continuity and then run. First, the whole business is shown, retakes and all. And here is where the greatest footage is cut, for sometimes a scene will have been retaken five or six times, and the editor must select the best action, even though he take a few feet from each retake and paste them together.

From the Cutter's Viewpoint

After the retakes are cut out the footage may still run to seven or eight thousand feet; and then begins the painful surgery. The scenes that will be bettered by shortening and the episodes that are not essential are cut, and cut, and still the story runs 5500 feet. Yet the finished film, including titles, must not run over 4700 feet—the popular length with exhibitors.

The film editor has read the continuity, so he knows what to expect; but he did not see the picture made, which is well, for he is the one person who must always keep a fresh eye and must possess a child-like mind that can witness things objectively. Yes, he knows the story, but the question is, Has the director translated it into pictures?

"Henry," said I the other day to a splendid director, "I'm afraid I'll have to cut out all that garden-party stuff. Six hundred feet have to come out somewhere and ——"

"Heavens, Andy, that will simply ruin the story! Why, I worked three hard days on that scene and got some great stuff. Can't you cut something else?"

And so I told him a truth that isn't generally known:

"Henry, you have expressed the exact reason why so few directors can or should cut their own pictures. You worked so hard on one scene that it has gained an importance in your mind that isn't justified in the story. It's bully stuff, all right, but quite unessential, and the whole action can be covered in a six-word title.

"On the other hand," I went on, "the office scenes are perfectly fine and the action is strong, but you have given me nothing to cut to, so you'll have to shoot some stuff showing what the wife was doing at that time."

I might remark also that the length of the film scenes presents a curious psychological problem. There is this difference between stage and screen. On the stage, action is constantly accompanied by the spoken word, which helps to explain it, and keeps the interest divided between the eye and ear, so that a scene may run continuously for thirty minutes. On the screen, however, it has been found by innumerable tests that the eye tires after about two or three minutes, so that our scenes cannot run over two hundred feet without danger. There are only a few cases where the action has run for five minutes without a break of any kind, and these were in scenes like burglaries, where the characters in real life would work silently.

So if we get long footage that runs over two or three minutes we must have collateral scenes to cut to or must break the action with titles. The office scenes in Henry's story needed breaking, both for the mental rest and to carry on the collateral action.

Then there are psychological cuts of tremendous importance. It has been discovered that no human being can compete with babies or animals and command the attention necessary to the telling of the story. I had a case only yesterday. A father was holding a baby on his knee, and the wife sitting beside him was engaged in some pantomimic business that was very essential, yet I saw instantly that the baby would focus the entire attention of the audience, and the action would be lost. So I ordered separate close-ups of the baby, the father's face and the mother's, and then after showing a flash of the long shot with all three together I cut in close-ups of each in turn, thus registering the mother's and father's action without the infant's diversion.

This corresponds to the old stage joke of catching flies. When an actor wishes to crab the work of a star he waits until the fellow is working up to his big business, and then begins catching flies on the back drop, knowing perfectly well that any action, howsoever innocent in appearance, will detract from the interest in the star.

When it was learned in the films that a kitten can kill a hero in popular interest it was found necessary either to star the kitten or cut him out of all the hero's important business.

This also holds true with the bathing girls in comedy films. What chance would the rarest comedian alive have in getting over important business in the presence of twenty shapely young girls who are introduced solely to give a note of beauty relief to the story? We may show them all together in one scene, but when the comedian begins to register we cut to a close-up which obliterates for the moment the eye lure of the bathers.

Thus it will be seen that the cutter is no mere editor, simply exercising literary or dramatic judgment. He must have a strong story-telling sense, a peculiar ability to carry clearly in mind plots, counterplots and collateral action, besides a complete mastery of the curious complexities of film technic.

Even authors and actors who visit a film editor in his cutting room are perfectly bewildered by the miles and miles of film that lie on the shelves in small spools or fill baskets in apparent confusion. It is a common belief that film editors must be nuts, like mathematical experts.

Built Out of Waste

The star will come in to see a few feet of close-up stuff he did the day before, and even with the aid of a magnifying glass he will slowly reel off yards of film before he can find his own picture; whereas the cutter will rip the celluloid off a wheel twenty feet a second and stop at the exact point where the hero lowered his eyelids.

The story-telling ability of the cutter is well shown in the experiment that made Ben Revis a film editor. Strangely enough, though Ben is one of the most ungrammatical and ill-read fellows in the business he has a natural story-telling sense and is regarded now as one of the best cutters of adventure pictures in America.

About four years ago Ben was working in the laboratory, and asked to be shifted to the cutting room, where he learned the queer ramifications of this peculiar job. Then one day he tried a unique experiment. Gathering the waste film of four stories in which Tom Sentous appeared as the hero he cut and assembled the material into a little story of his own. As the four stories were in different locations and many of the characters were not the same, it took much ingenuity to cut back and forth from one to another and to carry them all forward. This he did by chemical fade-outs to get time lapses and by titles that filled in missing action.

When it was all

(Continued on Page 137)

Pauline Frederick in the Drying Room of the Laboratory

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Patented November 26, 1918

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"HERCULES" High Speed Twist Drills go through the hardest, toughest steel after attempts with other High Speed Drills have failed.

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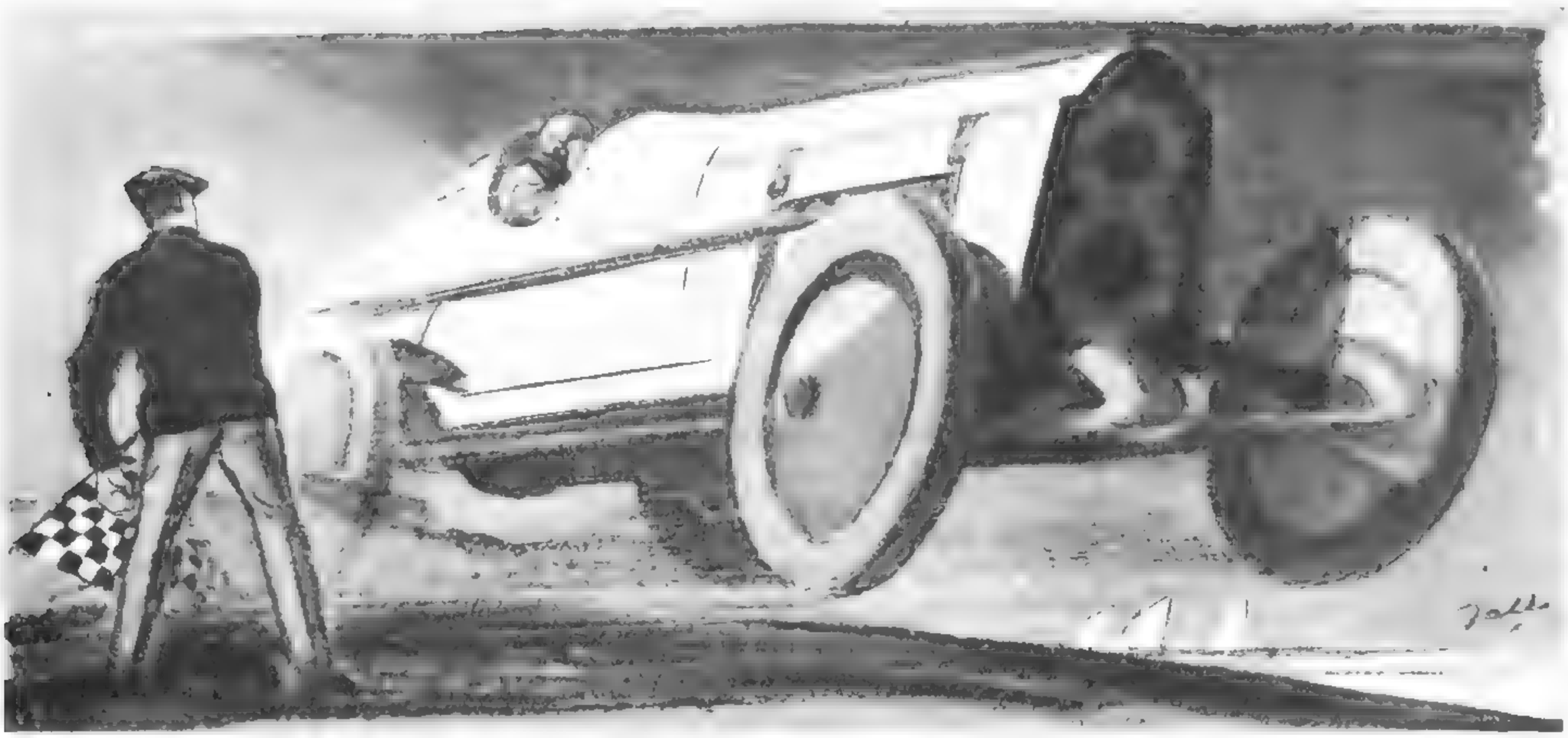


When the record fell—

Magneto Ignition IT'S DEPENDABLE

AT the finish line on the beach at Daytona. At the other end of the measured mile of that hard-packed white sand, DePalma and his Packard Car are ready.

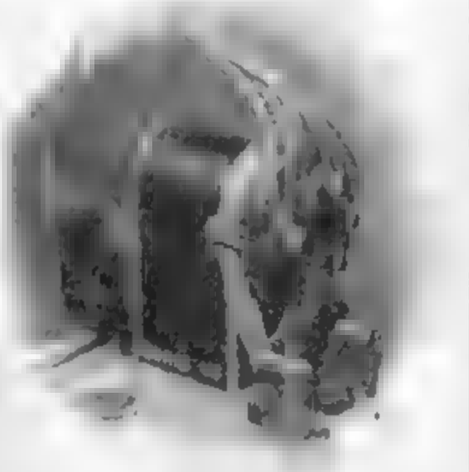
He is off! The flag drops as he flashes across the starting line. The slim white car tears over the sand. Before we catch our breath he is upon us.

A blur. A roar from the exhaust. The finish flag falls. He is past. It has been done. The record held for eight years by a German car is smashed. De Palma has made the mile in a fraction over 24 seconds.

De Palma's Packard—the car that hurled itself through space at over 149 miles an hour—was *magneto-equipped*. Twelve cylinders looked to the magneto alone for the vital spark which made them drive the car faster than car had ever been driven before. And the magneto stood the test—as nothing else could.

You will never drive at 149 miles per hour. But at whatever speed you do drive—whether at 2 miles in crowded streets or at 50 on the open road—you want the life, the dependability and the efficiency of the magneto—the hot, perfectly-timed spark that develops every ounce of energy on every power stroke.

You need the magneto on your passenger car, truck and tractor, on motorcycle, motor boat and stationary engine. Insist on Magneto Ignition—*dependable* ignition. You can get it.



Typical installation of a Simms Magneto on a 1919 motor car

The magneto is the only dependable, self-contained unit which produces high-tension sparks for ignition—independent of battery or coil.

Write for booklet "Why Magneto Ignition Makes A Good Engine Better." Mention make, model and year of your car, truck, tractor, etc.

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Dixie and Aero Magnetos

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP'N
The Bosch Magneto

(Continued from Page 134)

finished he asked the boss in to see the picture run, and so pleased was he with the story that he couldn't believe that it was simply a lot of adventures and situations hooked together by clever cutting and titling.

Of course it was more a stunt than an artistic triumph. However, by having a few scenes shot that took the place of several long connecting titles the picture was actually released and received much favorable comment.

Perhaps the most astounding example of building pictures from cuttings occurred at a certain studio where our greatest comedian had made eight pictures and had finally left to work in his own studio. So profitable had his films become that his employers, unsatisfied with the huge profits made from his regular releases, gathered all his waste, retakes and deleted scenes and turned them over to an ingenious bird, who worked this hash into new stories. Now every month or so the poor fellow witnesses the advertising of a film in which he is the star, bearing a title he never heard of before, and in which he sees himself do stunts that appeared in other pictures or were thrown out as unworthy of his technic. Yet he is powerless to protest against this blow to his artistry, for he worked on salary with the company and every foot of film he shot was its property. Since this experience he lets nothing leave his own studio but a finished negative, titled, cut to footage and complete.

All waste, retakes and deleted scenes he either stores or destroys lest they fall into profane hands.

Another question that bothered the studios for a long time was when to cut in with a spoken title. Should it be done first and then show the man speaking or vice versa? Now, however, the title is inserted just after the man begins to speak, and when finished we cut back to him just uttering the last word.

Then again the length of the titles must fit the tempo of the action. Long titles are often used at the beginning of a story to plant the action, but after the story starts the titles are usually shortened, and become shorter and shorter as the action accelerates. Many a good point has been lost when fast action was cut by a long title breaking the swift continuity.

Experience has taught us that Myrt, Bert and Lizzie read titles much more slowly than we do, so we cut them to run about five words in three feet of film, or to a length permitting us to read them through twice.

The Invention of the Fade-Out

The character of the story also determines the cutting. The scenes in a sweetly moving romantic play run much longer than those of more strenuous action. There are probably two hundred less cuts in a five-reel bucolic story of Charley McRae's than in the tumultuous Westerns of Dorothy Daniels; while in comedies the films are often a patchwork of scenes running from but two to twenty feet. This is because much comedy action is so fast.

Now let us consider for a moment the relation of literature to the films, for this is the point about which so much is said and so little understood. There are three ways one may be told a story: Through the mind, through the eye, and through the ear. Literature tells it through the mind, and if illustrations are invoked they are often a mere embellishment or repetition of the text, not at all necessary to the story. Poe's Raven can stand on its own feet without the support of any illustrator.

On the other hand when literature marries art upon the screen a very different relationship is observed. Here, indeed, instead of the printed word being a mere addendum or handmaiden to the picture, it becomes part and parcel to the fabric of the story. It is used to plant the action, gives the time, identifies locations, introduces characters, utters the spoken word, explains collateral action, connects time lapses, establishes one's mental attitude and hooks together what would often be meaningless episodes. Furthermore, in connection with the cutting it furnishes the pictorial punctuation and gives tempo to the story.

Before the invention of the curious methods of punctuation now employed and the gradual education of the public, our pictorial syntax was very simple—even silly. We would start blithely off in a bit of action and then wouldn't know how to stop, except by cutting suddenly with a title. But even then we had to be on our way with the story, and unless the film finished with a big bang or a chase the result was likely to be an anticlimax. The pictures would end abruptly and the reel sizzle out to a lot of blanks, bubbles, scratches and blobs. It was so much easier to begin a scene than to stop one. We had commas and semicolons in just simple cutting, but as yet we had no period.

Then someone invented the fade-out, and instantly this was seized upon as the missing symbol, for the gradual fading out of a picture was mentally suggestive that the action was finished. Also, this mechanical triumph was soon put to another use that has been a greater artistic service than merely to ease off the action into a quiet finality. By fading out on one scene and then fading in on the next, a time lapse is insinuated and now understood by every fan.

When an author leads his character up to a certain point in his romance beyond which he considers it an impertinence to carry his readers he indicates a time lapse by a row of asterisks, thus: * * * * In the ungrammatical days of the long ago we indicated time's flight by the grand old title "That Night" or "Later." Now, however; when Harold snuggles up to Helen we fade out on the amorous scene, and hide our blushes in the feeling that Harold will do better in his clinch if no one is peeking.

The fact is the fade-out and the fade-in have done for the cinema what the falling and the rising of the curtain do for the stage drama. No explanations are necessary to register time's advance. If we fade out on a fellow going to bed and then fade in on his getting up again, the title "The Next Morning" would be useless and redundant.

Technic Good and Bad

However, we use lapse titles between fadings when we wish to account for a great deal of missing action or long stretches of time. A scene may fade out on the lovers locked in each other's arms or unromantically consulting a steamship schedule, and this will be followed by the title: "And so the spring found them living happily amid the snows of the Swiss Alps." This carries the action forward for months, and at the same time saves an enormous amount of footage. Often when a story is running miles too long we cut out scene after scene and hook the action together by this literary device.

If a film editor decides to cut fifty feet off the end of a scene as it was shot by the director, how is he going to fade out when that part of the scene has been amputated? He sends the film to the laboratory, where they make a chemical fade-out. This is done by a gradual bleaching of the final six feet, left on for that purpose.

The greatest blunder made by unobservant writers for the photodrama is in considering the relation of the title to the film analogous to that of the illustration to the printed story. This error is found when they attempt to tell the action in the titles, for then literature becomes the dominant factor, and the moving pictures mere illustrations to the text.

To read "John goes to college," and then to see John going to college is both silly and inartistic. Yet these are the titles that come with nine-tenths of submissions sent to the studios.

It is difficult for a man trained to paint pictures by use of words to realize that the cinema furnishes the pictures while the literary accompaniment has a vastly different significance from what he supposes. I know of only one series of pictures where the titles became the major factor in the production. These were the visualization of certain well-known fables wherein the slang carried the humor of the stories.

But authors submit no end of stories which are simply bits of action written to illustrate the titles. An explanation of any kind is considered very bad film technic, for good direction should not need it. However, there are times when an expository title is necessary. This is due to the low mental grasp of a certain mythical figure known in our world as Lizzie. This young lady symbolizes the lowest denomination to which we dare address our pictures.

Should we show a girl falling in a faint we must make it clear that the lady isn't drunk, and so we kindergarten the picture with an explanatory title. Bessie Floppit

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DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT
FOR cooling days on lake or river. No rowing—just going. Delightful vacation days for the whole family. Put on any rowboat or canoe—even a rented one. Easy to start, runs without attention. Built-in flywheel specially balanced for smooth running. Automatic reverse gives complete control. Nearly 100,000 Evinrudes in use.
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WATCH your wheels closely! KEEP YOUR SPOKES TIGHT! Spokes get loose in dry weather. Sometimes they rattle and squeak. Oftener they are loose without your knowing it. A loose spoke is a constant source of danger and annoyance. Prevent this by applying SPOKTITE. It is as easy as oiling. Simply squirt SPOKTITE into the cracks and the job is done and once done it is done for good.
No need of taking your car to the repair shop for an expensive and only a temporary job when you can do it yourself for the small sum of $1.50.
Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, send us $1.50 and a can of SPOKTITE will come to you by return mail.
We also make the TOPTITE line of Seat and Top Dressing—and KANTMAR AUTOWASH for effective, harmless and economical car washing.
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BE guided by experience. If your home has a noisy toilet, you and your entire family will understand and appreciate the virtues of the Silent Si-wel-clo Closet. Again, if it has been your duty to daily clean the bathtub and lavatory—if you have struggled with the "soil ring" that quickly gathers after use, you would appreciate "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing fixtures, modeled along the most sanitary lines of the material that is most efficient for building plumbing. Those who do the work of housekeeping are entitled to this consideration.

The Trenton Potteries Company
"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing

is most sanitary, beautiful, practical and permanent. "Tepeco" plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become uninviting—the piece lose its usefulness.

Insist that all your plumbing fixtures be of "Tepeco" ware. A wise investment—a beautiful one.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom be sure to write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."

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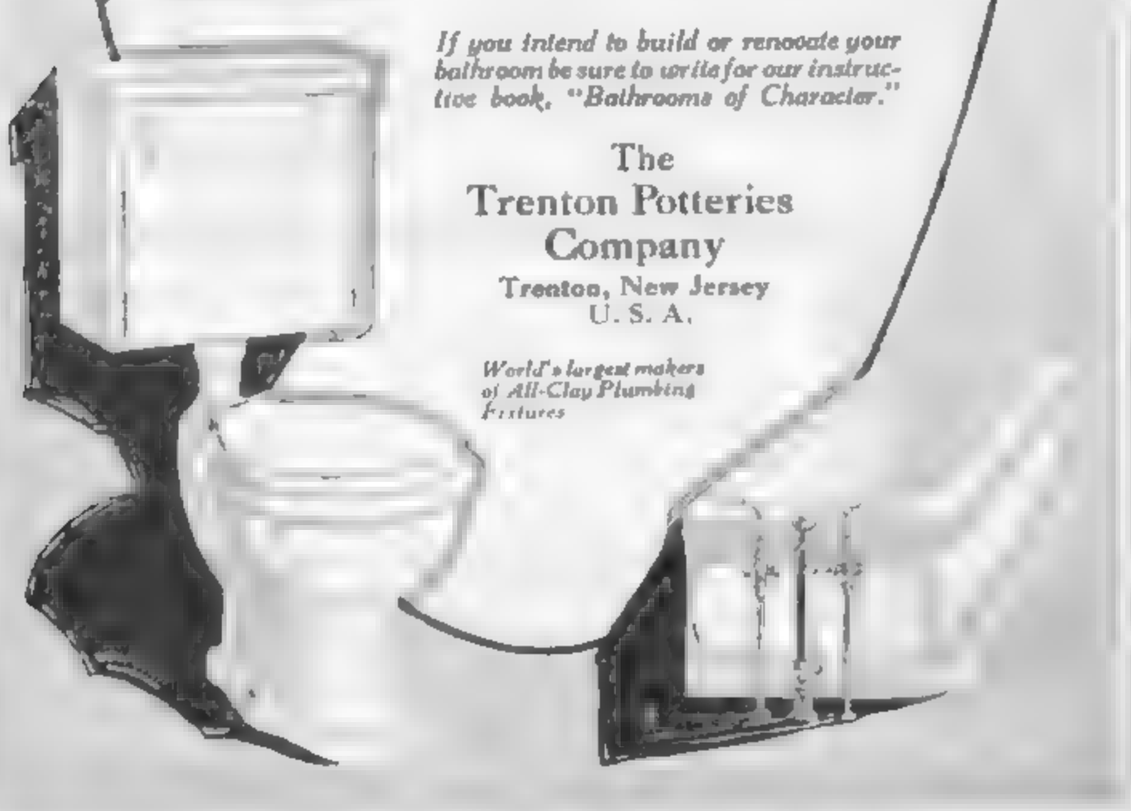
World's largest makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures



was cast in a dual rôle where she appeared first as a corset clerk and again as a beautiful heiress, and for fear Lizzie wouldn't get the fact that Bessie was two persons we had to kindergarten the picture thus: "Though a great social gulf lay between them Doris and Dolly were as like as two peas in a pod."

But even such titles are often insufficient to clarify the doubling stunt in Lizzie's mind, so we usually double-expose one scene, so as to show the two characters meeting.

Besides the ordinary fade-out, which simply shows the whole picture dissolving into blank nothingness, we have another kind of punctuation called the iris—named after the iris shutter of the camera. This shows the scene gradually contracting from the outer edges, the focal point becoming smaller and smaller until it rests for a moment on the hero's expression or the fatal letter. The fading-out process is of course indicative of the scene's end, but the irising at an especial point is for the purpose of focusing the mind on that particular detail.

An author wishing to plant an atmosphere of bucolic simplicity will open his story thus: "The venerable little church standing at the end of the willowed lane looked down in calm serenity upon the peaceful village, and as the bell tolled out its matin chimes the whole countryside came forth in answer to its summons." We would simply iris-in on the cross, and as the picture opened in widening circles we would see the steeple, next the church, and then the street and all the people slowly wending their dutiful ways in painful shoes toward the open door of the church.

Where the author uses boldface type and astonishing punctuation marks we use the close-up to get emphasis, and though some of our cuts may be used to show parenthetic action we never use the parenthesis marks, which we call finger nails, in our titles. This is because what is contained in a parenthesis presupposes an explanation, and, as I said before, an explanation is considered a great weakness in screen technic. On the other hand, dashes are used freely, because they compliment the audience by sharing a supposed understanding. As in D—n, for instance.

Kidding the Picture

I said that titles were often used in compelling a certain attitude of receptivity toward a picture. A while ago we shot a story with a new leading lady—one of the procession of show girls that is annually sent out by our Eastern bosses to litter up the films—and she was such a punk actress that it seemed to the studio that her first cinema effort was to be a costly joke. But Laura had an inspiration. She changed all the titles so they read in the grandiose sentimentality of the old melodrama. I recall one: "Do you mean to leave me thus?" Laura changed it to "'Tis thus you would leave me, Harold Ganzevoort? Then beware, for I have a viper's sting." And so strange was the psychological effect that several critics insisted only a great actress could have burlesqued the part so subtly in making satirical comedy. This is known among title editors as kidding the picture.

Sometimes the mute inglorious goggled scenario hounds or some well-known author, kidding the photodrama, emits a continuity with situations so fantastic that it takes lots of literary nerve on Laura's part to make them plausible. For instance, if the story requires that the heroine and her cutie be brought together in some outlandish place by the most incredible set of circumstances we beat the audience to its artistic jolt by using one of the many coincidence titles such as "This world is a small place after all."

Much experimenting has been done in the way of illustrated titles, but this is dangerous ground, for after all they are illustrations to illustrations and are likely to interrupt the narrative, like an annoying footnote in a story. This is especially true where there is any movement in the title, for it has been often demonstrated that the interest of the eye, which should be focused entirely on the text, must not be diverted. One studio attempted to run the titles at the bottom of the scenes while the action was in progress, but failure was immediate, because it was impossible to read and watch the action simultaneously.

The experimentation in moving titles however has resulted in one great gain, for it has trained many pictorial artists in photographic values, and some of them are now so clever that they can save us thousands of dollars by alibi-ing locations for us. This is usually done by painting the landscape, the sky line of a big city, the pyramids of Egypt, or whatever we wish, and then double-exposing some moving clouds on them. The result is so real that only the most sophisticated movie people will detect the counterfeit.

We have just finished an Alaskan story wherein it was necessary to show a steamer locked in an ice floe. One of our title artists accomplished the difficult feat by painting a picture of the desired location which showed a boat way off in the distance, looking like a black spot in the midst of a white arctic night, but realism was given to the scene by double-exposing some smoke rising from the stack of the ice-bound ship. With this scene so well alibied it was easy enough to finish the episode by shooting all the other scenes aboard a ship built on the lot.

When the Cutter is King

Real storms are hard to photograph because the light is bad, and when the light is good, no matter how high the wind, the picture will not look stormy in the absence of black threatening clouds. So if we wish to show Mamie, the wronged daughter of the lighthouse keeper, taking a high dive into the hereafter, we take her personator to San Pedro, shoot a few feet on top of the cliff with the poor girl registering: "All is lost-ah!" and then get a good shot of Hawkeye, a daredevil who has doubled for most of the screen suicides of movieland, pitching himself off the cliff into the moist and moaning sea. This dank episode may have certain eeriness added to it by staining the film blue-green to get a stormy atmosphere. But at best, staining is not adequate to turn daylight into night or sunshine into storms. However, if we letter the title on a laboratory storm so that the reading is punctuated by lightning flashes, and then if we cut suddenly to the terror-stricken lass bent upon a watery grave, the missing meteorological note is supplied, and the mind naturally associates the title and the event.

Though titles that merely reproduce the scenes of action are redundant and often annoying, symbolism may sometimes be used with telling effect. In introducing a character the title may simply say: "John Temple also loved Muriel"; but a stack of playing cards and a pair of dice faintly suggested at the back or bottom of the title will characterize the man instantly and more eloquently than anything that may be said. Even a moving title that is subtly done may be used symbolically. The changing expression on an owl will give added meaning and piquancy, and the rising of a thermometer in a romance growing constantly warmer may introduce a quiet note of comedy into perfectly serious action.

And speaking of comedy, it is in these pictures that the cutter is king and the title hound is court jester. When I was working at the Clingstone in the dear old custard days before Herbert Hoover dealt his deathblow to art the boss used to say: "I don't givadam what those birds on the stage do if they'll only let me cut the pictures." And it is an absolute fact that a drama may be turned into a screaming farce by clever cutting.

When you see a hotel hall with rooms on either side, and the characters are kicked, hurled and projected into a confusion of awkward and naughty situations backward and forward in riotous abandon, the result is obtained almost entirely by cutting.

If the indignant husband finding the walrus adventurer in his wife's boudoir kicks him out of Room 722, and the creature lands with a splash in the bath of the young lady in 786 across the hall, all intermediate action is cut out so that only the ignominious exit and the impertinent entrance are recorded.

Again when the French count with his alleged noble manners nonchalantly tosses out of the window the bones from his plate at the banquet board and a pack of dogs outside is seen to grab each morsel as it comes hurling through, the spectator to such a scene little realizes that the two cuttings to this comic action may have been taken days apart and the quick continuity achieved by an alert cutter pasting them together in alternating flashes.

And speaking of the bedroom-blunder motif, which has become a standard situation for much comedy, I often wondered

(Continued on Page 141)

Home Again!

When the men come back into civilian life, they will not forget one campaign comrade who served them well. They will remember the mornings when they had but a few minutes to polish their shoes—but even that short time was enough with

BIXBY'S A-A BROWN

FOR DARK TAN SHOES AND BOOTS

The quickest, easiest way to a shine is to use "Double A" Brown. Put on a little "Double A" with the dauber—you needn't wait until it dries—rub briskly with a brush or soft cloth and watch the shine come No paste is required with "Double A" Brown.

It restores the original color to faded leather and removes discolored spots. The liquid wax sinks into the fibres of the leather, lubricating them, keeping them soft and flexible as a glove and thereby preventing cracking.

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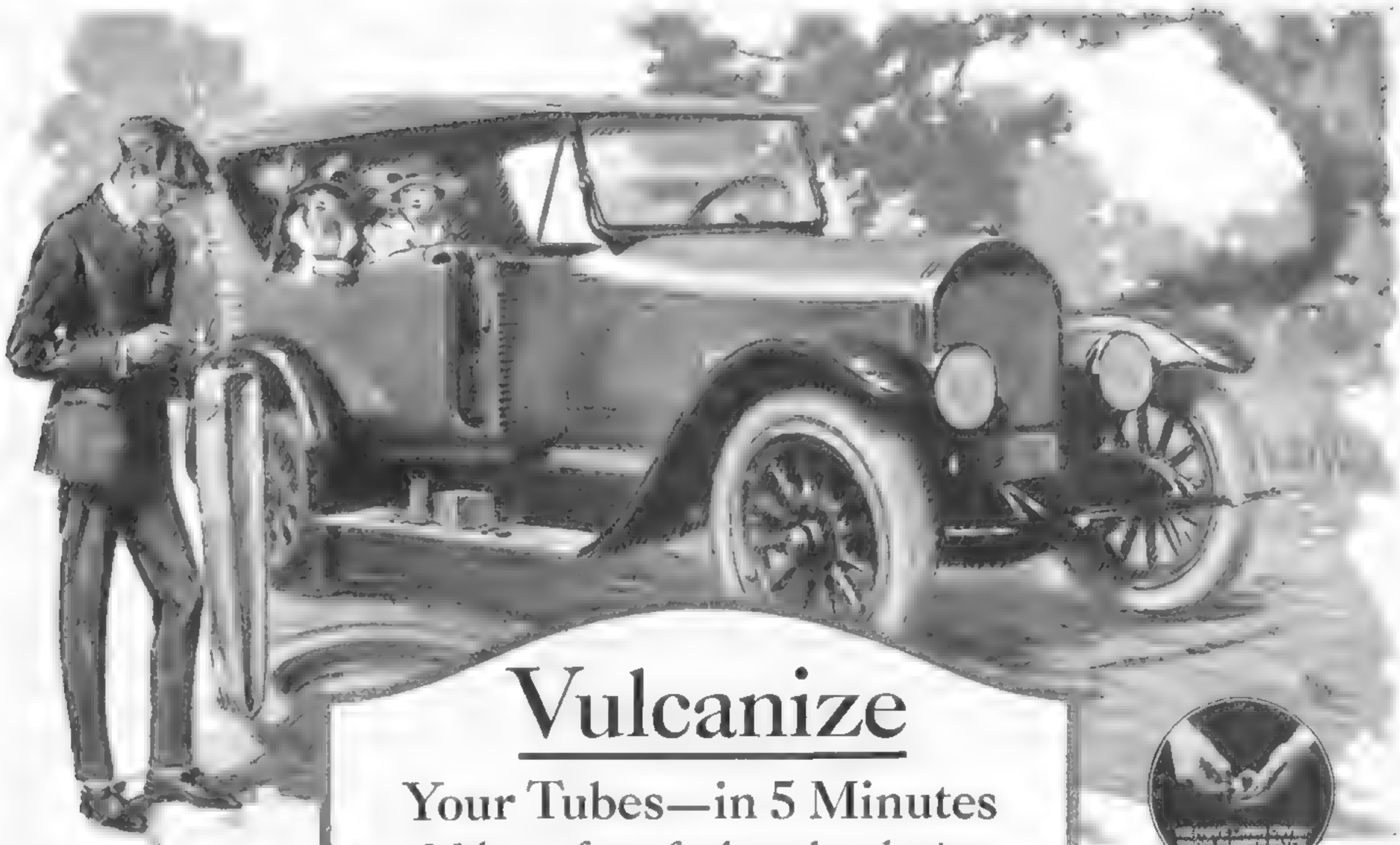

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Safer than a temporary patch—makes the tube good as new.

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because it is a thoroughly practical little outfit—and will vulcanize tube punctures as perfectly in 5 minutes—as your repairman can do—cleanly, without delay or annoyance.

Packed in a neat box—compact—and can be carried conveniently under the seat—always ready for emergency repairs—on the road or in the garage.

Complete Outfit $1.50 at All Dealers

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Outfit includes 12 Patch-&-Heat Units, 6 round and 6 oblong.

Ask Your Dealer or Write for FREE Book, "Care and Repair of Tires."

C. A. Shaler Co., 1401 Fourth Street
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SHALER

5 Minute Vulcanizer

(Continued from Page 138)

why the Clingstone Company did not build a hotel hallway out of reënforced concrete, as a matter of stability and economy. Then after every picture it could be cleaned with fire hoses and be ready for the next story. But for some reason or other this classic set is built and struck for each succeeding comedy, probably for the purpose of kidding producers into the belief that they are doing something new.

As everybody knows, the cataclysmic stunts of the custardists are almost entirely the result of clever cutting, for it stands to reason people are not actually wrecking five-thousand-dollar limousines to make a comic holiday. Even in ordinary comic action much cutting is necessary. If a man hesitates before taking a daring plunge the hesitation is cut out; or if one of the characters exhibits a moment of awkwardness in an otherwise good bit of action a few feet cut from the film will render him as alert as a hop-toad.

Titling is also helpful in the comedy film. Besides the ordinary spoken witticisms characters may be introduced with a laugh. "They called her Rosie, after her father's nose." The title "He had a wife, and a baby, and indigestion" comically characterizes the man.

In a scene in which a Chinaman is struck in the eye by an Irishman the title in Chinese characters was punctuated with a row of astonishers, which was funny in itself, but the joke became a howl when the Chinese characters began to disperse and then reassemble into English profanity.

And this reminds me that due to our Oriental illiteracy Chinese titles have often appeared upside down, greatly to the amusement of many of our best fans, for the inscrutable Chink is an omnivorous movie hound.

Another bright use of literary help to the pictures occurred when the wife was bawling out her hubby, and all his replies were simply blank titles.

But perhaps the funniest titles are those not thus intended. A classic one I recall was: "He was a well-known Secret Service agent"; though there is something quaintly humorous in the matter-of-factness of the statement: "Tired after a night of villainy they fell quietly to sleep."

A Wedding in Filmdom

When art and letters married on the screen some fifteen years ago, the event held little interest to the seeker of beauty. The pictures were made by rough-and-tumble fellows whose definition of dramatic entertainment was both cataclysmic and dynamic, and the titles that went with these pictures were the literary expression of those same motor-minded men when they felt the necessity of admitting the strange matrimonial adventure. But just as in real life we often find one partner to a humble marriage growing in spirit and intelligence while the other sticks in the mud of ignorance, so we witnessed the pictures becoming finer and more splendid, while poor literature lagged lamentably behind. This was a rather natural consequence, for there was no denying the fact that the picture was the thing, and so gradually artists were summoned to directorship, while the titling was left as a mere unhappy necessity that could be executed by anybody on the lot. Even yet most of the bosses have not learned that only a perfect picture results from a complete artistic harmony.

"Laura," said I one day, "I learn with chagrin that the English departments of our various schools are deploring the lack of chastity in our film literature."

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "Well, I have noticed that only at one high school in town does the automobile sign read 'Drive Slowly!'

"Yes," she went on, "I have read the indignant protests from Boston, but what do these here LL.D.'S expect from us? Andy, why, this game is just in its infancy, and infants ain't Robert Brownings. I guess the big boss oughta know what the villagers like. Anyway, I don't see why the purists should pick on us. Why don't they start with the song writers? Music hands it to literature lots worse'n we do. Our countrymen are in no position to protest film titles so long as they enjoy, year after year, popular songs that break into the chorus with 'Then him to her did say.' Why, I ask, do the cognoscenti applaud such literary pearls, and then grow indignant when we sometimes make an ambassador say 'Why wasn't you at the reception?' Boston should tend to her own antepenults and leave off pickin' on the fillums. We never claimed to be no belles-letterers, but we sure can make fillums for the Lizzies."

I'm afraid Laura Barsoff is kidding my story.

The fact is, Laura has always been distressed over our titles, for they are written for no other purpose than to please the boss, and the boss has a perfectly abnormal literary appetite for what is classically known as slush.

The first story Laura titled was hailed by all intelligent directors on the lot as the best we had, but her triumph was short-lived.

"Mrs. Barsoff," said our great purveyor of art, "I want you go to and see Her Purple Shame at the Picturtorium this week and make note of the titles. That is the kind of stuff I would like at the climax."

It is painful to record the fact that when Laura returned she was very flippant and disrespectful toward her boss, for the drama, it seems, was indeed purple and the titles fairly oozed slush. Here is one she swears she copied verbatim: "Like an unloosed soul breaking forth among the whitened sepulchers of the great aurora came a terrific blast—storm-swept clouds bore down upon the shuddering village as though to smother it in cold embrace—the night wind sang through the crackling pines—and then old Boreas, shaking his whitened shroud athwart the night, buried the land beneath a mantle of frosted tear drops, while singing his requiem to a dying world."

"That's perfectly grand," said I, "but what's it all about?"

"That means it snowed! Why, Andy, and you a Roosian! I thought you were one of those dreadful intelligencias."

"Laura, if that's what Abers wants I'm afraid you can't hold down the job. You're not illiterate enough."

A Soul's Slimy Bed

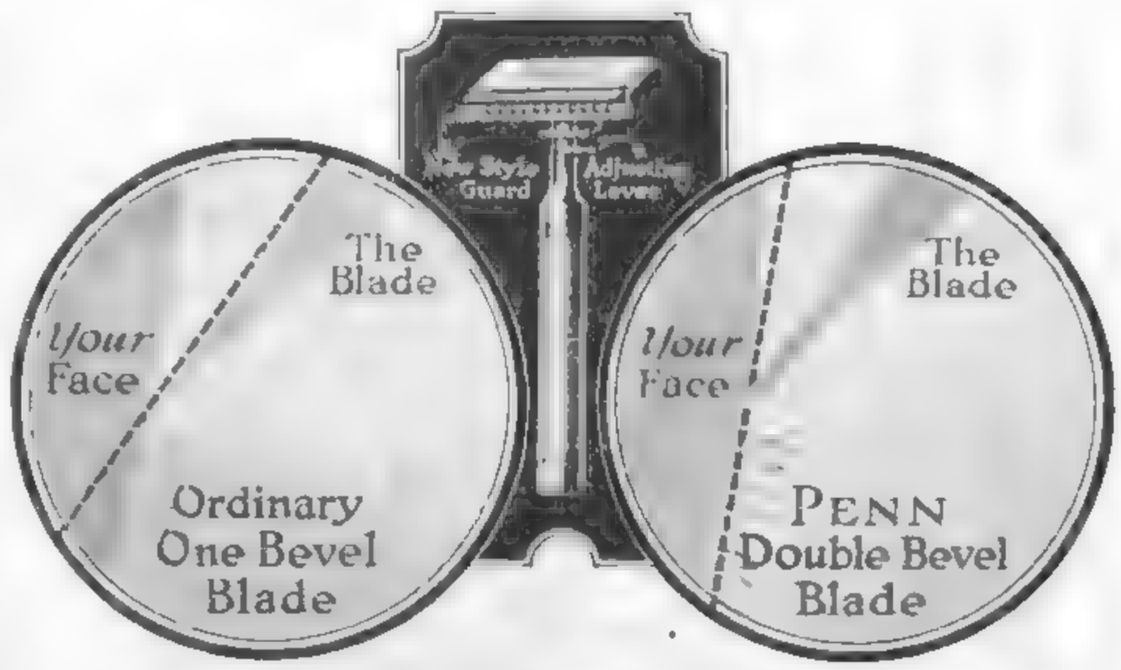
"Andrei Barsoff, you have no idea how illiterate your wife can be when she is working at it. Here's one I wrote on the way home. It is for that mining story with Hank Stix and Bessie Floppit. Listen: 'Like the giant redwoods lifting their heads to greet the golden dawn Helene's soul burst forth like a pearl rising from its slimy bed.' And how's this for a slush time lapse? 'When Helene heard the splashing of the frogs among the lily pads she knew that the sun was kissing the lips of a newer day.'"

When the picture was released Laura got a nice letter from Mr. Abers in New York congratulating her on the titles, especially mentioning that one with the curious figure of a soul rising from its slimy bed. Yet we have it on reliable authority that these titles caused riots in Boston.

There is a painful thought contained within this episode and it must be stated painlessly. Alas, there are many Mr. Abers in the picture business, and most painful of all, they unmistakably reflect the taste of Lizzie. There is even a prejudice in some of our studios against highbrow editors, the claim being that their titles lack pep and punch. But it would seem that they might at least keep one highbrow in captivity, if only to render their snappy stuff into good English.

Laura has just reminded me of one she wrote last December which read "Torment and terror had turned him gray." When we went to see the picture run at a local theater it had been changed to "After several tortuous years his hair turned gray." And where do you suppose the change had been made? In the rough unlettered West? No, sir, in the cultured East. It was a horned toad in the New York office who lost his tortuous way among the great fillum editors of Gotham.

Some of the travelogue fellows evidently feel that titles are fine antidotes for their lack of dramatic sense or natural dullness, for they invoke either humor or slush to pull them through. In gorgeous scenes there is a great temptation to grow poetic and often the title will be quite as grand as the scenery. Sometimes, however, silence would be much more eloquent than any comment. I was once with some people standing spellbound before the terrific spectacle of the Grand Cañon—the one thing in this old world of ours that has left poets speechless and painters palsied. On this occasion, however, we had a poet equal to the proper literary figure. She was a young lady from Erie,



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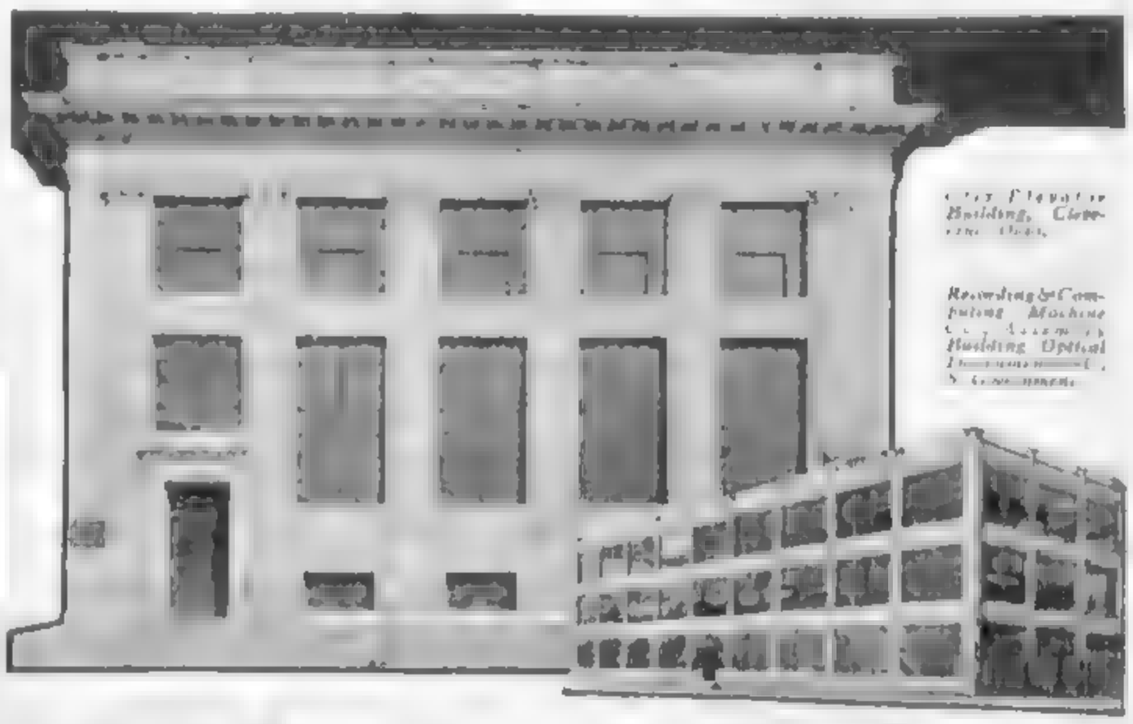

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Pennsylvania. "My, Mother Nature must have let out an awful holler when she got that gash in her side!" Miss Erie would have made a wonderful title editor for the travelogues.

On the other hand scenes are sometimes accompanied by titles that are hopelessly inadequate to the dramatic intensity of the action. I saw a picture a while ago wherein the base villain attempted horrid liberties with a lady in her apartment. In rushed the hero from next door, mixed it with the sinful critter, and in the brawl the whole set was wrecked. When at last Harold Holsom stood triumphant amid the débris the emoting heroine rushed up, grabbed the hand of her noble savior in heaving relief and said: "You are indeed, sir, a kindly neighbor."

Brevity in titles is quite as essential as in the pictures, where years of action must be told in an hour and a half. This has led to curious literary cuts. For instance, the word "that" has completely dropped out of our title vocabulary. "He knew that she was due to arrive at six o'clock" would be cut to "He knew she was due at six o'clock."

However, one cannot be too arbitrary in taking such literary liberties. Laura wrote a title once and some hound in the New York office, seeking brevity, cut out "that" and made the title read: "I did not know we were fighting women!"

But even the studios that have plenty of literati to pass upon the chastity of title syntax are often victims of outrageous blunders, due to the fact that titles are usually the last things made, and often in the haste of finishing quickly errors slip in that would never have passed editorial attention.

Then again, there is always the possibility that the New York office will rewrite a title in accord with the bosses' erudite shortcomings. And still further again—and this is the cruelest blow we have to endure—local censors often order changes that voice forth unlettered sentiments, and even exhibitors take it upon themselves to put snap into titles with a disastrous effect upon our common tongue.

Good Titles and Bad

The continuity, or script, that we shoot from, always has temporary working or stable titles, but they are usually changed greatly before the film is cut and assembled, and often afterward. For by this time the story has undergone severe changes, weak characterizations have been eliminated and scenes cut out that necessitated new connecting titles. Furthermore, if the director makes any mistakes, such as having the fellow leave home in a street car and arrive in a limousine, the error can be accounted for.

It is particularly important that the main title be decided after everything else, for a mistake is very costly. Exhibitors tell us that the title represents fifty per cent of the box-office value, and that they would rather advertise a good title with no stars than the greatest film favorite with a poor title.

The printed reports filled in by the exhibitors are very illuminating. "Don't use the word 'mystery' in a title, for it suggests a serial, and few people in the cities care for serials." "Don't change the names of well-known novels, even if they are bad, or you lose the advance pulling qualities of the successful book." "The best titles are short and give some hint as to the nature of the story. When Worms Turn is good, but Bettie Smiles and Jane Goes A-Wooing are rotten. You say to yourself: "Let 'em smile and woo, and see if I care." "Titles like Where Was Your Wife Last Night? and The Kiss That Killed, are good, for they stir up a fellow's interest." "Love as the vehicle of a famous fat comedian suggests hilarious possibilities, and String Beans for a well-known interpreter of bucolic parts is portentous of delicious comedy. But the value of these titles depends absolutely upon their association with particular stars." This is the way we keep in touch with the public tastes.

In choosing the main title for a picture the element of showmanship is dominant. This is especially true with the great feature pictures. Barnum is still the sacred cow of some producers, who invoke the superlative in telling the cost of production and the number of people engaged. But though picturesque and lively, this method of suggesting magnitude lacks the subtlety of the higher showmanship developed by moving-picture producers.

Nowadays it is not the number of elephants used and the cost of the cast, it is the subject that is so tremendously suggestive of the superlative. Destiny! Instantly the mind conjures up some great epic of the ages. The Birth of an Empire! Truly such a picture must be more than ordinary, for such titles suggest an almost Miltonesque grandeur of conception. It is true that much of the film may be just good old melodrama and big stunts, but it is mighty good showmanship to suggest that it has tremendous significance.

The Ultimate Goat

Grandiose main titles have a perfectly amazing psychological effect upon even the highbrows, and they often compel an austere attitude of mind that the subject does not warrant. A simple little rural romance with a big war background loses its local color and achieves almost cosmic importance when called The Heart Throbs of Humanity.

Laura says if I'll get hold of about five good reels of show stuff—she doesn't care even if they are animal pictures—she'll title it Eternity, A Sun-Play of the Cosmos, and by shooting a few feet of symbolic hokum between reels, with grand but meaningless subtitles, she'll so impress even the Super-Lizzies that they'll pack the houses with reverence and bated breath.

I have said elsewhere that the success of a picture is absolutely dependent upon the work of the film and title editors, but I'll have to edit this statement in view of a little domestic clash that occurred in the Barsoff family the other day.

"Laura," I said, "I've been thinking over the demise of the late Cock Robin and I really think your titles were at fault. You didn't do yourself justice on that picture."

"Why, you old bear!" she replied with some spirit. "Shakspere himself couldn't have hooked up the continuity that was handed me. If anybody is to blame it is you for cutting out the murder episode, for that was the big punch of the story."

"But, my dear girl, you know perfectly well the censors—especially in Pennsylvania—would never have let me show the sparrow actually shooting his arrow. I had to cut it."

"Well, Andy," she smiled back, "the best part of the picture business is that there is always somebody else to pass the buck to. As the censor represents the public let's make the public responsible for the death of poor old Cock Robin."

"Seems to me that some of our successes are pretty heavy crosses for the public to bear without hanging our failures on 'em too," I ventured timidly.

"But, Andy," retorted my cruel wife, "somebody has got to be the ultimate goat, and the public is used to it."

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SEVENTEEN-YEAR PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 9)

responsibility. Some of us may regret this, but it is the way we are built and we cannot alter it on demand, no matter how strong may be the case of the demandant. And these facts make it all the more imperative upon our statesmanship that immigration be so regulated as to keep within bounds all divisive strife caused by conflicting nationalities in our states.

The Japanese question illustrates the whole problem of immigration in such a way that it ought to be studied carefully on both sides of both oceans. Our Nipponese friends seem to think they are badged as inferiors when we express a desire to exclude them from our stream of immigration or refuse to naturalize them; and the way in which the matter is discussed often seems to justify this belief on their part.

But their inferiority or superiority is not involved in the case at all. Our theory of immigration is that the immigrant is a lump of humanity thrown into the American melting pot, and that every incomer is an ingredient which must melt or fuse into the American mass or it should not be admitted. The immigrant must be suitable for intermarriage actually or potentially with our people, so that the pure strain of the first generation will in a few generations disappear by dilution. This has happened with the British, the Scotch, the Irish, the Dutch, the Germans, the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians, the French, the Swiss, the Bohemians-and the Poles. It is only when we reach the Italians, who are mainly recent comers; the Greeks, for the same reason; and the Balkan peoples and those of hither Asia that we find the strains more resistant to amalgamation by intermarriage. And though intermarriage is perhaps the most powerful agent of amalgamation there are other traits growing out of historical environment which make amalgamation more and more difficult as we draw our immigrants from points farther and farther east.

Complexion has much to do with the matter. The intermarriage between Desdemona and Othello was distasteful to the Venetian court, not because he was a mere soldier but because he was a Moor. One of our most insoluble troubles as a nation rises from the existence among us of a colored race; and, make no mistake, we shall never allow another similar problem to grow up among us.

Good Qualities of the Japanese

There is no finer race than the Hindus. Even the wine press of caste and oppression in which they have been crushed cannot disguise that fact. But intermarriage with Hindus in this country can take place only between couples who are superior to popular criticism—or below all criticism; the ordinary American woman married to a Hindu would lose standing, and her children and descendants for several generations would be placed in a most unfavorable position. The presence among us of a few hundred thousand or a few millions of this half-caste class would be so objectionable a thing that the shutting out of Hindu immigration before it grows to a danger has been a national duty. For all that, if Hindus, who admire our people and our institutions above those of India, who readily take on our characteristics and acquire our ways, could be admitted among us and be felt by our people to be of us instead of aliens, there would be nothing objectionable about the intermingling, in my opinion. But, they being as they are and we being as we are, such an accommodation and adjustment are impossible. Therefore it was well to nip Hindu immigration in the bud; well for us, well for the Hindus, well for the future relations between India and the United States.

It is the same with the Japanese. In many respects the Japanese are superior to us. They are industrious and enterprising and intelligent, and in the matter of producing food from the soil they are superior to Americans. They are more frugal than are we, and can live on a smaller proportion of their product. The Japanese has no difficulty in mastering our literature and our science. But why does he come to America? To become a part of this republic? To express his admiration for us as a people and for our institutions? To intermarry and blend his racial strain with the American strain? And if he really wished to do these things—if he had no racial pride and no racial exclusiveness—is he a man who would be received among us and taken into our racial blend by our own people? It is not a case of inferiority or superiority on either side, but of racial attractions and racial repulsions.

A bit of firebrick in the melting pot, too refractory to be melted—such is the Japanese, and such are many other would-be immigrants. Whether the fault be in the nature of our people or of theirs, the interfusion cannot take place, as it must if this nation is to live and fulfill its democratic destiny.

People Who Can Underlive Us

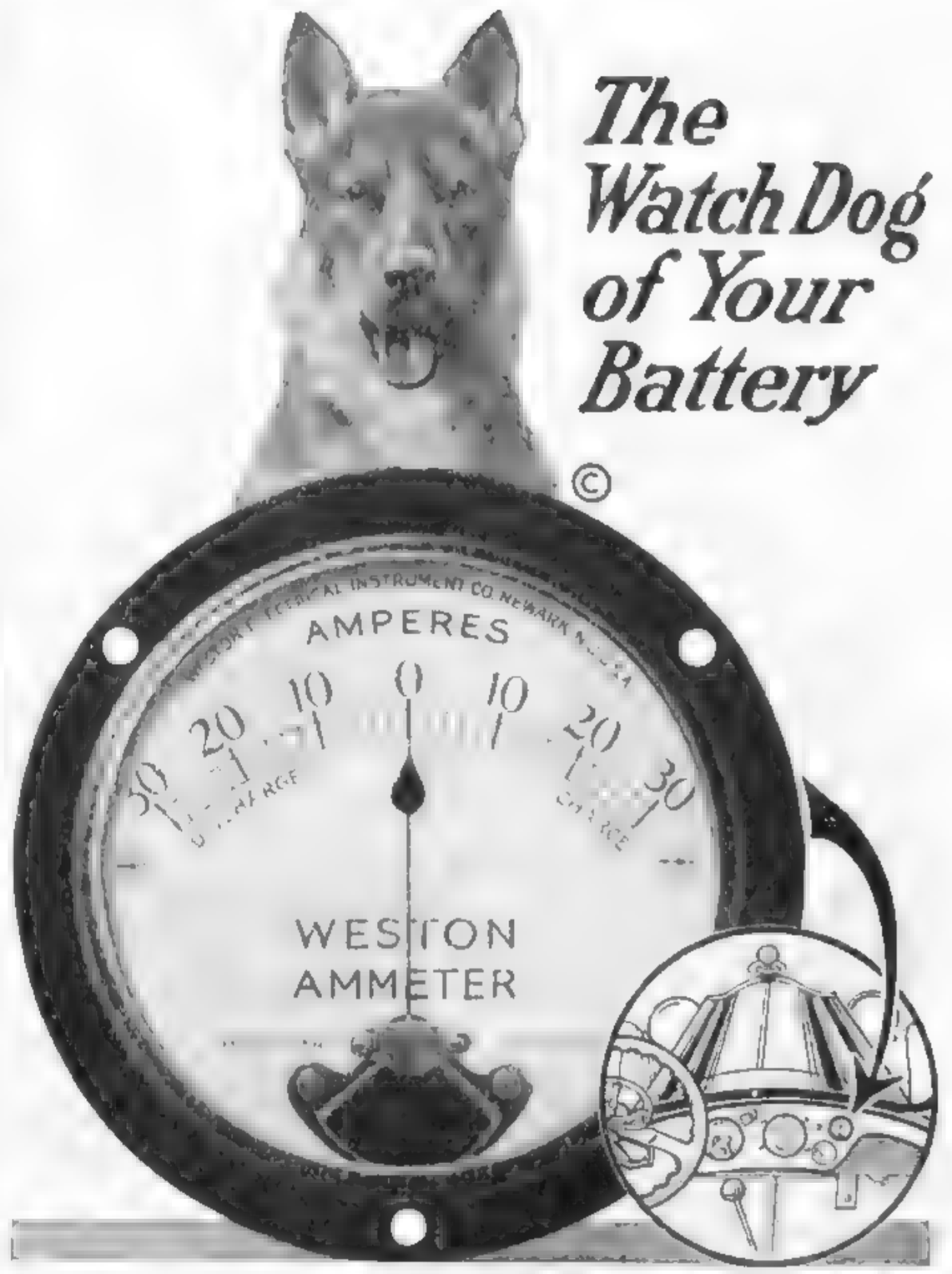
The Japanese possesses intense racial pride, and that inevitably and naturally. His is an old and high civilization, but one which has impressed on his people characteristics which our commonalty cannot understand or appreciate. His is an island race; and like the island race from which we derive our institutions, our national peculiarities, our literature and much of our blood, it is impressed with the intense peculiarities of islanders. He does not desire to blend with our people, any more than they wish to blend with the Japanese. The ordinary Japanese immigrant cares nothing for our institutions.

In that he is no worse as a member of our society than nine out of ten of the working-class immigrants from Europe; but with the latter two generations will make them one with us through racial blending and social relations, while the Japanese will still stand apart. He does not admire our women, and they do not admire him. As with the Hindus, racial interfusion can take place only at the opposite poles of society, between those who by education, position, mental development and wealth are above public opinion, and between those at the bottom, who are below it—the blending can take place only in the cream of the societies or in the dregs. Even in making this statement I may run counter to almost universal public opinion in admitting the possibility of racial blending at the top. I am in equal danger with Japanese public opinion and with that of America, so far are the two peoples from fitness for intermixture.

The ordinary Japanese immigrant comes to America for purely economic reasons. Japan is densely populated, and has been in this condition for ages, and by racial experience the Japanese have acquired the ability to underlive a race like the Americans, who have lived off the free resources of a new continent and have even lost the frugality and iron economy of their European ancestors. We have become unfitted for competition with such a race as the Japanese. It is because they know their superiority to us in industrial competition that they desire to come, such of them as do so desire. They come to underlive us and drive us to the wall unless we adjust ourselves to their competition. They can pay more for land than an American can pay, and prosper at the higher prices; and this means that they have the power to establish a lower scale of actual wages.

They are not pioneers. In the matter of developing new lands we are vastly their superiors. We have learned this by hundreds of years of experience, while they have been ably and industriously adjusting themselves to their island conditions. They will not emigrate to a country which is very hot or very cold or very rigorous in conditions. They prefer to go to a developed land, and by underliving the inhabitants who have done the development realize a more comfortable and prosperous life than they could if they were able to succeed as pioneers.

Nowhere on earth do we find the Japanese living in great numbers on lands they have recently developed. We are carrying on a successful life below the level of the sea in the Imperial Valley, where the heat in the sun frequently runs far above the heat of the blood; we carry our herds and flocks above the clouds and rear our crops at the margin of eternal snows on the loftiest mountains. We have opened up the remotest glens of recently untrodden heights. We reclaim vast areas of desert. We drain immense fens and everglades. We grow rice almost as well as they do, and



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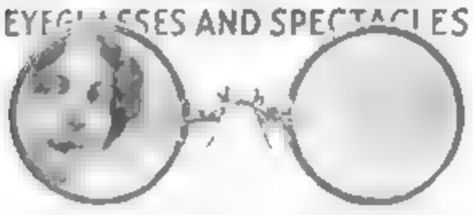

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The Case of the Martians

Superiority on the part of immigrants under our present economic system may conceivably be the best of reasons for exclusion. Mr. Wells, in one of his novels, imagines an invasion of the earth by the inhabitants of Mars. The Martians are imagined to have possessed such a command over the forces of Nature that the men of the earth could not live on the same planet with them. The world would have been cleared of mankind by these superior beings had they not been destroyed by the bacterial life of the earth, to which they could not adjust themselves. There is some reason to believe that we shall eventually learn to make foods by combining their chemical elements synthetically, making the equivalents of meats and cereals and vegetables in laboratories. Under such a system cultivated fields would no longer exist, and the world would pass to a state in which chemistry would take the place of all other professions.

What would any nation do under such conditions if a people universally trained to the new chemistry should offer themselves as immigrants? It would be obliged to acquire the new art, exclude the immigrants or become their slaves. Ability to interfuse with the population is the test of an immigrant's desirability, and not the matter of superiority or inferiority. I am perfectly willing to admit the superiority of the Japanese in many respects, and I wish we had some of the virtues which make them so efficient; but, they being what they are and we being what we are, we ought not to be blamed by them if we refuse to receive them. And the same reasoning prevails as to all peoples differing strongly from us in racial stock, in complexion, in anything which prevents them because of our peculiarities or theirs from interfusion with the body of our people.

Mention has been made of our fumbling and unskillful way of dealing with these matters. No nation has ever in all the history of the world opened the door so widely for immigration as have the Americans; no nation has benefited so enormously by immigration; and no nation has ever had to confront a more difficult problem than we now confront—that of assimilating so many racial strains in a democracy. Now that the time has come when we must guard the door more closely we should do it with as little offense to other peoples as lies within the bounds of possibility—but we must do it. We must put our house in order. We must perfect our system of Americanization. We must recover from the scare, much of it baseless, which we have received in the wrenching of minds through racial sympathies in this great war. We have the right to expect of Congress that it will find a way to exclude immigration selectively with no valid ground of offense to any proud and sensitive or humble and long-suffering nation to whose peoples our new regulations may apply. Immediate action is essential, but it should not be blind or unduly offensive action.

Our new regulations should have in mind our ability to Americanize the immigrants. The greatest force for Americanization of immigrants lies in that body of population of the same racial strain which is already among us and already Americanized. It does not take a Norwegian long to become an American in Wisconsin, or a Swede in South Dakota, or an Irishman almost anywhere. Their relatives and friends take care of that. A good safe basis of admissions would be some percentage annually of people of the same race already among us as determined by the census reports. Suppose that we exclude all immigration of any race in excess of, say, five per cent of that race already among us.

The Percentage Basis

This would let in—after the period which should be fixed during which all immigration shall be prohibited—all the peoples from the northern and western countries of Europe, the lands from which our old immigration came, which would be likely to present themselves for admission. It would let in more British, more French, more Dutch, more Belgian, more Swiss and more German immigration than we have lately been in the habit of receiving. In other words, these countries would not use up their legal admissions. Those excluded would be of the peoples of eastern Europe and of non-European lands.

If five per cent of the present stock be too much, then make it four, or three, or two, or one—but let us treat them all alike on a percentage basis. Assuming a five per cent basis, during the years 1911 to 1915 inclusive, under the percentage plan, twenty-four per cent of the immigrants who actually came in would have been kept out. Of this twenty-four per cent all but one per cent would have been from south and east Europe, and that one per cent would have been non-Europeans. During these years, on this percentage basis, according to which all peoples would have been treated alike, Japanese immigration in 1911 would have been cut down a hundred or so from what it was; in 1912 it would have been about three hundred less; in 1913, about thirteen hundred less; and in the two other years about two thousand less each year. Chinese immigration would have been practically cut in two. We could have kept our treaty with China and removed from Japan all legitimate grounds of offense to her sensibilities, and have taken in less than half the immigrants from either country that we did take in. We should by this percentage basis confine Oriental immigration to limits of absolute harmlessness. We should forever dispose of the Hindu immigration problem. We should keep within limits immigration from every other country.

To show how this plan would work with another country, let us consider Italy. If we had admitted from Italy only five per cent of the number of Italians already in this country the number would have been about 45,000 a year; and we should have admitted 80,000 fewer Italians in 1911, 65,000 fewer in 1912, 146,000 fewer in 1913 and 152,000 fewer in 1914. In 1915 the Italians would not have used their permissible admissions.

We ought to demand of Congress at last some skill, some tact and some ingenuity in handling this chaotic situation, the results of immigration practices which have just growed instead of having been worked out. An organization called the National Committee for Constructive Immigration has been studying for five years this whole immigration problem in its national and international aspects. It has come to the conclusion that this percentage basis, something as I have stated it, will solve the problem of selective admission of immigrants and save the face of those who protest at our present methods. A thousand or more men and women well known as thinkers indorse the suggestion. Perhaps Congress may find a better scheme; but whatever plan is adopted it should make Americanization safe, and avoid legitimate offense to other peoples. The task calls for average legislative ability and a little legislative labor on the part of a few leaders.

We have just passed through the greatest explosion of international forces that the world ever experienced, and we passed through it well. We did so by reason of things like those described to me some time ago on a train between Omaha and Minneapolis, by a man in a fur coat who got on the train at Alton, Iowa. He looked round for someone to whom he might unbosom himself, and recognizing me he sat down and told this story.

"I have just come from South Dakota," said he, "out round Scotland. Twenty-five years ago I was locating settlers out there, and one night I was belated and overtaken by night on the prairie. It was dark and there were no roads. Suddenly we drove almost over a sod house and stopped.

"The people were Russians, raw from the land of the czar. They had been there less than a year. The house was the awfulest hovel I ever saw, and the people glared at us through tangled and matted locks as if they wanted to murder us. As a matter of fact they were nonresisters, and would have allowed themselves to be killed rather than to have killed; but I didn't know that, and I was afraid. I wanted a gun. I slept hardly at all, and at dawn after eating in dirt and squalor a meal of bread and sour milk I drove on, glad to escape with my life. They were as glad to get rid of me as I was to be away from them; for they no doubt thought that as a member of the ruling class I had the right or the power to rob them or knout them or do them any other sort of dirt.

"Yesterday, after twenty-five years, I drove past that same farm. I knew it by the description—a land agent always knows his location by the sections, townships and ranges. I drove up to the Russians' farm just a little after noon, and seeing a good two-story house with lace curtains at the windows I drove in. It was a mighty good farmstead, with barns, a silo and big feed yards. A boy about a dozen years old came out of the barn, and I asked him if I could stop and feed myself and the team.

"'Sure!' said he. 'We've had our dinner, but just go in and the folks will get you something. I'll take care of your team. Do you feed corn or oats?'"

The Second Generation

"A young woman who had seen what was going on met me at the door and invited me in. An old woman was just going kitchenward—I suppose she was one of the people with whom I slept on the floor of that mud hut twenty-five years before. The girl played the piano while I waited, and introduced me to a young fellow named Forrest, who it was plain to see was visiting her. They talked about their life at the State University at Vermilion. I could see that his visit had to do with the complete Americanization of this Russian girl.

"The young boy came in and talked baseball and the pig club to which he belonged, organized by the county agent. The old lady served the excellent meal, talking in pretty fair United States. She told us that her son, the small boy I had seen there a quarter of a century before, was a prosperous physician in a town near by. Three of their children had attended the university. I could see that they had become well-to-do farmers, and as good Americans as anybody could be. By George, when I went away, leaving the girl spooning with that young fellow named Forrest, I wanted to throw my hat up and hurrah for the good old United States that can take a lot of dumb, driven cattle—ain't that what the verses call 'em—and turn 'em into two-fisted Americans in twenty-five years. And that's what we're doing all over these prairies."

This story tells of what we have done in the past and hints at what we must continue to do in that future which stretches out before us, with all the free land gone upon which these Russians were Americanized by means of free schools, economic freedom and liberty. The free schools are still with us, but the free lands are gone, and there is not so much economic freedom. If our incomers are not to become seventeen-year locusts we must intensify our processes of Americanization, and stop the influx of foreigners until we have constructed something to take the place of the old free conditions. We must adopt some selective system of admission which will let in those for whom assimilation is easy, and we must reject those who, we being as we are and they being as they are, cannot be assimilated. The present system must end.

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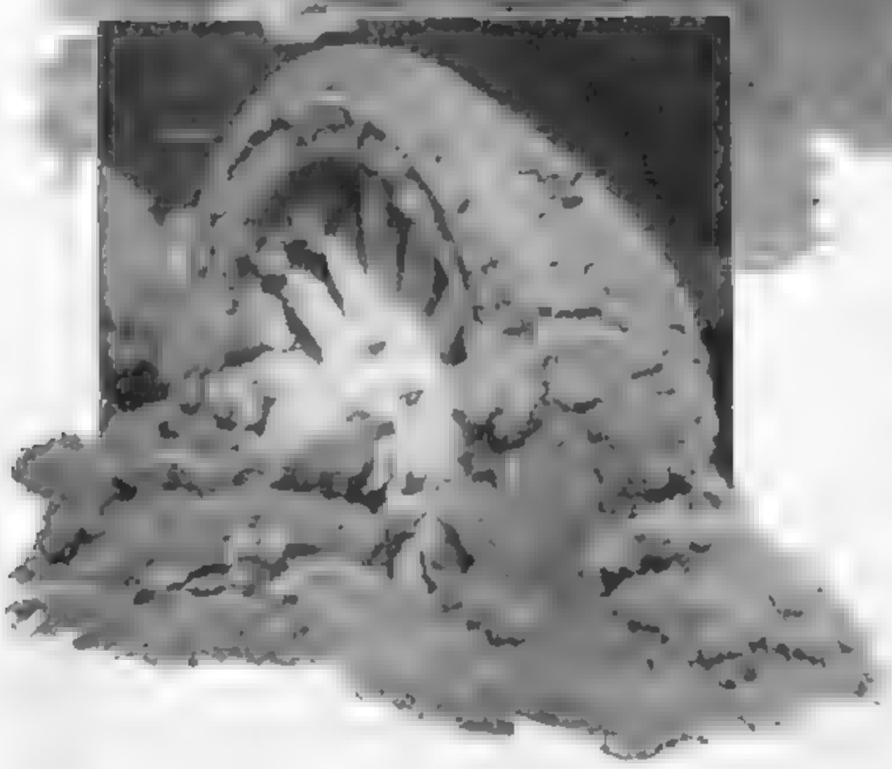

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LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 12)

"Bent on making a plunge he went from one table to another, placing the maximum stake on the same number. Strange to relate, at each table the same number won, and it was his number. Recognizing that this perhaps might be his lucky day the player wended his way to the trente-et-quarante room and put the maximum on three of the tables there. To his amazement he discovered that there also he had been so fortunate as to select the winning number.

"The head croupier confided to a friend of the writer who happened to be present that that day had been the worst in the history of the Monaco bank for years. He it was also who mentioned the amount won by the fortunate Londoner, as given above."

It is prudent of the space writers to ascribe such information as this to the head croupier, because it is precisely the like that such an authority would give out. People upon the spot know that nothing of the kind happened, and that no person of that name had appeared upon the scene. The story on the face of it bears to the knowing its own refutation, being absurd in every detail. As if conscious of this, the author proceeds to qualify it in the following:

"It is a well-known fact that one of the most successful players at the Monte Carlo tables was Wells, who, as the once popular music-hall song put it, 'broke the bank' there. He was at the zenith of his fame about twenty years ago, when his escapades—and winnings—were talked about widely and envied in Europe sporting circles and among the demimonde.

"In ten days, it was said, he made upward of £35,000 clear winnings at the tables after starting with the modest capital of £400. It must not be forgotten, however, that at his trial later Wells denied this, stating that all he had made was £7000 at four consecutive sittings. He made the statement that, even so, he had been a loser in the end.

"The reader may take his choice of the two statements, but among frequenters of the rooms at Monte Carlo it is generally considered impossible to amass large winnings without risking large stakes. Even then the chances are a thousand to one in favor of the bank. Yet occasionally there are winnings running into four or five figures, and to human beings the possibility of chance constitutes an irresistible fascination.

"Only a few years ago a young American was credited with having risen from the tables $75,000 richer than when first he had sat down. It was his first visit to Monte Carlo and he had not come with any system to break the bank or with any get-rich-quick idea. For the novelty of the thing he risked about $4000, and lost it all in one fell swoop without turning a hair. Then he plunged with double that amount, but the best part of that too went the same way. Nothing daunted, he next ventured $10,000. This time fickle Fortune favored him. He played on with growing confidence, and when his winnings amounted to the respectable sum of $75,000 he had the good sense to quit and to leave the place despite the temptation to continue."

v

THE "man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," and gave occasion for the song, was not named Wells, and he was not an Englishman. He was an American. I knew him well and soon after the event had from his own lips the whole story.

He came to Monte Carlo with a good deal of money won at draw poker in a club at Paris and went away richer by some 100,000 francs than he came.

The catch line of the song is misleading. There is no such thing as "breaking the bank at Monte Carlo." This particular player won so fast upon two or three spins that the table at which he played had to suspend until it could be replenished by another bank—perhaps five minutes in point of time. There used to be some twenty tables. Just how one man could play at more than one of them at one time a foreign correspondent, but only a foreign correspondent, might explain to the satisfaction of the horse marines.

I very much doubt whether any player ever won more than 100,000 francs at a single sitting. To do even that he must plunge like a ship in a hurricane. There is of course a saving limit set by the Casino company upon the play. It is to the interest of the Casino to cultivate the idea, and the letter writers are willing tools. Not only at Monte Carlo, but everywhere, in dearth of news, gambling stories come cheap and easy. And the cheaper the story the bigger the play. "The jedge raised him two thousand dollars. The colonel raised him back ten thousand more. Both of 'em stood pat. The jedge bet him a hundred thousand. The colonel called. 'What you got?' says he. 'Ace high,' says the jedge. 'What you got?' 'Pair o' deuces,' says the colonel."

Assuredly the play in the Casino is entirely fair. It could hardly be otherwise with such crowds of players at the tables, often covering the whole layout. But there is no such thing as honest gambling. The house must have the best of it. A famous American gambler, when I had referred to one of his guild, lately deceased, as an honest gambler, said to me: "What do you mean by 'an honest gambler'?"

"A gambler who will not take unfair advantage!" I answered.

"Well," said he, "the gambler must have his advantages, because gambling is his vocation. He must fit himself for its profitable pursuit by learning all the tricks of trade like other artists and artificers. With him it is win or starve."

Among the variegate crowds that thronged the highways and byways of Monte Carlo in those days there was no single figure more observed and striking than that of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. He had a bungalow overlooking the sea, where he lived three months of the year like a country gentleman. Though I have made it a rule to avoid courts and courtiers, an event brought me into acquaintance with this best abused man in Europe, enabling me to form my own estimate of his very interesting personality.

He was not at all what his enemies represented him to be—a sot, a gambler and a roué. In appearance a benignant burgomaster, tall and stalwart; in manner and voice very gentle, he should be described as first of all a man of business. His weakness was rather for money than women. Speaking of the most famous of the Parisian dancers with whom his name had been scandalously associated, he told me that he had never met her but once in his life, and that after the newspaper gossips had been busy for years with their alleged love affair.

"I kissed her hand," he related, "and bade her adieu, saying, 'Ah, ma'm'selle, you and I have indeed reason to congratulate ourselves.'"

It was the Congo business that lay at the bottom of the abuse of Leopold. Henry Stanley had put him up to this. It turned out a gold mine, and then two streams of defamation were let loose; one from the covetous commercial standpoint and the other from the humanitarian.

A king must be an anchorite to escape calumny, and Leopold was not an anchorite. I asked him why I never saw him in the Casino.

"Play," he answered, "does not interest me. Besides, I do not enjoy being talked about. Nor do I think the game they play there quite fair."

"In what way do you consider it unfair, Your Majesty?" I asked.

"In the zero," he replied. "At the Brussels Casino I do not allow them to have a zero. Come and see me and I will show you a perfectly equal chance for your money, to win or lose."

Years after I was in Brussels, Leopold had gone to his account, and his nephew, Albert, had come to the throne. There was not a roulette table in the Casino, but there was one conveniently adjacent thereto, managed by a clique of New York gamblers which had both a single and a double zero and, as appeared when the municipality made a descent upon the place, which was ingeniously wired to throw the ball wherever the presiding croupier wanted it to go.

I do not believe, however, that Leopold was a party to this or could have had any knowledge of it. He was a skillful, not a dishonest business man, who showed his foresight when he listened to Stanley and took him under his wing. If the Congo had turned out worthless nobody would ever have heard of the delinquencies of the King of the Belgians.

Editor's Note—This is the fourteenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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SUNBEAMS, INC.

(Continued from Page 7)

and one thing only—namely, that the tribute we are paying him is not a tribute to his talents, his energies, his achievements; that it is not a tribute to those qualities in him which point so certainly toward great material prosperity; but that, upon the contrary, this farewell banquet represents a tribute to his personal character—that it is a spontaneous expression of our esteem, our affection, for one who will always be our comrade and our friend. Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and join me in drinking the health of H. Bell Brown—the Man."

It would be hard to say how much of the applause that followed was for H. Bell Brown—the Man—and how much for Bolton, whose talent for oratory was now made known for the first time to his colleagues. The toast was, however, drunk enthusiastically, and in a variety of liquors; for though the red wine was holding out, a number of the men had ordered further drinks on their own account. Even Murphy, the city-hall man, who had at first rebelled at the expense involved, now had a highball of his own purchasing before him and was among the noisiest of the enthusiasts. As the glasses were returned to the table Otis started For He's a Jolly Good Fellow! and the song was bawled feelingly by all.

Next the column conductor read a humorous prophecy in which the various men present were shown as his waggishness suggested they would be twenty years hence. The accented individual in this forecast was, of course, H. Bell Brown, the scene being laid at a banquet given by Brown at his mansion on Fifth Avenue—formerly the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At this banquet the members of the Dispatch staff gathered, and each told his story.

While the column conductor was reading his prophecy Bolton left his place and went to where Otis was sitting, halfway down the table.

"I'm going to call on you next," he said, "to present the cup."

"No, you're not," Otis answered. "I've got the cup here, but I'm not the one to present it." He reached under the table, brought up a silversmith's bag of soft maroon cloth and placed it in Bolton's hands.

"Of course you'll present it!" Bolton insisted.

"No," said Otis firmly. "You've got to do it. The whole object is to do it right—to make old Brown feel his oats. Well, I'm no talker, and you are. You've amazed us all. You're a wonder. Give him some more of that Grade A oratory of yours. Tell him how we love him."

He was so evidently in earnest that Bolton yielded.

"Just as you like," he said. "Only you got this party up, Jimmy, and you ought to say something."

"All right. I have something very effective to say after you give him the cup. Just wait. You'll see who turns out to be the real orator of the evening!"

Thus to Otis' satisfaction it came about that when the column conductor's prophecy had been heard Bolton rose and, uncorking new vials of praise, presented the cup to Brown.

Still seated, Brown took the vessel in one hand and looked at the side on which the names of the donors were engraved. The engraver had certainly managed very well, he thought, to get so many names on a surface so comparatively small. He turned the cup and read the inscription:

TO
HENRY BELL BROWN
IN TOKEN OF
THE ESTEEM, ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION
OF
HIS FRIENDS AND COWORKERS
ON THE STAFF OF
THE NEW YORK EVENING DISPATCH

"Very neat," he remarked to Bolton.

Meanwhile the assembled donors of the cup were shouting and applauding.

"What's the matter with Brownie?" howled Otis.

"He's—all—right!" from everyone.

"Who's—all—right?"

"Brownie!"

"Speech! Speech!"

Then, looking very clean, very well-dressed, very composed, Henry Bell Brown stood up. In planning his remarks he had at first thought of beginning with some informal introductory word, such as "Boys" or "Fellows"; but now, what with the wine, the enthusiasm and the oratory of Bolton, he felt that informality would seem a little out of place, coming from him. The note for him to strike was not that of familiarity but of fine and gracious dignity.

"Mister Toastmaster, and gentlemen of the staff of the New York Evening Dispatch"—thus impressively did he begin. Then after a weighty pause he entered upon the body of his address.

His first duty was, of course, to make them think that he was satisfied.

"I feel sure," he said, "that no words of mine can make you realize more fully than you already must how thoroughly I am pleased by the tributes you have paid me to-night, in words, in actions, and in giving me this"—he hesitated; he had meant to say "handsome," but the word would not come out—"this loving cup. How true it is, my friends, that sentiment is something that rises above all that is mundane—all financial considerations, all the crass materialism that surrounds us in our daily life. How true! And what better illustration of this truth could we have than is presented here to-night? Look at this banquet! Do you think, gentlemen, that because this banquet is held in an unpretentious and inexpensive place, that makes it any the less significant to me? No! I am sure you all know me too well for that. If this dinner had cost ten dollars a plate, still to me it would not be any more desirable. Because, my friends, as I have said before, no money value can be placed on sentiment. And so also with this cup. Do you suppose, gentlemen of the New York Evening Dispatch, that if this cup were two feet tall instead of only about six inches it would mean any more to me? Again I say, No! Because it is not the weight or size of a loving cup that counts. Where friendship and admiration are concerned, gold and silver are the merest dross.

"No, gentlemen! The thing that counts is what that loving cup means. The thing that counts is the sentiment with which that cup is given and the sentiment with which it is received.

"I want to say to you, gentlemen, that I shall always keep this little cup before me. And I want to say further that to me it will always be a big cup. For sentiment and sentiment alone is the standard by which such a thing must be measured.

"And, gentlemen, each time I look at this cup I shall receive anew the message you have given me on this occasion. Each time I look at it I shall say to myself: 'Henry Bell Brown, remember what that cup means. It means that the men with whom you were associated on the Dispatch believed in you, had confidence in you, picked you as a man who was destined to win out in life! They placed their faith in you. Therefore it is up to you to show them that they were right; that besides being a success in a small way on the paper you can be a success in a larger way, a success in other fields; so that some day every man who participated in giving you the banquet and the cup can look back and take real pride in having done so. And why? Because he picked you for a winner, and you have won!' That, gentlemen, is the message this little cup will give me when I look at it as the years roll by."

Having spoken thus he sat down, while his hosts rising to their feet clapped their hands and cheered. Again he was hailed in song; then Bolton called on Jimmy Otis.

"Fellows," said Otis, "I have no doubt that I could deliver a speech that would make you all burst into tears and go home. But I have something here that speaks louder than words. The publisher has asked me to fill the loving cup with champagne at his expense, and keep it full until it has passed round the table and everyone has had all he wants—everyone, that is, except Murphy. And even Murphy can have all that is good for him."

The publisher now became by universal acclaim "A jolly good fellow. . . . which nobody can deny"; after which the all-rightness of Otis was loudly and rhythmically proclaimed.

From the point of view of the guest of honor the uncorking of champagne formed an apex to the celebration, contributing that touch of class which hitherto had been so sorely needed. He counted the fresh bottles that were opened as the cup progressed upon its way, and was pleased to notice that as many as four quarts had been required. Hitherto the publisher of the Dispatch had seemed to him austere, but now he perceived that this exalted personage had his human side after all. He wished that the publisher had come to the banquet and brought the managing editor and the city editor with him. Maybe they would have been in evening dress. That was the kind of thing this party called for: Style—people of real consequence—anything to tone it up.

The loving cup standing on the table was the first thing he saw when he awoke on Sunday morning. He lay for a time regarding it. No, it certainly wasn't much of a cup. As far as that went it hadn't looked like much of a cup last night; but now in the cold morning light it seemed smaller still. And that was just the point. It typified, did that cup, the quality of last night's party. Of course it was well meant. But it was cheap.

III

THE next day, Monday, between nine and ten A. M., Mr. H. Bell Brown, wearing a neat business suit and spats, and carrying a cane, arrived at the impressive offices of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—and passing through the wicket gate, with a nod to the red-headed young lady in attendance, strode across the thick green carpet, the tone of which set off the tint of the young lady's hair, to the door of a certain private office upon the ground-glass panel of which the name H. Bell Brown was already emblazoned in small artistic letters of gold.

The office was the sixth in a row set off by a partition of chastely tinted woodwork and ground glass, each with a name upon the door. Thus, an observer familiar with the official personnel of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—might learn that the first room, somewhat larger than the others, was occupied by Berg Ledbetter, president of the corporation, and that the respective offices of the secretary and treasurer, the office manager, the efficiency director, and the chief solicitor—a title of no legal implication—following in sequence, were interposed between that of the president and that of Brown.

This layout, as it was sometimes called, suggesting, as it did, a cross between a clubhouse and a bank, was calculated to reassure the doubter and to make the guilty feel respectable. And that was desirable. For truth to tell, The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—had none too good a name. This is not to say that the corporation was considered weak financially; on the contrary it handled a large number of profitable accounts; but in spite of the fact that some of these accounts were of legitimate character there were others which, though the handling of them yielded large sums to the agency, were nevertheless looked upon with disapproving eyes not only by rival advertising agencies having a higher sense of ethics, not only by the large body of publishers having a feeling of responsibility toward readers of their publications, but also by innumerable advertisers who demanded of an advertising agent that he be something more than a clever schemer. This feeling on the part of the majority of reputable advertisers resembled their feeling about the banks with which they did business. It was not enough that these banks should be reliable as to certain accounts only; they must be reliable all through. Thus the reputation of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—made it increasingly difficult for that company to secure new untainted business, and upon the other hand increasingly easy for it to secure new business in the line of questionable stock promotion and doubtful patent medicines. It was because of his concern over the acuteness of the situation that Ledbetter had employed Brown. He felt that Brown was a man who could get new business of the more desirable kind.

Brown spent the morning arranging his desk, making initial plans, and dictating letters to various business men with whom he had become acquainted as a reporter, announcing his change of occupation and his readiness to place at their disposal the

(Continued on Page 153)

SPECIFY ARCO

Paint Your Walls With ARCO-RAYS "LENGTHENS YOUR DAYS"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Stays White and Stays On

And Let the Sun Flood Your Factory With Daylight

Paint your walls, ceilings, pillars and posts with Arco-Rays, and gleams of daylight will be diffused into the darkest corners of your plant. Arco-Rays is an investment which pays dividends in loyalty, efficiency and contentedness; it reduces labor turnover, it helps to maintain production schedules and quality standards.

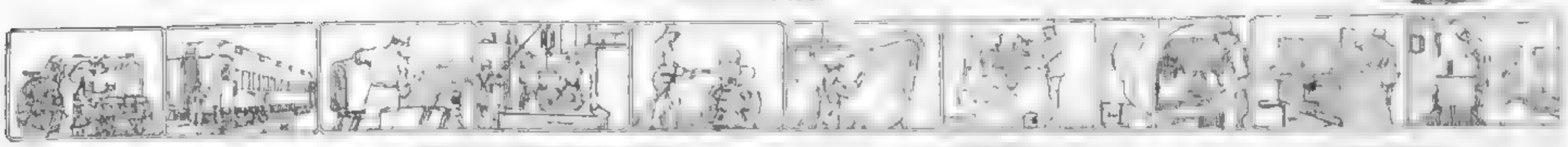
Arco-Rays is the result of thirty-eight years of scientific development; it never turns yellow, is easy to apply with a spray or a brush and easy to clean.

Interesting information on factory lighting will be sent upon request.

There is an Arco finish especially prepared for every finishing requirement, whether it be for your plant or your product. Discussion of finishes and finishing problems is invited with production executives.

THE ARCO COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Established 1881

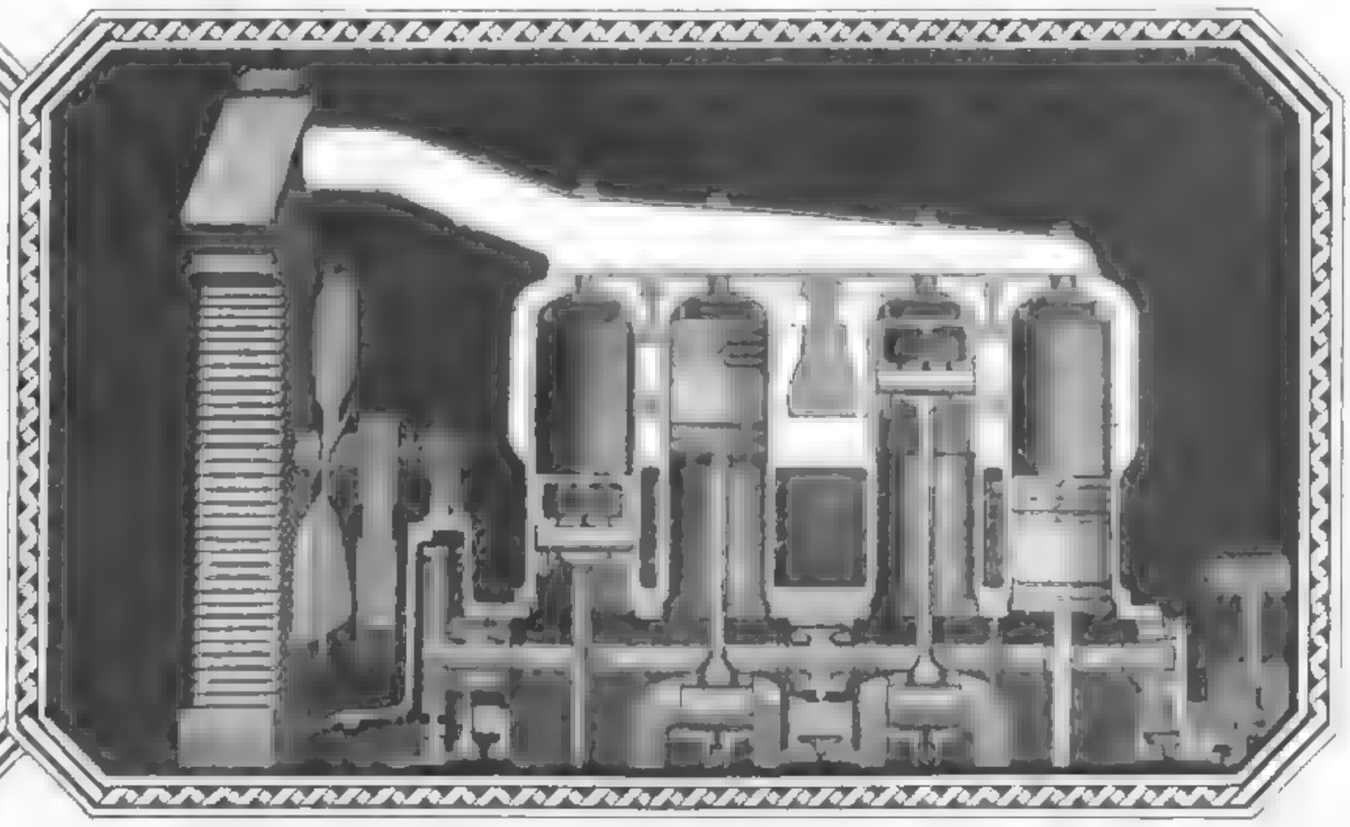


ARCO

PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS

What
"X" LIQUID *Does*

1. Repairs all leaks everywhere—permanently.
2. Repair stands 2,000 pounds pressure.
3. Prevents new leaks—keeps the cooling system LEAKPROOF.
4. Loosens all Rust and Scale.
5. Prevents *new* Rust and Scale from forming—Keeps cooling system RUSTPROOF and SCALEPROOF.
6. Improves Cooling.
7. Saves Oil.



White areas show water circulating spaces

In Your Car—24,000 joints that may leak; 16,000 square inches of cooling surface to keep clean

How "X" LIQUID repairs ALL LEAKS—and prevents new leaks. ELIMINATES RUST and SCALE from cooling surface. Reduces upkeep costs.

WOULDN'T you think that so complicated and delicate a part of the motor car as the water cooling system would get more attention from the average owner?

To be sure, it is as perfect as modern science can make it. Yet it is a fact that much trouble can and does breed in the cooling system.

In order to get greatest cooling efficiency, radiator walls are made as thin as this sheet of paper. The water passages between these walls are very narrow—*not over* 1/8th *of an inch*—with more than 24,000 corners that may leak!

Nearly 3,000,000 car owners know that the most scientific way to repair one leak—or thousands of them—is the use of "X" LIQUID. This is the most practical method of repairing leaks *without injury to any part of the cooling system.*

"X" is a pure *Liquid.* It is poured into the radiator. It combines chemically with the water, circulates freely until it finds the leak or crack—whether in the radiator, pump, motorhead gaskets, hose connections, etc. The action of the oxygen in the air and the heat in the water turns the "X" to a *metallic solid,* binding the broken ends with a repair that is *permanent.*

"X" has even repaired the inner wall of a cracked cylinder—making a repair that stands 2000 pounds explosive pressure.

The "X" Liquid process is more scientific than soldering. It is quicker, safer and *more economical.* Soldering expands the delicate tubes, doesn't always hit the right spot, and weakens the radiator. "X" Liquid positively improves it. If "X" is left in the water—*there never will be another leak.*

THE particles of Rust that come out with the dirty water from the radiator mean that the metal walls of the cooling system are being eaten away. The parts not attacked by Rust are piled thick with layers of Scale. This Scale acts as an insulator. It keeps the heat in the engine, breaks down the lubricating film—and causes scored cylinders, seized pistons, pitted valves and hundreds of dollars of expense!

With an average of 16,000 square inches of surface in the cooling system—it is a serious problem to keep it clean.

The chemical composition of "X" is such that it *loosens* all Rust and Scale now present. It absorbs the free oxygen in the water. This prevents *new* Rust from forming. And "X" does not allow the lime and magnesia in the water to deposit new Scale.

The result is elimination of Rust and Scale. This means a cooler, better working engine—less oil and gasoline consumption *and a reduction in upkeep costs.*

Why Not Use "X"—Before You Have Trouble?

Laboratory and road tests have proved that "X" Liquid keeps water cooling systems *99.2% perfect.* Thousands of cans of "X" Liquid are sold to owners who keep "X" constantly in the water—to *prevent trouble.* Always carry "X" in the tool kit. You'll find it useful in an emergency.

"X" will not injure iron, brass, steel, rubber or aluminum. It contains no animal or vegetable matter.

Not a Radiator Cement!

Radiator Cements, either in powder or liquid form, which float in the water, will clog the water passages and cause trouble.

"X" Liquid is *not* a flaxseed meal, glue, shellac, cement or "dope." It is a combination of chemicals that work *scientifically.* Be safe. Ask for the original "X" Liquid.

Standard Size, $1.50

Will do $25.00 in Repair Work

Ford Size, - .75

Perhaps your dealer is one of the 25,000 progressive merchants who sell "X" Liquid. Get it from him. Otherwise we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

Write for proof of how one can of "X" Liquid did a $150.00 welding job.

"X" LABORATORIES

640 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch: 433 Rialto Bldg., San Francisco

"X" TRADE MARK Liquid makes all water cooling systems LEAKPROOF · RUSTPROOF · SCALEPROOF

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services of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—whose occupation it was to formulate constructive advertising campaigns, to prepare artistic illustrations and hard-hitting copy, and to place these to the best advantage. In these letters he used the words "psychology" and "psychological," but did not speak of "functioning"—that term not having entered the vocabulary of advertising until some years later. H. Bell Brown, you see, had been preparing himself in advance for his new work.

At midday Ledbetter entered Brown's office, welcomed him to the employ of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—(always written in red capitals in the firm's letters), and invited him to join several members of the corporation at luncheon, for a "conference." Brown appreciated the word, and thereafter made it his. Never again during business hours was he known merely to talk with people. Instead, he held conferences. If someone entered his office or he entered the office of someone else a conference was thereby automatically created. Nor did he ever "solicit" business after the manner of the crass advertising man. He merely "conferred" upon the subject.

Other expressions, too, there were, belonging to the terminology of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers. Being engineers instead of mere advertising agents, the corporation required its employees to use the word "profession" wherever possible, instead of the word "business," while references to the advertising "game" were regarded with horror. Similarly the corporation had clients, not customers. Stenographers taking dictation were trained to watch for crude expressions which might accidentally occur, and to correct these in transcription by the substitution of an elegance. "Psychology" was perhaps the corporation's leading word; but "synchronize," "coördinate," "merchandise"—as a verb—and "standardize" were not neglected.

And so far as possible the corporation not only talked standardization but practiced it. Its three leading lights lived up sartorially to their professional aspiration by wearing braided cutaway coats; all letters were required to be written with a certain margin and certain scheme of spacing, and all dates were spelled out in full. Moreover, there were certain standard paragraphs covering certain subjects, so that any officer or employee of the corporation could drop them into a letter at whatever point he pleased, merely by saying to the stenographer: "Insert M. paragraph"—meaning the standard paragraph on merchandising; or "S. C. paragraph"—meaning the standard paragraph on synchronization and coördination; or "B. S. paragraph"—meaning the standard paragraph on better service—which, however, was spoken of in the paragraph itself as "service of the better sort."

The first day's conference brought definite results. On the way to the restaurant with Ledbetter and the others Brown bought a copy of the noon edition of the Dispatch—just to see how the old sheet was struggling on without him—and there on the first page found, to his amazement, something he had never dreamed of finding. It was a heading dealing with himself:

BANQUET TENDERED TO RETIRING DISPATCH MAN

Dinner and Loving Cup Given by Newspaper Associates to H. Bell Brown

Though short the story was eminently gratifying. It not only spoke of Brown as one of the ablest men on the Dispatch staff and declared that he would be generally missed, but mentioned Ledbetter and The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.

To Brown this item gave triple satisfaction. He was pleased that it had been printed at all, more pleased that it appeared on the first page, and still more pleased that Ledbetter's name and that of the corporation were included. For the latter point gave him an excuse to show the little write-up forthwith to his employer. That the writer of the article had foreseen such a possibility and had with deliberate amiable purpose mentioned Ledbetter and the corporation did not occur to Brown, who regarded the inclusion of them as a mere happy accident. Nor did it occur to him to wonder how the story had come to be written. Had he wondered he would probably have guessed that Bolton did it, but in that he would have been mistaken. The anonymous beneficence was the work of Jimmy Otis. Jimmy had taken the pains, that morning, to go down to the business office and ascertain the name of the company and its president; then he had written the story, taken it to the managing editor, and requested him to make a "Must" of it.

"What's the idea?" the managing editor asked him.

"It might help Brown to get off on his right foot in his new job," said Otis.

"But the name of the company—and this man Ledbetter," muttered the managing editor, shaking his head. "I hear they aren't very reputable people."

"I don't believe that," said Otis. "Brown wouldn't have gone there if it were true."

So, though the policy of the Dispatch in such matters was habitually anything but generous, and though the managing editor was much more skeptical concerning Brown than Otis was, he thought enough of Otis to do as he requested.

"Must!" he scrawled in blue pencil at the head of Otis' copy, and into the paper it went.

It seems not unlikely that had Brown known all this he would not have been "in conference" when some six weeks later Otis stopped in at the offices of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—to pay a friendly call. But how was Brown to know? He was busy composing copy for an ad. Already the Dispatch and the men on the Dispatch seemed a long, long way behind him. Otis didn't interest him anyway. Bolton was the only man down there who counted.

The item did start Brown off as Otis had hoped it would. Ledbetter not only liked to see his own name in print but appreciated as only an advertising engineer can the advantage of so fine a free advertisement for the corporation. Moreover, this tangible evidence that Brown's former associates held him in such high regard crystallized Ledbetter's favorable opinion of his new employee. That was the first result of the initial conference, and the second was corollary to it. On that very day the accounts of several well-established clients of the corporation were assigned to Brown to handle; and even though one of these was the account of an oil company claiming to own wells somewhere in Oklahoma and desirous of selling stock at bargain prices, it was remarked in the office that no new man had ever before been started off with such a volume of important business to look after.

Nor did Brown himself fail accurately to gauge the value of the puff in the Dispatch. It is doubtful if anyone else perceived as clearly as he what a splendid service it had rendered him. It had put him ahead half a year at least; perhaps a full year. Such is the power of publicity! In thinking of what the little news item had done for him he forgot for a time what had been the occasion for its publication, and when he did stop to reflect that the banquet had in point of fact been at the bottom of it all the thought amused him. The banquet had not amounted to much, but the story of the banquet—that was indeed a different thing! The cup had not amounted to much, but the mention of it in a newspaper turned it as though by magic into a thing of value. The men at the banquet had not amounted to much, but those who read about the banquet had no way of finding that out. Turning the matter over in his mind thus, H. Bell Brown developed a shrewd theory as to wherein the real value of a testimonial banquet lies. He made a mental note of his discovery, for future reference.

So, rapidly, occurred what Ledbetter called Brown's "induction" into the profession of advertising engineering. It would seem that he was cut out for it. Either he learned with a speed hardly short of miraculous or else advertising engineering may be mastered in a much shorter space of time than engineering in the commoner branches. Had he, for example, become an automobile engineer, a constructing engineer or a civil engineer, instead of an advertising engineer, and progressed as rapidly, he would have been building motor cars, skyscrapers, steel bridges or railroads within a year of the time that he commenced his scientific delvings. For within the year he was quite at home in all branches of the work of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—and was handling some of the corporation's most impressive clients.

The Perfect Light
for the Summer Home
No. C. Q. 329
Price $8.50
For Cottage
and Camp
A good lamp and lantern are necessities most everywhere, especially for cottage and camp and general vacation use. The Coleman Quick-Lite is the most brilliant light in the world. The lamps fill a real need in farm and country homes. The lanterns are used everywhere—by Hotel and Liverymen, Night Watchmen, Contractors, Plumbers, Sportsmen, Hunters, Campers, Fishermen—by everybody needing a strong, dependable light for outdoor use.
Coleman Quick-Lite
"The Light of a Thousand Uses"
Coleman Improved Match-Lighting Lamps and Lanterns should be included in your vacation outfit. Have the light others enjoy while away, then take the lamps and lanterns home for the rest of the year. Great in emergencies—low pressure gas or when the local lighting plant fails.
300 Candle Power Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns give a strong, white, brilliant light that is easy on even very sensitive eyes. Old style oil lamps give but 12 to 15 candle power of yellow light; mantle lamps, 50 to 100 candle power. The Coleman Quick-Lite gives 300 candle power—the most brilliant portable light known. It makes and burns its own gas from common gasoline.
Light With Matches
Coleman Quick-Lites are the only successful match lighting gas generating lamps and lanterns on the market. Quick-Lite burner is an exclusive Coleman patent.
Safe—Economical—Clean!
Can be tipped over without danger. Can't explode. No chimney. Lantern has no breakable. No wick. No soot. Always ready. Made of heavy gauge brass and steel. Will last for years.
No. L. Q. 327
Price $8.00
Dealers everywhere sell Coleman Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If your dealer can't supply, write nearest factory branch.
The Coleman Lamp Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Portable Lamps and Lanterns in the World
WICHITA ST. PAUL CHICAGO
TOLEDO DALLAS
LOS ANGELES
Greatest Farm Light Known

It's As Easy To Patch a Tire –

as it is to apply a postage stamp to a letter if you have Rie Nie Tube and Casing Patch

Your two hands and a flat spot—presto! the leak is fixed. No fuss, no waiting and the puncture is permanently repaired—never has to be touched again. Holds like a vulcanized patch. Comes in a strip, will fit any size hole from that made by a tack to a blowout. Casings can be easily repaired with it to give thousands of miles more wear.

Rie Nie Fabric Patch, an all-purpose patch.
Rie Nie All Rubber Patch, used when elasticity is desired.

And Equally Easy

is the use of *Rie Nie Liquid Radiator Cement*. A practical, sensible way to stop all radiator, cylinder and gasket leaks quickly and permanently. Improves cooling systems by preventing rust and scale. Does not in any way impede full-volume flow. One trial will convince you of its efficiency.

Will also permanently stop all leaks in steam and hot-water heating plants.

Your dealer will supply these and other Rie Nie Quality Products—or you can write direct to us, using the coupon below.

DURKEE-ATWOOD CO
MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.
Manufacturers of Rie Nie Products
Canadian Durkee-Atwood Co., Ltd., Toronto
Factories at Minneapolis, Cleveland, Toronto

Durkee-Atwood Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Cleveland, Ohio
Canadian Durkee-Atwood Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Manufacturers of Rie Nie Products

Please send me prepaid, articles checked:

Rie Nie Patch. [ ] All Rubber [ ] Fabric Back.....[ ] $1.00 size.....[ ] 50c size
Rie Nie Radiator Cement. Automobile Size.....[ ] 75c Tractor and Boiler Size.....[ ] $3.00
Write your name and address on margin of this page Remittance enclosed –

Among these accounts was that of the Gilfillan Laboratories, manufacturing chemists, and it was through the evolution of an idea conceived by H. Bell Brown in connection with a new digestive pill being brought out by the Gilfillan Laboratories that the next great change in his career occurred.

IV

BROWN had been with The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—for a number of years and had more than doubled the annual expenditure for advertising of the Gilfillan Laboratories when old Gilfillan sent for him one day to discuss plans by which his new digestive pills might be eased in large quantities down the public throat. Gilfillan, himself a chemist, had taken a personal interest in the compounding of the pill, and he had hit upon a combination possessing medicinal properties and a flavor which he believed would cause the pill to be received by a dyspeptic world with cries of joy.

While the chemist described the pill and discussed his hopes for it Brown sat by and listened in cold professional silence. For though he knew Gilfillan well by this time he made it an invariable rule when in conference never to let his client forget that he, H. Bell Brown, was an advertising engineer, and that the dignity, mystery, inscrutability of the profession of advertising engineering was in his keeping.

"How far has work on this pill advanced?" he demanded when Gilfillan stopped speaking.

"It is finished," said the chemist. "We've even got the bottle and the package."

"Mr. Gilfillan," said Brown, "have you forgotten our talk when you were putting Boriol upon the market? Have you forgotten how I then pointed out that the science of advertising engineering does not properly begin with the mere merchandising of a product, but ought to be applied from the moment that a product is in process of creation?"

"That's all right," said Gilfillan, "but we made a go of Boriol just the same."

"Boriol," said Brown, "was never the success it should have been. I was not called in soon enough. I should like to see a sample of the new pill and the container."

Gilfillan produced them from a drawer of his desk.

The brown cardboard wrapper inclosing the bottle bore in large black capital letters the legend: Gilfillan's Dyspepsia Pills. Below was a list of many unpleasant symptoms and conditions for which the tablets were recommended. The bottle within was also brown, and the pills, which had a glossy coating, were of an even darker shade of brown.

The chemist watched the advertising engineer as he progressed with his inspection.

"Well?" he demanded as the latter laid the packet, bottle and pills upon the desk again.

"You desire my opinion?"

"Of course."

"No good," said Brown tersely. He waved a hand dismissively at the articles he had just put down.

"No good?" cried Gilfillan. "You must be crazy, Brown! Why, what do you know about it? What do you know about a pill you haven't even sampled? You don't even know what's in it!"

Brown set his lips, gazed sternly at the chemist for a moment, then bringing his fist down upon the desk replied forcefully: "No, sir! I don't know what's in it. And I don't care what's in it. What's in it doesn't matter. This is a proposition of psychology. As a merchandising proposition I tell you this pill of yours has nothing to recommend it."

The chemist looked angry, but as he opened his mouth to speak Brown stopped him with a question. To stop a client or a prospective client with a question is a part of the science of advertising engineering.

"Mr. Gilfillan," Brown demanded, "do you know how many dyspeptics there are in the United States?"

"Nobody knows that," the other replied.

Brown had the air of one who does not deign explicitly to deny a foolish statement.

"There are in the United States twenty-two million five hundred thousand cases of chronic dyspepsia. That is in round numbers. Beyond these chronic cases there are some seventeen million erratic or semi-regular cases. That makes a total of thirty-nine millions. There is still another class of cases, which we may describe as casuals; these being sporadic cases of mere indigestion or biliousness, usually the result of overeating or overdrinking, and reaching the astonishing yearly total of fifty-three millions."

"Where do you get your figures?" Gilfillan demanded.

"From our own research department," proudly answered the advertising engineer.

"All right," said the chemist, impressed but not cowed, "what's the answer?"

"The answer is that the successful pill, the big pill, the world-beating pill has not yet been created," Brown declared. "And that brings us to the question whether or not you propose to be the genius who shall produce the ultimate pill—the pill that will be the acknowledged leader—that will be bought by the majority of these millions of sufferers." He paused impressively; then emphasizing his words by pounding his fist upon his palm he continued: "Will you be the manufacturer of the ultimate pill, Mr. Gilfillan, or will you not? Will you seize the golden opportunity or will you leave it to be seized by someone else?"

"But I've got the pill right here," insisted Gilfillan, indicating the bottle on the desk.

"No, sir, you have not," said Brown.

"But as I said before," exclaimed the chemist, "you don't know what's in this pill of mine. So how can you ——"

"Mr. Gilfillan," broke in Brown with great impressiveness, "it is true, sir, that I do not know what is in your pill. But mark this: It is also true that I do know what must be in the ultimate pill. Your pill, Mr. Gilfillan, does not contain the essential ingredient!"

"What is the essential ingredient, then?"

Ah! The advertising engineer tried not to show how much this question pleased him. It was the question for which he had been engineering with every atom of his professional skill. Moreover, he had managed to work Gilfillan into asking it a little bit defiantly, which made it all the better. He chose to hold his climax.

"Well, I ask you what is the chief symptom of dyspepsia?"

"Stomach ache—depression," muttered Gilfillan groggily.

"Right! Depression! And what's the remedy—the one logical, infallible, unanswerable, inevitable remedy? Answer me that, sir!"

"Sodium bicar ——"

But H. Bell Brown would not let his client answer.

"No, sir!" he broke in in a triumphant shout. "The remedy, Mr. Gilfillan, the remedy is *sunshine!*"

Having thus stunned his client he proceeded to elucidate.

His theory was in brief that dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive tract produce pessimism, melancholy, gloom; and, ergo, that the things craved by victims of such ailments are optimism, cheer, elation—sunshine. The color brown, according to the findings of the research department of The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers—was a depressing color. Obviously, then, it was no color for a pill for indigestion. What could be more depressing to a man with the proverbial dark-brown taste in his mouth than the sight of a dark-brown pill? The ultimate pill must be different. Anybody ought to be able to see that.

All right, then—advertise sunshine! Call your pills Sunshine Tablets, put them in a bright-yellow bottle, and pack that bottle in a carton also of bright yellow, with a picture of the sun printed in gold. And above all, make your tablets as yellow as the sun itself.

"If you could put phosphorus in them, so they'd be luminous at night," he told Gilfillan, "that would be much better."

It was on the subject of the color of the pills that Brown and his client ultimately broke. One was thinking of chemical, the other of psychological reaction. Gilfillan insisted that the brown pills were medicinally superior to anything that could be made in yellow; there were chemical reasons, he said, why brown was best. Give people relief, he contended, and they wouldn't care what color the pills were. He wasn't making pills to please the eye, but to soothe the stomach. Besides, the brown pills were already in process of manufacture and he didn't propose to throw them away.

Brown fought hard for his idea. He delivered an oration on the growing understanding of the power of mind over matter.

(Continued on Page 157)

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

BULLETIN
There's an "Exide" Battery for Your Car
Regardless of the make or model of your car, you can use
There is an
"Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery
made to meet the demands of your Car

Get it from the "Exide" distributor nearest you

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The largest maker of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1919

New York Boston Chicago Washington Denver San Francisco St Louis Cleveland Atlanta Pittsburgh Minneapolis Kansas City Detroit Rochester Toronto

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

For Battleship searchlights

In the torch of the Goddess of Liberty

For Lighthouses and coast artillery

For Motor Cars

For Railroad Signals

Macbeth Scientific Lenses Are Used All Over The World

BEFORE putting Macbeth Lenses on the market for use on automobiles, four years were devoted by lens experts in perfecting them.

These same specialists have solved the most difficult world wide lens problems requiring accuracy to the thousandth part of an inch. The safety of millions depends on their scientific accuracy.

The Macbeth Lens with the Green Glass Visor for motor cars, has naturally met the needs of the motorists completely, because it is scientific in its use of light.

It has five horizontal prisms, each inclining at an angle determined with scientific accuracy.

Blinding, wasted upward light rays are redirected *on the road* where needed.

This gives a concentrated brilliance right in front of the front wheels and far ahead. Yet the light is kept well below the line of vision of approaching drivers. This provides a safe driving light and protects you and others against the danger of the blinded driver who cannot see your car nor the road.

Four vertical, cylindrical lenses at the back of the lens spread the light and make it uniform throughout the lighted area.

Put Macbeth Lenses on your car today.

Price per Pair $5
Denver and West $5.50—Canada $6—Winnipeg and West $6.50

Macbeth Lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York, [illegible]

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Macbeth Lens

(Continued from Page 154)

Make a man believe a thing was going to do him good and it would do him good. Make him believe that it would be good for him to eat a piece of yellow chalk, then he would be benefited by that piece of chalk—more than by a brown pill the very sight of which repelled him. This was not a proposition of medicine but of merchandising. What was the good in any pill if you couldn't sell it? And what was the harm in any pill if you could? It was just plain psychotherapeutics!

In spite of all he could say, however, the advertising engineer was unable to make Gilfillan give up the brown pill. He left the office of the Gilfillan Laboratories late that afternoon utterly disgusted at the biased, narrow-minded, chemical point of view of the proprietor.

But if the cloud of Gilfillan's stupidity had for the time being obscured the sunshine idea, that idea was too cosmic to suffer permanent eclipse. Turning the matter over in his mind Brown began to see that it was really too big to waste on pills. It wasn't only in pills that people wanted sunshine. It wasn't only dyspeptics who yearned for sunshine in their lives. The quest for sunshine was the one great human quest. The instinct to seek sunshine was second only to the instinct for self-preservation. That was true whether you spoke of actual sunshine or the sunshine of the spirit. Did not the rays of the sun constitute a generally recognized symbol for happiness? Were not people all over the world continually in search of solar warmth? Those who could afford to travel sought it in Florida, California, Honolulu, Bermuda, on the Riviera, in Sicily or in Egypt. Those who could not afford to travel sought it in companionship, in entertainment, at the theater, at the movies or in stories and poems. Next to air and water, sunshine was the element most necessary to life. The great majority of human beings drudged through their lives for money. And why for money? Because to nine persons out of ten money is something with which sunshine may be bought—with which a few hours of happiness may be obtained.

The desire for sunshine made thieves. Also it caused marriages. Why did men and women wed if not in the hope of finding sunshine in matrimonial life? And again, if marriage failed to bring sunshine, then, far from giving up the quest, the disappointed mates would seek it in divorce and remarriage.

"Why," he said to himself suddenly, "the sunshine idea is the biggest idea in the world!—that is, it would be the biggest idea in the world if you could merchandise it."

He considered other merchandising propositions with which he was familiar. Take an antiseptic gargle, like Boriol. The trouble with an article of that kind was that the demand for it was necessarily limited by the number of persons needing a gargle. Moreover, though there was a handsome margin of profit in each bottle sold, nevertheless it cost a good deal to make the stuff, and put it up. Or take toothbrushes. Or again, take hooks and eyes. The market for hooks and eyes was limited to women. And whereas, in order to manufacture hooks and eyes or toothbrushes or antiseptics or almost any other kind of merchandisable goods, you had to have a plant and labor and machinery and raw material, you needed none of those things in the sunshine business. Merchandise sunshine and you'd have practically no overhead. Sunshine was as free as air. The supply was unlimited, and so was the demand.

"How much better," thought H. Bell Brown in a kind of ecstasy, "to drop a sunbeam of thought into the dark recesses of the human mind than to drop a pill—even a yellow pill—into those of the human stomach."

The epigram pleased him. He took a pencil and wrote it down. It seemed to point the way to something. With pencil and paper he now began to try consciously for uplifting epigrams and maxims, and presently, feeling the call more and more strongly as he essayed these sunbeams of thought, he found himself lapsing into verse.

H. BELL BROWN was not one to burn his bridges behind him without first making certain of good going on the farther shore. His initial experiments with sunshine as a business proposition began in a modest way and were conducted privately and strictly on the side. Having compiled a number of verses and maxims laden with cheer, he took them to a friend of his who was in the business of supplying "boiler-plate" pages to several hundred newspapers in small towns, and proposed to furnish enough verses and paragraphs daily to fill a long double-column box.

The boiler-plate man liked Brown's initial offerings and was much pleased to find that he would contribute further material of the kind.

Arrangements were concluded without difficulty, the understanding being that the box should have the title Gloom Chasers as its standing head, and that Brown's name should appear conspicuously thereunder.

However, not long after he had left his friend's office Brown returned.

"On thinking it over," he said, "I believe I'll use something in the nature of a nom de plume with the daily sunbeams. Instead of using my name, run them as 'by Belwyn Brown'—Belwyn with a 'y.'"

This item, seeming so trifling, is recorded only because it marks the occasion upon which came into being the fourth and final version of Brown's name—for it was as Belwyn Brown that he ultimately came to regard himself, and to be regarded by many thousands of others, as a thoroughly successful man. Probably he never realized that he had had four names. Probably his thoughts never went back of the days in which he had been H. Bell Brown. Yet the fact remains that as a boy he had been called "Harry." Thus it may be said to be doubly true of the hero of this narrative that he made, as the saying is, a name for himself.

Yet though the first half of his fifth and final name was at last satisfactory to him he was never in his innermost heart quite satisfied. The name of Brown annoyed him. He would have liked to change it to Browning, Brownell or Brownstone, and even thought at times of doing so, but was deterred by a memory. It was not, as might be supposed, a sentimental memory, having to do with the preservation of his family name, but the memory of a curious look that lay in the eyes of the column conductor of the Dispatch when the latter meeting him in a café in the beginning of his period of opulence repeatedly addressed him as "Brownwyn."

Belwyn Brown—for so in future we shall call him—felt that he had reason for artistic pride in the first of his Gloom Chasers to be sent out as part of a boiler-plate page. It was what, unhesitatingly, he called a poem; and it ran as follows:

SMILE!

It's *easy* to stride where the road is wide
  And the pavement is firm and fine,
It's easy to step at a good stiff clip
  When the road is a long white line;
It's jolly good fun down the hills to run
  If there isn't a chance to fall,

BUT—
A MAN'S TRUE BLUE IF HE JUST PLUGS THROUGH
WHERE THERE ISN'T A PATH AT ALL!

. . .

It's *easy* to grin when the cash rolls in
  And your life is a cloudless day;
It's *easy* to prance in the costliest dance
  If the Fiddler's received his pay;
It's *easy* to sing till the rafters ring
  If Joy is the Heart of the Song;

BUT—
GIVE ME THE FELLOW THAT DOESN'T SHOW YELLOW
WHEN EVERYTHING'S GONE DEAD WRONG!

. . .

So, *remember*, Friends, until Cosmos ends,
  Until Chaos shall rule supreme;
Until Day and Night take their last long flight
  And the World is a shattered dream;
Remember! *Your* frown pulls the *next man* down.
  Lend a Hand! Make *his* life *worth while!*

GIVE
A BLAMING FACE TO THE HUMAN RACE!
FACE FATE WITH—A BRAVE
SWEET
SMILE!

In the succeeding Gloom Chasers there was sometimes verse, sometimes prose, sometimes both. Brown's aim was to give the daily box an appearance of variety,

Your Ford *needs* a Speedometer

Other accessories may be in the luxury class, but a reliable speedometer is a necessity to economic and efficient motoring.

Unless you know how far you go, how fast you go and what your gas, oil and tire cost per mile is, you are operating your car under a very great disadvantage and probably with considerable waste.

Johns-Manville
SPEEDOMETER
for FORD *cars*

Mounted on a handsomely finished instrument board with adjustable end brackets that assure a snug, non-rattling fit to any open model Ford car. Also special model for Sedan Fords. A high grade instrument in every essential, giving perfect accuracy on season, trip and speed indicators. Johns-Manville Service and Responsibility stands behind your satisfaction.

To the Trade—The Johns-Manville Sales Policy assures both jobber and dealer real trade protection. Ask for details.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in
Conservation
Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Preventative Products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Automotive Equipment

yet always to harp on the theme of uplift—of sunshine.

The more he thought upon this theme the more facile he became in handling it. You could hitch the sunshine idea to almost anything, he found. For example, this, which appeared among the first week's Gloom Chasers:

"FREE EXCURSION—A Determination to be Cheerful is the only Ticket needed on the SUNSHINE SPECIAL which leaves the Depot of Gloom at any old time, daily, and with Old Man Smiles for its Conductor, runs over the golden rails of the Optimism & Good Cheer Short Line to the Union Station of Success, at the corner of Joy St. and Hope Ave., Contentmentville. GET ABOARD, FRIEND!"

This uplifting item was followed by some of the pungent paragraphs Brown was finding it daily more easy to dash off—mere sunbeams such as:

"The GOOD SCOUT can always Spot a Reason to be Glad."

* * *

"Every Day of Sunshine is a HOO-RAY for HAPPINESS!"

* * *

"No Business is Busted when there's a SMILE left in the Bank."

Then a short "poem":

Comrades, to-day let hate and quarrels end;
Forget all ancient grudges and pretend
That bores are bright, and every foe a friend.

Chaos of gloom! Futility of strife!
March stoutly onward; smiles your drum and fife;
Your banner joy. Let sunshine rule your life!

Old Man Smiles became an established character; a regular contributor of Gloom Chasers. He gave variety by expressing himself in homely dialect, as, for instance:

"OLD MAN SMILES SAYS: 'Ef I was you, neighbor, I'd be more keerful about the comp'ny I kep'. Ef Old Gus Gloom got to hangin' raound MY house I'd jest SWAT 'IM WITH A GRIN.'"

As the result of the publication of Smile!—first of the Gloom Chasers to appear in print—Belwyn Brown received seventeen letters from persons who had read it in one newspaper or another and wished to let the author know that his poem—for so they all called it—had helped them; and thenceforward as the other Gloom Chasers appeared day after day more letters kept coming. They came, of course, by a circuitous route; for the readers always addressed Brown in care of the newspaper in which they had read the Gloom Chasers that pleased them, and the letters were forwarded by the papers to the boiler-plate man, and thence to Brown.

The letters not only confirmed him in his psychology, establishing the sunshine idea as something merchandisable beyond a doubt, but they also showed him that various groups of readers liked various grades of sunshine. Women, for instance, he perceived, generally preferred their sunshine double distilled and served with several extra lumps of sugar; whereas the men who wrote to him usually appreciated a sunbeam which, as one correspondent put it, "burned pleasantly as it went down."

Wherefore instead of drawing all his sunshine from the same vat, as he had done at first, he began to classify it, and to arrange his Gloom Chasers in such a way as to meet different demands.

Each day he aimed to furnish at least one item containing punch, pep or a kick for his male readers; but to counterbalance this he also endeavored always to furnish something tender, sweet and helpful for those of the other sex. Beyond these two classifications he discovered two others: A group chiefly composed of men but including some women, who liked what they called virile stuff—the term usually denoting a paragraph or poem in which such words as "hell," "damn" or "guts" occurred; and another group, containing more women than men, that wrote him elaborate letters about their intellects, their souls and their cravings for big thoughts. It was in an effort to supply the demand created by this latter class of readers that he wrote a Gloom Chaser called Man, the Master, which brought many letters from persons who claimed to understand what it meant. It ran as follows:

I AM MAN!

* * *

I AM the CHILD of CHAOS;

* * *

I AM the COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS;

* * *

I AM VISION, VOICE and VOLITION;

* * *

I AM Lord over HEAT and COLD,

* * *

I HAVE Conquered the WATER and the AIR,

* * *

OVER the Beasts of FIELD and FOREST I HOLD SWAY,

* * *

I AM the Ruler of GOD'S GREAT OUTDOORS;

* * *

I KNOW the MUSIC OF THE SPHERES,

* * *

ALONE and UNAFRAID I Vibrate to the COSMIC THRILL,

* * *

I BELONG to the UNIVERSE

* * *

AND the UNIVERSE BELONGS TO ME;

* * *

I AM NOTHING and I AM EVERYTHING.

* * *

HOW HAVE I RISEN TO MY HIGH ESTATE?

* * *

BY the POWER of MIND.

* * *

MIND is the MITIGATING FORCE;

* * *

THROUGH MIND the SUMPTUARY POWER of MATTER is Dispelled,

* * *

MIND is the OCEAN, EARTH and AIR;

* * *

MIND is ETERNITY, and ETERNITY is MIND;

* * *

MIND makes MAN MASTER OF HIS SOUL

* * *

AND SOUL makes MAN MASTER OF HIS FATE

* * *

MAN is the BIGGEST THING MAN KNOWS;

* * *

AND I——

* * *

I AM MAN—THE MASTER!

* * *

Not only had the Gloom Chasers unquestionably caught hold, but it was demonstrated as the weeks passed that they possessed what an advertising engineer terms cumulative value. Readers in increasing numbers followed Belwyn Brown's department and let the various newspapers know they liked it; the newspapers let the boiler-plate man know, and the latter in his enthusiasm attempted to sign Brown up for a year's supply at a good rate of payment. And that was when he learned to his profound regret that Brown proposed to discontinue the department altogether at the end of the third month. Nor could he be dissuaded.

So, like a transient star, the Gloom Chasers appeared, twinkled for a time in the firmament of boiler-plate journalism, and vanished. Brown had tried his experiment and he was satisfied. The sunshine idea was workable commercially. And just as the idea was too good to waste on pills, so was it too good to waste on boiler plate. Henceforth it must be applied in a larger way. It must be consecrated to a nobler cause. It must be directed to some definite great purpose. In short, it must be made to earn a lot of money for someone worthy of a lot of money. And who, after all, was so worthy of a fortune coined from sunshine as the discoverer of the sunshine theory and the first practitioner of the sunshine principle?

VI

IT MUST not be supposed that Belwyn Brown expected wealth at once. He estimated that two or three years would be required to get the sunshine idea well started. After stopping the Gloom Chasers he spent his spare time for several months in concocting poems and paragraphs which he did not publish but laid away against the time when his new venture should get upon its feet. Presently he found it necessary to take a small office and employ a stenographer to run it, but he still regarded sunshine as a side line, giving to it time only outside business hours and saying nothing of it to his associates in The Publicity Directors of the United States, Inc.—Advertising Engineers.

The stenographer was at first occupied chiefly with the making of a card system containing the names and addresses of

(Continued on Page 161)

The whole world of figures in only 10 keys—one for each numeral. Column selection is eliminated—machine puts each figure into proper column automatically.

Speeding up the handling of figure work for Simmons

R. M. Tennant, Chief Accountant of the Franklin Automobile Company, says:
"The Dalton with its simple 10-key keyboard, can be operated by touch method, enabling operator to keep her eyes right on her work—no time lost turning from work to machine and then back to hunt for the next figure. By using the Dalton we save 25% to 30% of time formerly required by other machines."

The millions of figure items handled by the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis are a reflection of the size of its business. Thousands of sales are made daily, thousands of items must be listed and billed, thousands of credits must be checked. Five of the thirteen Daltons used in Bookkeeping, Statistical, Sales and Factory departments are illustrated above.

The use of Daltons by different departments of a business emphasizes its broader application to figure work. Where great amounts of straight adding and listing are necessary, Dalton operators work by *touch method* entirely, handling the figure items without ever looking at the keys, increasing by 40% the volume of daily work.

In Cost, Purchasing, Statistical, Sales, Billing or any department where a *multiplying* machine is necessary the Dalton handles this type of figure work with an ease and speed that can only be appreciated by a demonstration under time-tests. Such a demonstration will convince any business man that a faster multiplying machine does not exist.

The great simplicity of the Dalton keyboard appeals to both operator and executive. Here is the whole world of figures in only 10 keys. No training required—no confusion in column selection—each figure is placed in its proper column by the machine automatically.

Wherever talk turns to figuring machines today, you hear the Dalton spoken of as "that wonderfully simple machine which anyone can use immediately." The words "Dalton Adding and Calculating Machine" mean a machine which will handle all branches of your figure work.

Have a Demonstration

The service of the Dalton is that of a simpler, faster figuring machine of broader application to figure work for retailer, wholesaler, manufacturer. There are thousands of Dalton users in every State, hundreds in every city. The Dalton Sales Agent in the hundred and more leading cities will gladly bring a Dalton to your office for demonstration—look for "Dalton" in your phone book.

Descriptive catalog by mail upon request.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE CO.
425 Beech Street (Norwood) Cincinnati, O.

Representative for Canada—
The United Typewriter Company, Toronto, and its branches

Dalton
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

TOLEDO

TOLEDO—No Springs—Honest Weight!
Just as the scales that made good this significant slogan revolutionized weighing in retail stores;

—So also, Toledo Springless, Automatic, Heavy-Capacity Scales are revolutionizing weighing in manufacturing and wholesaling establishments great and small the world over.

Practically every cost—of raw material—of material in process—of finished product—of haulage—of transportation—all these costs to the final consumer are, first or last, determined and measured by weight.

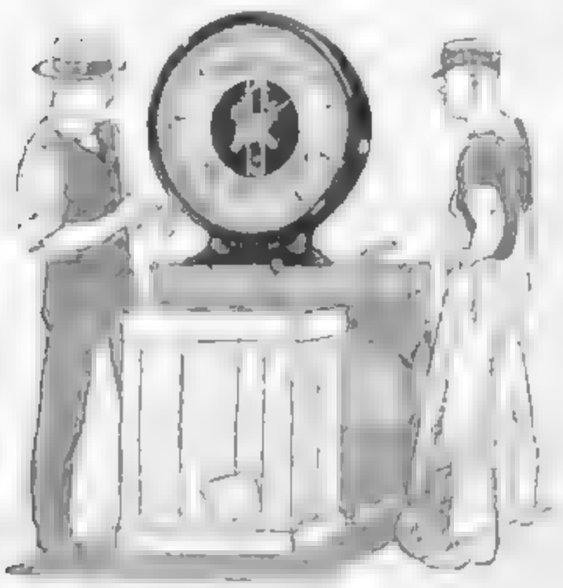
And the Toledo Pendulum Principle, measuring gravity with gravity, is irresistibly standardizing the weighing of the world's commodities; because, wherever situated, and regardless of changes of temperature, Toledo Springless Scales weigh with uniform accuracy.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales—retail scales, heavy-capacity scales, person weighers, mailing scales, scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel.

There are Toledo Scale Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and in thirty-four Foreign Countries.

Let us tell you how Toledo Scales will solve *your* weighing problems.

Toledo Scale Company
Toledo, Ohio
Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario



Toledo Springless, Automatic, Heavy-Capacity Scales

SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 158)

persons who had written Brown about the Gloom Chasers, and those of other persons catalogued in selected mailing lists which Brown bought from agents whose regular business it was to deal in names. One of these was, for instance, a list of more than fourteen thousand women who had written to the manufacturers of a beauty cream asking for a sample. For these names he paid a high rate per thousand, both because the names were fresh—the list being less than six months old—and because he believed that women who were worrying about their looks made particularly likely customers for sunshine. Similarly he bought a list of men and women who had ordered by mail a set of books by an author celebrated for uplift and optimism; also a list of persons who had answered a physical-culture advertisement headed: "Do You Get Up in the Morning Feeling Groggy?"; and another of individuals who had written to Prof. Felix Schnell, Box 674-Z, Munsonville, Indiana, answering affirmatively his published query: "Would You Like to be a Success in Life?"

It is not the purpose of this narrative to trace in detail the course of the development of the new business. Suffice it that within two years' time Brown found himself in somewhat the position of a circus rider driving a pair of horses with one foot resting on the back of each, and that at precisely the strategic juncture the talented performer removed his foot entirely from the back of the older horse belonging to Ledbetter and began to give undivided attention to the one he owned himself—namely: Sunbeams, Inc.

He might have waited a little longer to make the final shift had not the Federal authorities shown signs of sudden interest in Ledbetter's transactions in connection with the advertising of stock in a goldless gold mine. Though Brown himself had not handled this account he was able to perceive a certain family resemblance between it and that of the oilless oil-well business, over the advertising of which he had personally presided.

It seemed upon the whole an auspicious time to make a change, and it occurred to him that in doing so it might be well to write Ledbetter an indignant letter of resignation, putting the blame for the oil-well advertising squarely upon him. This he did—after having cashed his final check for salary and commissions. And though he was careful to keep a copy of the letter, as things turned out he never needed it—the Federal authorities having for some unexplained reason seemed more interested in goldless gold than in oilless oil.

From the time Brown ceased to be an advertising engineer and became a wholesale vendor of sunshine the new business grew with great rapidity. The theory on which he worked, stated in its simplest form, was that of something over one hundred million persons in the United States all were potential purchasers of sunshine of one kind or another, at one price or another; it being his particular concern to convert as many as possible of these prospects into actual buyers. The foundation of his scheme was a monthly publication called The Sunbeam, consisting of sixteen pages artistically printed—which is to say, printed on a very inexpensive kind of thin wrapping paper. Its contents were written by Belwyn Brown, save in some instances when he complimented other writers by reprinting certain utterances of theirs which he deemed worthy to be placed beside his own. Thus, though Brown himself unquestionably did most of the writing for The Sunbeam he was to some extent assisted by Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Elmer Phineas Lord, Shakspere, Montaigne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin, Phœbe Fairweather Vance, John Bunyan, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abigail Wheeler Sweet, Cervantes and Effie Eggleston Fosdick, the Sweet Singer of Ashtabula.

The price of The Sunbeam was a dollar a year, out of which Brown figured to make a profit of at least fifty cents. When three years had passed, one out of every 4479 persons in the United States was a subscriber, and the subscription list was jumping rapidly toward the fifty-thousand mark. And even so, the little magazine was not the department of Sunbeams, Inc., in which the largest margin of profit was made. Besides regular subscribers at one dollar there were preferred subscribers at $2.50 a year, these receiving besides the magazine twelve mottoes or poems by such writers as Belwyn Brown, Shakspere, Emerson and Stevenson—suitable for framing; and the Annual Sunbeam Calendar, an elaborate-looking thing illustrated with colored copies of masterpieces of art and rendered beautiful to intellect as well as eye by an appropriate sentiment for each day. Special preferred subscribers, at five dollars, received besides these articles the Sunbeam Daily Date Pad—including handsome nickel stand for same—and a beautiful duotone engraving of Belwyn Brown, with his finger resting poetically upon his forehead, and his autograph—guaranteed genuine—below. Or for $7.50 one might become an extra preferred subscriber and secure, along with the portrait of the master, a large cream-colored mat upon which Brown would inscribe a sentiment, not to exceed fifty words in length, selected from his works. Or, best of all, for ten dollars one could become an élite subscriber, receiving all the treasures mentioned above, and in addition a choice between two volumes of Belwyn Brown's poems, printed on heavy handmade deckle-edge paper, numbered, signed by the author, and bound in "limp ooze," suitable for carriage in the shopping bag or pocket. These two volumes were Sunbeam Songs, generally preferred by women, and Rimes for Roughnecks, attuned more to the virile taste of hairy, hoarse-voiced males.

As the business expanded, subsidiary departments were added: A Sunbeam sickroom service, a children's department and a holiday-card division. For the sickroom Brown issued his daily Capsules of Cheer at one dollar a week; for children he got out Tender Tinklings for Tiny Tots, while in the holiday-card section a large trade with stationery dealers promised to develop, aside from the direct mail-order service.

By the time the European War broke out Sunbeams, Inc., was occupying considerable space for offices and the storage of its printed matter, was employing a good deal of inexpensive office help, and was yielding an excellent income to its proprietor and guiding spirit. From the beginning of the war Brown proclaimed vigorously with voice and pen his belief in the doctrine "Business as usual"; and as long as business did continue as usual he had no particular objection to the war. When the United States went in he became a little bit uneasy and shouted "Business as usual" louder than before; and for a time it looked as though "Business as usual" might become the national policy.

But it did not.

Came the draft, the shortage in labor and materials, greatly increased costs and heavy taxes; and though one might have supposed that the harrowing effect of war on people's minds would make the Sunbeam market better than ever, that did not prove to be the case.

Brown now began to be deeply interested in the war. He believed in "force, force without stint." America could not send too many soldiers to suit him. The thing to do was to clean it up—get it over with. If the war didn't end pretty soon everybody would be broke!

It became difficult to get sufficient paper for his various requirements. Brown attempted to convince a governmental body having jurisdiction over paper distribution that the business of disseminating sunbeams was now more than ever an essential industry, but he could not get the narrow-minded creatures to see it.

And yet it must be said for Belwyn Brown that throughout the period of confusion and depression he took his own medicine. Even when the financial return from Sunbeams, Inc., was cut in half he gazed confidently into the future, under a deep conviction that everything would be all right again once the war was over. So though it now became necessary to reduce the sunbeams service all along the line he devoted much time to the preparation of new sunbeam campaigns to be launched when the normal trend of things should have been resumed.

VII

IT WAS in the course of his planning for post-bellum developments that Belwyn Brown conceived the idea of going to Europe. At home there was nothing to do but struggle along under the handicaps of war. He had enough sunbeams laid by to last a year. The only work that regularly required attention was the setting up, printing and mailing of The Sunbeam every month, and the routine of filling such

A New Way to Bake

A Most Difficult Dish

Some Years Ago

The scientific cooks in the Van Camp laboratories took up the study of Baked Beans.

These are experts, college trained in culinary science, chemistry and dietetics.

One problem was to make Baked Beans digestible. Another was to make them more likable. It took them four years to solve these problems, and the cost was about $100,000.

They Studied Beans

First, they studied beans to learn which beans are best. Now all the beans used in Van Camp's are selected by analysis.

They found that boiling in hard water made beans tough. So all our water is now freed from minerals.

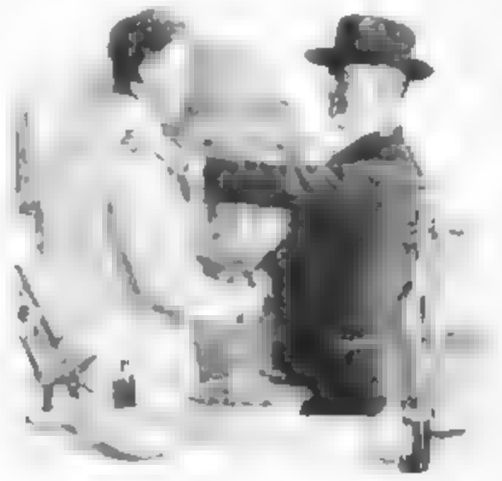
They Studied Baking

Beans baked in old ways were unfit. They were very hard to digest. They were broken and crisped in the baking.

So they devised steam ovens where the beans were baked for hours under pressure at 245 degrees. They came out easy to digest, yet whole and mealy, uncrisped and unbroken.

They Tested Sauces

They made and compared 856 sauces to attain the pinnacle of zest. And they bake that sauce with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares its delightful tang.



Men Are Delighted

Hundreds of men have come to Van Camp's to congratulate these experts on this new-day dish. Thousands of men every day go to lunch at restaurants which serve Van Camp's. And to hundreds of thousands this dish has brought a new conception of Baked Beans.

If you don't know this ideal dish, order a few cans now.

VAN CAMP'S

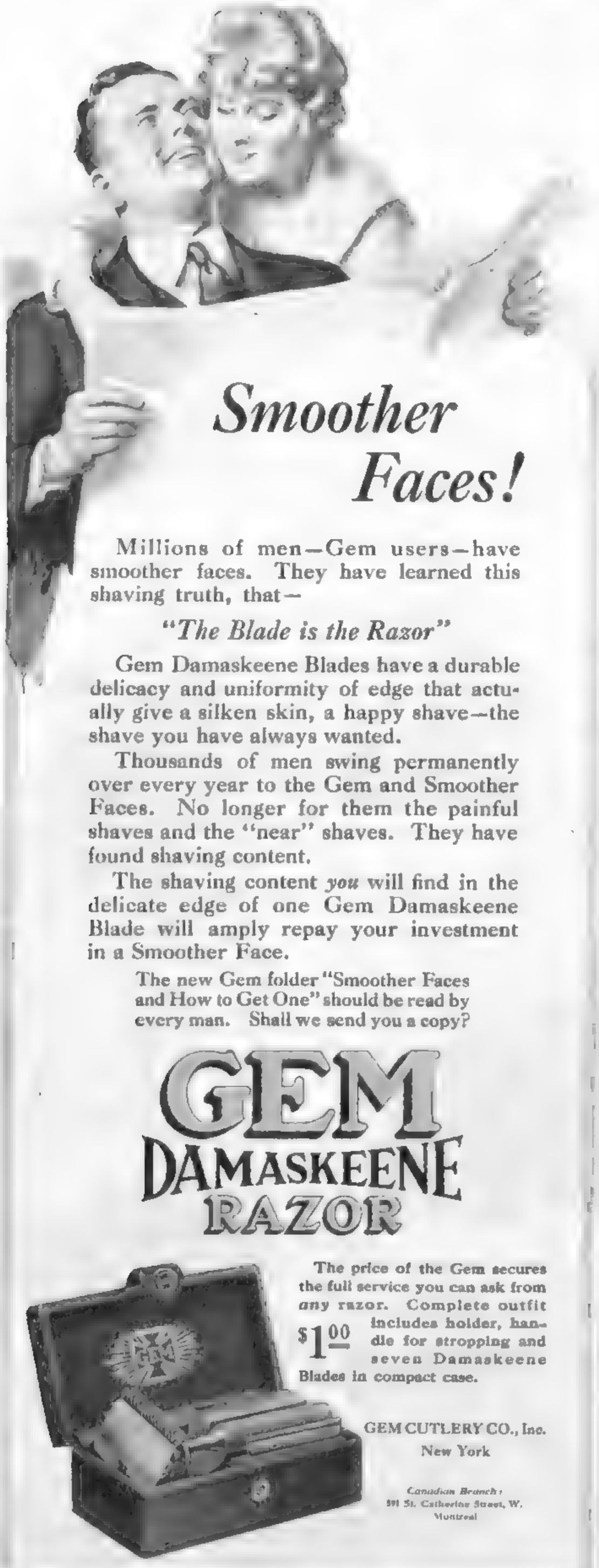
Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Smoother Faces!

Millions of men—Gem users—have smoother faces. They have learned this shaving truth, that—

"The Blade is the Razor"

Gem Damaskeene Blades have a durable delicacy and uniformity of edge that actually give a silken skin, a happy shave—the shave you have always wanted.

Thousands of men swing permanently over every year to the Gem and Smoother Faces. No longer for them the painful shaves and the "near" shaves. They have found shaving content.

The shaving content *you* will find in the delicate edge of one Gem Damaskeene Blade will amply repay your investment in a Smoother Face.

The new Gem folder "Smoother Faces and How to Get One" should be read by every man. Shall we send you a copy?

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The price of the Gem secures the full service you can ask from *any* razor. Complete outfit includes holder, handle for stropping and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact case.

$1.00

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc.
New York

Canadian Branch:
591 St. Catherine Street, W.
Montreal

orders in other lines as could be filled. His office manager, formerly a young reporter on the Dispatch, could handle all this.

Europe, upon the other hand, began to beckon Belwyn Brown. He and Europe had never met each other. It seemed time that this was remedied. It was always good for Sunbeams, Inc., to have its proprietor travel. He made new contacts, gathered new ideas for sunbeams, brought in new subscriptions. And now, in Europe, what a chance! More than two million huskies in need of uplift and good cheer! More than two million lads, most of whom would be back in the United States after a while, and every one of whom would then become a possible subscriber for one sort of sunbeam service or another. He could go over, shoot sunbeams into them, earn their gratitude and friendship, and thus line them up for the future. For he had read enough about the war to know that over there you could get at the men in bunches—at wholesale, as it were.

Think of millions of American boys living in a foreign land amid cooties, rats and mud! Mud meant rain, rain meant gloom. What, then, was most vitally needed by our boys in France? Sunshine! Sunshine would win the war!

Within two or three days of the time when the thought first struck him he had manufactured samples of a new line of wares, which he called Sunbeams For Sammies. These he took to Washington, where he presently succeeded in submitting them to the secretary to an assistant secretary. This dignitary was so impressed with Brown's productions that he immediately summoned his own third assistant secretary, who was in charge of the Bureau of Uplift. Some of Brown's samples were then read aloud:

"SUNBEAM SAMMY SAYS: 'Take it from me, Pard: There ain't no Ordnance Officer as kin measure the muzzle velocity of a Grin!'"

. . .

"SMILE, and make the Hun of Hardship cry, 'KAMERAD!'"

. . .

When everything looks dark without,
Amid the battle's din,
The darkest dugout's lighted
By the glamour of a Grin.

"Bomb the crossing of Peevish Ave. and Grouch St. with a Blazing Burst of SUNSHINE."

. . .

"Lay down a Barrage of Smiles and see the Boche of Bitterness beat it back over the No Man's Land of Gloom."

. . .

When Despair is pressing fiercest,
Comes Joy's Army down the miles,
With a thousand sunbeams glinting
From its bayonets of Smiles!

In the face of such art as this, what could the secretary to an assistant secretary say? After speaking to Brown solemnly about morale and functioning and things like that he authorized him to sail forthwith to France, there to spill sunbeams upon the American Expeditionary Force.

"Get in a few raps at bad language and the tobacco habit if you can," were his last words to Brown as he departed.

Brown was in France six months. He never learned just what the soldiers thought of him, because even in the S. O. S. discipline was strict. The men really behaved very well when Brown spilled sunbeams on them—especially after someone warned him to stop calling them Sammies. He talked to them by the thousands. And then one day he heard that the armistice had been signed. The war was over. He had told them all along what would end it. Over and over again he had declared: "Sunshine will win the war." And now this prophecy had come true. Sunshine had won!

The ship on which he came home was full of generals and economists and colonels and correspondents and majors and assistant secretaries of government departments and captains and socialists and admirals and Y workers and lieutenant commanders and nurses and lieutenants and Red Cross people and doughboys. Brown did not spend any time with the doughboys or other minor persons but consorted as much as possible with the more important figures.

The more he conversed with them the more he was amazed. For whereas in the past the biggest men with whom he had a chance to compare himself were merely successful New York merchants and the like, he now perceived that even when he stacked up against men who were real world figures he still showed to good advantage. It was just a matter of personality. Lots of these men didn't have much personality. There was one of them, for instance, to whom he talked for two hours without finding out who he was or what he had been doing in Europe. He figured him as just some plain little business man of no particular importance. Yet who should this very fellow turn out to be but one of Hoover's chief assistants—a big man—a man who knew all the kings and generals and statesmen! Yet—would you believe it?—he never said a word about any of it; and worse still, instead of mixing with other important men he would go and spend hours talking with the doughboys. This practice struck Brown as so peculiar that he was impelled to speak of it.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked the man one day, "why you associate with the doughboys so much?"

"Because they let me," the other answered.

"But you can associate with the most important men on board if you want to."

The man stared.

"If you can show me anybody more important than the doughboy not only on this ship but in this world," he said, "I'd like very much to talk with him. Only I don't know of any such person."

Brown had thought well of Hoover until then, but from that time he doubted him. He might know about food perhaps, but if he would have as one of his chief assistants a man who talked such nonsense as that there must be something the matter with Hoover himself too. One thing was certain: He, Belwyn Brown, could teach almost any one of these eminent men a good deal about the art of getting themselves across.

In New York he saw that even the doughboys were getting themselves across more than the big men were. There were no committees of welcome except for the doughboys. There were parades by and for them. There was a stucco arch for them to march through. Everybody else who had been to France was being lost sight of. It was all wrong. The doughboy was well enough in his way, of course, but there were others who were not getting the recognition they deserved. Himself, for instance. What sacrifices he had made for his country! Had he not dropped his affairs, risked the perils of the deep, and gone to France to win the war with sunshine? And was he to be forgotten now that he was back? Not if he could help it. And having been an advertising engineer he thought he could.

XXI

BELWYN BROWN was not the only man of his era on the Dispatch to have achieved success in a field outside of journalism. Bolton, who left the paper shortly after Brown, to become editor of Tittle-Tattle, had later branched out for himself in a line of business no less unusual than Brown's. Unlike Brown, however, Bolton did not choose to figure as master of his own affairs, but preferred to be thought of as a salaried manager acting on behalf of an organization of eminent men and women. This organization was called The Pundits Club, and on its handsomely embossed letterheads Bolton's name figured modestly below a lot of other names. His title was corresponding secretary, and he made it a point generally to assume the modest mien of an employee.

"I shall have to consult our board of governors," he would say; or: "I shall have to ask our president about that before giving you an answer."

Yet as a matter of fact he did not have to consult anybody. He himself was The Pundits Club. He owned and operated it. His bank account was its bank account—or, rather, its was his. His officers were dummies—men who liked to speak in public, and who let their names be used on the understanding that they should have no work and no responsibility and should be called upon to speak at a banquet once a year—for the liquor habit is a minor vice compared with the public-speaking habit.

That suited Bolton. He was the membership committee, the dinner committee, the committee on speakers. The work and the responsibility were his. Also his were the profits. And given some knowledge of the inner machinery of The Pundits Club the profits were easy to compute. Eight or ten banquets were given each year, beginning in

(Continued on Page 165)

The seventh Rex Paver, bought in 1913 by C. W. Blakeslee & Sons, New Haven, Conn. At work on one of its 1919 jobs

The Seventh Rex—and Six Years

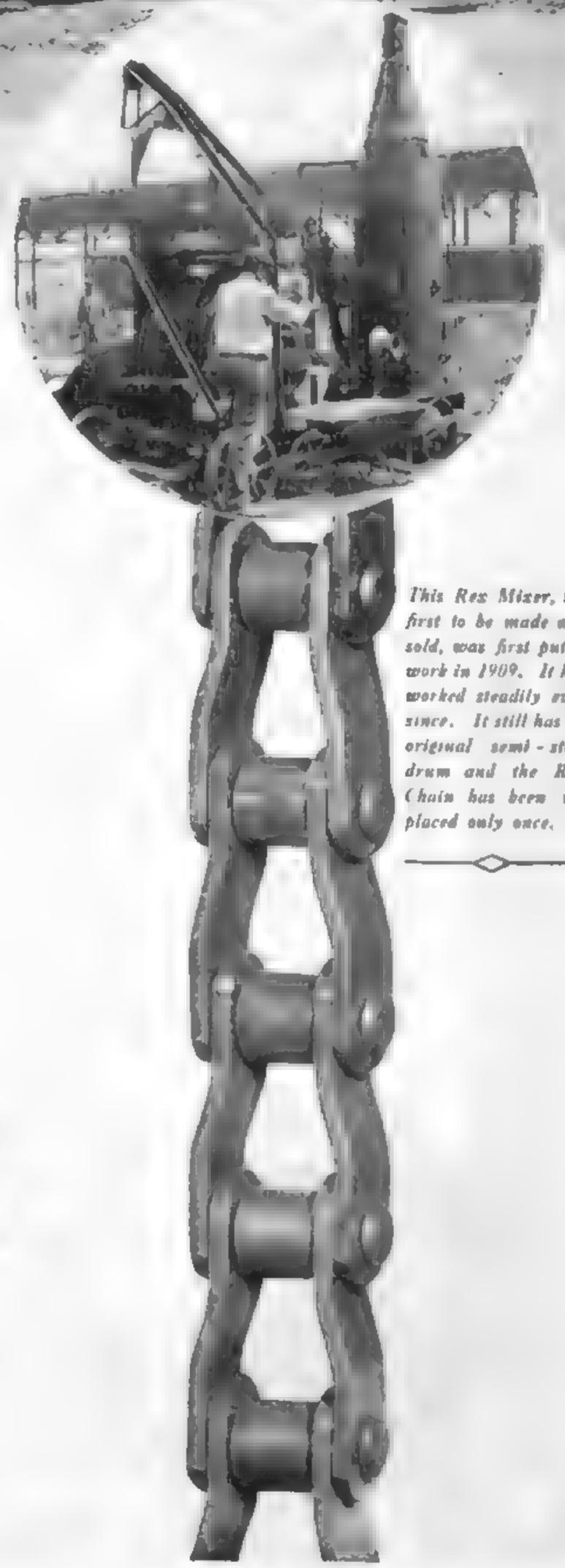
The seventh Rex Paver to be manufactured was bought six years ago by C. W. Blakeslee & Sons of New Haven, Conn. In its first season it made so fine a record for amount and quality of concrete laid, and for freedom from trouble, that three more were bought in 1914.

These four Rex Pavers worked constantly on such jobs as the Milford turnpike—a much traveled concrete pavement that has shown only one crack in its 4¼ miles. When not at work for their owners the pavers were rented by other contractors.

All the time they handled in their "mixes" the extremely abrasive trap rock of Southern Connecticut—the most drum-destroying aggregate known to our concrete engineers. Yet today all four of these Rex Pavers still have their original semi-steel drums. Only the blades and buckets of some drums have been replaced. And repairs and replacements in general have been so small that their cost per year is considered negligible by Mr. Blakeslee.

The record of this battery of four Rex Pavers, their steady work, low repair costs, and ease of operation, illustrate why so many contractors are adding Rex Pavers to their fleets.

Send for the booklets describing the Rex line of Concrete Mixers and Pavers. You will be especially interested in the 14 E Paver—equipped with enclosed cut-gear transmission and designed for work with either a 20-foot distributing boom or a 15-foot spout.



This Rex Mixer, the first to be made and sold, was first put to work in 1909. It has worked steadily ever since. It still has its original semi-steel drum and the Rex Chain has been replaced only once.

REX PAVERS AND MIXERS

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA DETROIT PITTSBURGH ST. LOUIS

How the Star Saw is Different

Star Hack Saws are standardized to a few pitches and gauges for cutting the widest range of metal shapes and sizes because of the different tooth shape in the Star Blade.

Each tooth is undercut to a hook-like point which gives an acute cutting angle that cuts off the metal instead of scraping or digging it off as a less acute cutting angle will do. And this effective cutting continues through the heaviest sawing and the hardest wear.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

made of Tungsten Steel

Machine and Hand *Flexible and All Hard*

Write for our free book "Hack Saw Efficiency" A valuable hand-book for everyone who saws metal

The Star tooth shape is made possible because it is milled on our special mammoth lathe tool instead of being milled flat with the ordinary cutter. And because the Star method of heat-treating has developed a way to get extra toughness in our high percentage tungsten steel, the Star Blade will hold its acute angled tooth points even under the heaviest kind of cutting conditions.

The Teeth on Star Blades are also cut and set to give a three-way clearance that clears the saw teeth of chips and keeps them always free to cut.

That is why Star Standardized Blades so excel in fast cutting, heavy cutting and universal use. Star Blades are standardized on medium sized gauges and teeth like the ten tooth, eighteen gauge power blade which will saw anything and everything except the very heaviest and very lightest work. With the Star you don't need a lot of sizes. You can put a Star Blade in your saw and it will eat up almost anything you want to saw and do it more easily and quickly and at a lower cost.

Star Service men are in all the chief cities. Address our office at Millers Falls, Mass.

Star Hack Saws are sold by leading supply houses, hardware jobbers and retailers everywhere.

Write for our free book "Hack Saw Efficiency." A valuable handbook for everyone who saws metal.

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

(Continued from Page 162)

the fall and ending in the early spring. A ticket to one of the banquets cost six dollars. The actual cost of the banquet to Bolton was approximately half that amount. The difference made his income. Altogether, you see, it was a nice clean business, easy to handle and—Bolton had his lawyer's word for it—entirely within the law.

Don't imagine that anybody could buy a ticket to a Pundits banquet. No indeed! To buy a ticket you had to be a member. And to become a member you had to be invited. Oh yes; The Pundits was exclusive—very. But there was nothing commercial about it—no initiation fee or dues; the object as stated in the club's prospectus was simply to get together a body of congenial people who liked to dine out and hear interesting speakers.

A great many people in New York like to dine out and hear interesting speakers. Most of them live in family hotels. Suppose yourself one of these. You receive some fine morning an impressive document. At the head of it are the names of the officers of The Pundits Club. Many of these names are vaguely familiar. Below is an engraved invitation. Your name is written in. The corresponding secretary of The Pundits Club begs to inform you that by order of the board of governors you are invited to become a member. You are flattered. How did they come to invite you? Evidently some member of the board of governors has found out that you are a person who likes to keep up with current affairs. You've often read in the newspapers about the banquets of The Pundits. They have important speakers—celebrities. You like to see and hear celebrities. Moreover, you get awfully tired of meals from your hotel kitchen. You write to the corresponding secretary and accept the invitation.

Thenceforth you are a Pundit and receive a notice of each banquet. Nor does it ever occur to you that in joining this distinguished body you are performing an act about equivalent to buying a theater seat or subscribing for a magazine. No. This seems altogether different. This is a club. You are a member. You can go to the banquets, and when you read about them in your newspaper next morning you can say to yourself proudly: "I was there!" When you read what some speaker said you can say to yourself: "I should have heard him say that if I had only sat a little nearer to the speakers' table."

There is always the chance too that something still more wonderful may happen. Now and then there appears in some newspaper a list of some of the persons who were present.

Some day your name may appear on such a list. Think of that! You can buy a lot of copies of the paper, mark them, and send them to friends in remote places to show them that you're somebody in New York now. The hotel clerk and the chambermaid will be interested too.

Of the men on the Dispatch in Belwyn Brown's time Bolton was the only one of whom the proprietor of Sunbeams, Inc., had kept track. Four or five times a year the two would meet, lunch or dine together and discuss their respective affairs. Thus Brown not only watched the growth of The Pundits Club, but acted occasionally as an adviser to his friend. To advise he had to understand the inner workings of the club, and he was one of the very few persons who did. As he watched Bolton's progress his respect for Bolton grew. In the early days the corresponding secretary had been glad enough to get a prominent actor or actress as a guest of honor, filling in his list of speakers with judges of the state courts, and lawyers and politicians whose reputations were distinctly local; but now that the club was in full swing no one was too big to be a guest of honor at its banquets, nor was there in the city any banquet hall too big for the crowds that Bolton could cause to gather—at six dollars a plate.

He had by this time entertained visiting princes and other persons of the higher European aristocracy, ambassadors, cabinet members and leading senators from Washington, opera singers and musicians of the first rank, generals, admirals, explorers, great inventors, authors of the highest distinction and the presidents of gigantic corporations. It had come to be understood that there were always many interesting people at these banquets; and even interesting people themselves will go to banquets sometimes to meet other interesting people. It was all plain sailing for Bolton now.

Soon after his return from Europe Belwyn Brown invited Bolton to lunch. Neither one of them could have told now whether Rafaelli's so much as existed any more, and even Sullivan's had sunk in their opinion to the rank of an obscure second-rate restaurant. They lunched at a great hotel on Fifth Avenue, and as they entered the dining room the head waiter bowed and called them by their names.

Until now Brown had not thought in a long time of the farewell banquet given him years before upon the occasion of his leaving the staff of the Dispatch. He could not have told you what had become of the absurdly small loving cup of thin silver presented to him then. Long ago he had put that cup away upon a dark, dusty closet shelf, corresponding with the shelf of memory upon which the recollection of the dinner itself had been placed.

Yet now in a curious way his mind harked back to that dinner and that cup. For they had done him good. Insignificant as they were they had helped him. They had given him his first publicity and had assisted him materially in his new job. It was an excellent thing for a man to have a banquet given in his honor and to receive a loving cup. And the larger the banquet and the cup, the better. Strange that Bolton should have been the moving genius in that affair of long ago! For it was Brown's intention now to let Bolton do the same thing for him again; the same thing—yet, paradoxically, not the same thing at all.

After telling Bolton something of his work in France and assuring him that sunbeams had been the decisive factor in the war he spoke reminiscently of the old days.

"Last night," he said, "I got to thinking about that banquet you gave for me when I left the Dispatch. Some fellows forget things like that, but I don't. I suppose it's sentimentality in me, but I've always felt that memory as a tie between us."

"You've forgotten," Bolton put in. "I didn't get up that banquet. It was Jimmy Otis."

Brown brushed Jimmy Otis aside with a wave of the hand. "He may have thought of it," he said, "but it took you to carry it out. That was the first time any of us realized your genius for handling such things. I guess perhaps it was the first time you realized it yourself."

"I was a bit surprised at myself," Bolton said. "I wouldn't call it genius, though."

"Cut out the false modesty, old man," said Brown, patting his friend on the shoulder. "It is genius. Nobody else in New York can pull off a big dinner the way you can. Well, then, admit it. Admit it the same as I admit it when I've really accomplished something big."

Bolton looked at him and waited.

"That brings me to what I want to talk to you about," Brown went on. "The fact is, Bolton, a lot of the men who have done big things in this war are going to be lost in the shuffle when it comes to passing round the credit unless they get busy and see that they get what's coming to them. Take my own case: I deserve recognition, but who's going to know it if I sit tight and say nothing? That would be the easy thing to do, but is it the right thing to do? No. It isn't fair to the public or to me. The people of this country have a right to know what a force the sunshine idea was. Of course there are lots of ways that it can be got over to them but, as I said before, I'm sentimental. You gave me that first banquet and loving cup, years ago, when I was starting. Our friendship has gone on ever since. I always knew you'd make good, and you have made good. I've been able to advise with you—to help you a little, I trust. And you've watched *my* progress. Well, you gave me that little testimonial banquet, so now when I've really got something to deliver I want you to be the one to give me a big banquet. Naturally there are many organizations that would be glad to do it now, just to hear what I've got to say about sunshine and the war, but I want you to do it, for auld lang syne. I want The Pundits to do it. I want ——"

"It's getting pretty late in the season," Bolton said. "We were going to have only one more dinner, and for that we were going to have the Duke of Felixstowe and the Secretary of ——"

"That's all right," Brown said. "Let them speak at my dinner. So much the

Quaker Flour

Made in New-Day, Scientific Ways

Note Its Whiteness And Its Fineness

Quaker Flour, when you once see it, will change your whole conception of fine flour.

You'll expect that, for the Quaker brand would never go on ordinary flour.

Just for curiosity, get a sack and try it. You know how we excel in other cereal products. See how we excel in this.

Here is a super-grade flour—a Quaker grade. We use in it only one-half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest part.

It is made by experts, in a model mill filled with the latest equipment. Chemists constantly analyze it. Bakers right in the mill constantly bake with it.

In two countries this flour has become a sensation. It has won a million users already. From one mill we have grown to five mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

There are other millions who would like such flour. Soon or late they are bound to get it—but why wait?

Your grocer may have it now. If not, he will get it for you. Quaker Flour is a great trade-bringer, and grocers are finding it out.

Ask for it—get a sack to try. After that, you will never be content with ordinary flour.

* * * * *

Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

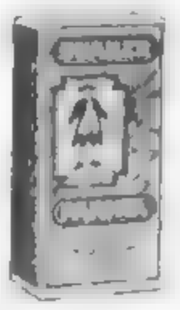
This is a package flour—a superfine flour, made from special wheat in a special way for dainties. The flour is self-raising. The leavening mixture is always the same and always exactly right. The sealed package with top keeps it ever-fresh.

This is better than any bread flour for biscuits, pancakes, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, etc. Let one package prove this to you.

Quaker Farina

Quaker Farina is the choicest bits of inner wheat in granulated form. We use in making it only 50 per cent of the kernel.

In this granulated form this inner wheat makes a delightful breakfast dainty. Also fritters, griddle cakes, waffles, etc.



Quaker Farina is fancy farina without a fancy price. A finer grade is impossible. You should find it out.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

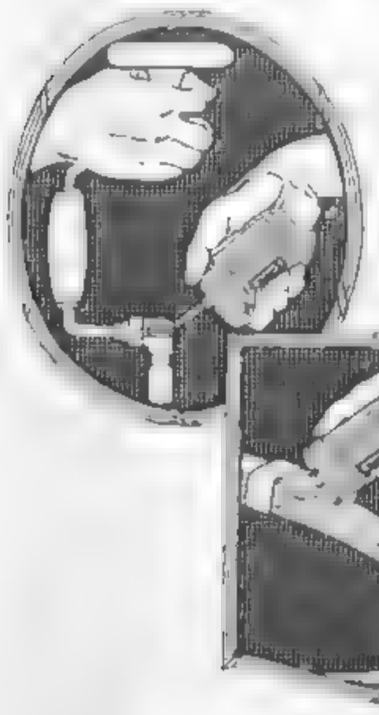
Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa — Peterborough, Ontario — Sudbury, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

3150

Jobs For Fighters

In the Service—You learned the wonderful lubricating, cleaning, polishing and rust preventing qualities of 3-in-One. It kept the mechanism of your rifle or sidearms always working right—bore, barrel and bayonet clean and rust free.

In Civil Life—3-in-One will help you to do the hundred and one odd jobs you found awaiting your return from overseas or training camp. 3-in-One will put your tools in working order and keep them that way—oils properly locks, clocks, sewing machines and other light mechanisms—prevents rust on all metals.



Automatic and other tools work better and last longer if oiled and rubbed regularly with 3-in-One to prevent wear and rust. Polishes wooden handles. Keeps saws from sticking. Fine for oilstones.

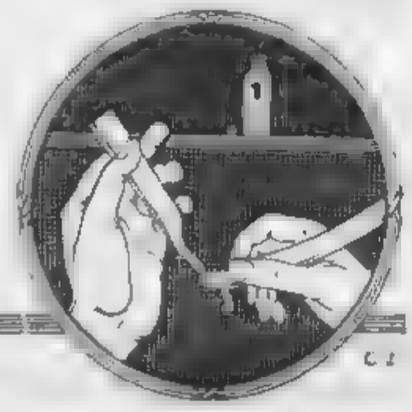
Stop auto spring squeaks by squirting 3-in-One along edges and on ends of leaves. The right lubricant for Ford Commutators and all Magnetos. Keeps leather and imitation leather upholstery soft. Polishes body. A little in water makes wind-shield shine.

3-in-One is the high quality oil for all light mechanisms. It's light enough to penetrate thoroughly and viscous enough to stay in the bearings and lubricate perfectly. Free from grit, grease and acid. Won't gum, dry out or burn out at high speeds. At all good stores. Prices, east of Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c, 50c in bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Write for both on a postal card.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165EUG. Broadway, New York City.

Take the pull out of shaving by drawing blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One before stropping and after shaving. This prevents rust forming between the microscopic teeth which form the edge of every razor. A little 3-in-One rubbed into your strop occasionally makes it "take hold" of the razor better.



better. I want other big men there anyhow. Of course I realize that their names would draw more than mine, even if I had done a lot more than they had. That's just the point. I've kept in the background too much, old man. I don't care who else speaks, as long as I'm the guest of honor. There'll be glory enough for all."

Bolton showed no enthusiasm.

"You must remember, Brown," he said, "that with The Pundits everything is strictly business. You know how it has been built up. It wouldn't be anything if we gave dinners to people who—to people who, whatever their merits, weren't known all over the world."

"But you don't realize what I did in France."

"I haven't any doubt that you did wonders," Bolton said. "That's not the point, old man. The question is: Do members of The Pundits realize it? Will they come?"

"We'll make them realize it!" Brown declared. "And as far as their coming is concerned—why, of course they'll do that if you line up the usual lot of celebrities. That's just the point."

"These banquets aren't nearly so profitable as they used to be," Bolton said ruefully. "Food prices have jumped so I can't make favorable arrangements with the hotels any more. Of course I have to give The Pundits a fairly decent meal. But where I used to be able to knock out from two-eighty to three-twenty a plate for myself, I'm lucky now if I clear a dollar and a half, after the printing, souvenirs and dinners for invited guests are settled for."

"As far as that goes," said Brown quickly, "I'll be glad to pay for all the extras myself."

"That puts a different face on it," replied Bolton, warming perceptibly. "After all, this club is my living, you know."

"Of course. What do you think the extras will come to?"

"Five hundred ought to cover everything."

"Including a loving cup?"

"No. Just the fixed charges. Do you want a cup too?"

"Yes," said Brown. "I'll arrange about that myself though. But I do think a big handsome cup inscribed from The Pundits Club to me would be rather effective, don't you?"

Bolton thought it would.

"Then," said Brown, as they left the table, "we may regard the whole thing as settled. Where do you think you'll hold it?"

Bolton mentioned the grand ballroom of an immense hotel.

"Now that we've fixed the business end of it," he said genially, "I want you to know that I'll try to make this the greatest banquet The Pundits ever gave. It will be the biggest affair of the season if I can make it so."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Brown with fervor as he wrung the other's hand. "Thanks more than I can say, old man! No one knows better than I what you can accomplish when you want to."

***

THE very invitations to the banquet given by The Pundits Club in honor of Belwyn Brown foreshadowed a supreme event. Brown wished them to do that, and as he paid for them himself there was no stinting. They were enormous invitations, in enormous envelopes, on enormously thick paper from which the engraving protruded in relief so high as immediately to tempt exploring thumbs. The large script lettering was uniform in size, save for two lines displayed in even taller characters—these setting forth respectively the name of the club and that of the guest of honor.

On the second sheet were forty famous names making up an invitation committee; and a separate card inclosed with each invitation gave a list of those who would speak. As guest of honor Belwyn Brown's name naturally headed this list. Next came His Grace the Duke of Felixstowe, K. G., next a member of the cabinet, then one of the world's most celebrated soldiers, then a great economist, and last a famous explorer.

Never had The Pundits Club presented such a program. Ten days before the banquet was to take place all the tickets were disposed of, and a hundred or two Pundits who applied too late had their checks returned to them.

A good many of The Pundits, receiving these invitations, wondered who Belwyn Brown was. Someone of great consequence, of course. That went without saying. Otherwise The Pundits would not be giving him a banquet. Besides, look at the list of speakers that he headed, and at the distinguished names on the invitation committee. The accumulated evidence of Belwyn Brown's importance caused many a Pundit to feel ashamed of knowing nothing of him, and to fear to reveal the ignorance by making inquiries.

Came at last the night of the great banquet. Came the rank and file of male and female Pundits, filling the places at the countless round tables crowding the ballroom floor; came the more exalted Pundits—those who allowed their names to be used upon the club's letterhead—to occupy the places at the long table on the dais at one end of the vast rococo chamber; came the wives and daughters of these, in jewels and silks, to fill the double tier of gilded boxes surrounding three sides of the room; came the reporters, who were the only people not in evening dress, and the only people, save the speakers, to get in free; came the corresponding secretary of The Pundits Club, to act, this time, as toastmaster; came the five famous speakers with their speeches rumbling in their heads; came the guest of honor.

He came a little early in a limousine. That, he felt, was the way a man ought to arrive at a banquet given in his honor—alone in a limousine. The gold-braided carriage starter opened the door of the car and Brown alighted. He paused and drew from his well-filled wallet a dollar bill which he gave to the chauffeur as a tip. The limousine itself was charged to his account. He ascended in a crowded elevator to the banquet floor. The other people in the elevator got out at that floor too. Though none of them knew him they were going to his banquet. He could imagine how they would have whispered had they known who he was. "That's Belwyn Brown!" they would have said behind their hands.

"It's all for me!" he thought as he passed through the mob of Pundits in the corridors, to leave his silk hat and his fur-lined overcoat in the special room provided for those at the speakers' table. "It's all for me!" he thought as he entered the vast ballroom and saw the great flags draped behind the long elevated table at the exact center of which he was to sit. "It's all for me!" he thought as he stepped up to his place and shook the hand of Bolton. "It's all for me!" he kept saying to himself as Bolton escorted him down the line of celebrities, introducing them to him one after another. "It's all for me!" he reflected warmly as he dropped into the chair at Bolton's right and with an exaltation of the spirit such as he had never before felt surveyed the huge, crowded, glittering room.

People at the tables stared up at the speakers, indicating to one another the distinguished guests. Brown was conscious of their glances when they rested upon him. They were talking about him.

"That must be Belwyn Brown," they were saying—"Belwyn Brown himself!"

He knew how they felt. At many another banquet he had sat where they were sitting—at the ordinary tables. He had looked up, as they were looking, to admire and envy the important figures. It had often struck him that men at speakers' tables looked calmer, more genial and more worldly than men ever looked in other places, and that as they leaned back and conversed with one another their shirt bosoms seemed whiter and more spacious than those of other men. Did he look now as guests of honor looked at other dinners? Did his shirt bosom have that special splendor? He hoped so. And he believed so. For what a haberdasher, a tailor, and a Belwyn Brown could do in combination—these things had assuredly been done.

Full dress! How he loved to see people in full dress! And all for him! This festival indeed presented a picture of brilliant dignity such as may be attained only where lustrous shirt bosoms and silken facings garnish the banquet board. To be sure, Brown did see a few men wearing dinner jackets—or, as some people called them, tuxedos. His sense of propriety was somewhat jarred by the spectacle. Didn't they know that dinner jackets were correct only at gatherings attended solely by men—informal gatherings? He took his own coat by the lapels and adjusted the set of it.

"The thing to do," he reflected comfortably, "is always to be dressed correctly

(Continued on Page 169)

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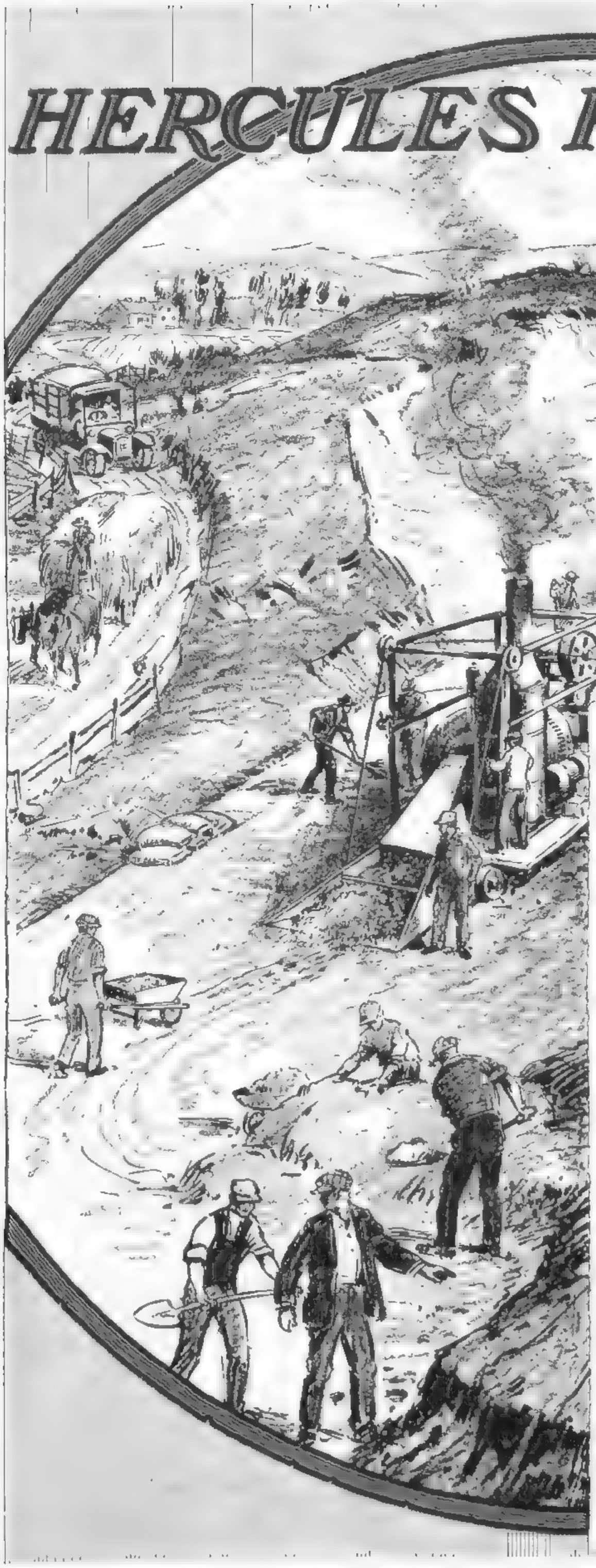

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(Continued from Page 166)

for the occasion, regardless of what others may wear." For years this had been his philosophy of dress. He had practiced it so long he had forgotten how and when he first developed it

The head waiter—the head of all the head waiters—stood directly behind Brown's chair and with his own hands poured his cocktail. It struck Brown as a very smooth cocktail indeed, having been made, of course, by an expert, and of the best materials.

"You're certainly doing this thing up in great shape," he said, turning to Bolton. "You've got a mighty good head on you, old man. By the way—the loving cup got here all right, didn't it? They promised to deliver it at six, sharp."

"Yes," Bolton replied, "I have it right here under the table. I haven't opened the case, but from the size and weight it ought to be quite a nice cup."

"Of course it is," Brown answered. "Didn't I pick it out? There's nothing ornate about it. It's just a simple colonial design. But it's some cup! With the marking it cost a hundred and eighty dollars."

Though, as has been said, there were many Pundits who feared to display ignorance by asking who Belwyn Brown was, it must not be supposed that no one at the banquet asked the question.

For example, a young lady who had just arrived from the South to visit friends who were Pundits of the more exalted class felt, quite reasonably, that as a stranger she could not be expected to know all of New York's celebrities.

"Who is Belwyn Brown?" she demanded of her hostess.

At this the other people at the table stopped eating and listened.

"He's a prominent man, dear," replied the young lady's hostess uneasily. "That's about all I remember at the moment. I can't think exactly what he's done. He's prominent, though. All the men at the speakers' table are prominent."

Thus also the Duke of Felixstowe, but one place removed from the guest of honor, felt himself for a like reason entitled to inquire.

"Will you be so good," he said, addressing a distinguished financier at his side, "as to tell me for precisely what achievement or achievements Mr. Belwyn Brown is so widely known?"

The financier became suddenly embarrassed.

"As a matter of fact, sir," he replied, "I must confess that I am not quite clear upon that point myself."

"Oh," said the duke, "I beg your pardon. I was under the impression that you were a member of the invitation committee."

"So I am," the other answered. "I allowed my name to be used at the urgent request of Mr. Bolton, the club's corresponding secretary, a thoroughly able and responsible young man. Moreover, a great many of my friends, men of the highest position, were already on the committee."

"Ah, yes," returned the duke vaguely. "Ah, yes. Quite so."

Then his thoughts returned to his speech, the subject of which was Blood Is Thicker Than Water.

Inquiries concerning Brown voiced at the reporters' table were of course couched in more brazen terms. Distinguished individuals impress New York reporters no more than large buttons impress tailors.

"Who is this bird, Belwyn Brown, anyhow?" asked a very young reporter who was attending his first Pundits banquet.

"You got his name wrong, son," replied a veteran. "It's Bullwyn Brown. That's why they feed him in the Grand Bull Room."

"Is—that—so?" retorted the neophyte with an air of cold sophistication. "Well, since you're such an encyclopedia, who's the solemn-looking blond guy next to the general?"

"He's the great explorer," returned the veteran, mentioning a celebrated name. "Even you ought to know him."

"Is—that—so?" repeated the young reporter, neither impressed nor crushed. "Maybe he's the guy that discovered this Belwyn Brown?"

"No," returned the other gravely. "You're wrong about that too. Brown discovered himself."

"Brown didn't need such a deuce of a lot of discovering," put in a short, pleasant-looking, middle-aged man, who was smoking a cheap cigarette of his own, in preference apparently to the more fragrant and expensive ones provided by The Pundits Club. "He has ability plenty of it."

The others listened with respect.

"Do you know him, Mr. Otis?" asked the young reporter.

"Sure," replied Jimmy Otis. "He was once our star reporter on the Dispatch. Even then we could see where he was headed. He's a brilliant fellow; and a mighty nice fellow too."

"How do you come to be sitting at our table, Jimmy?" inquired another of the older men. "Assistant managing editors usually wear white shirt fronts and sit out among the animals."

"Oh," returned Otis, "I always liked Brown. When the notice of this banquet came into the office I got to thinking about old times—how we gave him a little farewell dinner when he was leaving the paper. Bolton was with us then. He was toastmaster at that dinner too. So I just thought to myself: 'Instead of sending one of the boys I'll cover it myself.'"

"That ought to tickle The Pundits all right," said the other. "Nobody's going to cut your copy—and The Pundits don't exactly shrink from publicity."

x

TO THE mind of Belwyn Brown also there came this evening recollections of that other time, long ago, when he had been a guest of honor seated upon Bolton's right. Fascinating it was to reflect upon the difference between that dinner and this. He nursed the ancient memory now, as Napoleon in the moment of placing an emperor's crown upon his own head may have nursed the memory of ragged days in Corsica, delighting in the allegory created by the contrast.

And what a contrast it was! From the ridiculous to the sublime—from the tawdry to the sumptuous—from the small and cheap to the vast and costly. Nobody had ever had a banquet given in his honor anywhere at which there were more people. There wasn't any banquet hall in the world in which more people could be seated. The President of the United States couldn't have a bigger banquet. There wasn't any way to give a bigger one. It simply couldn't be done.

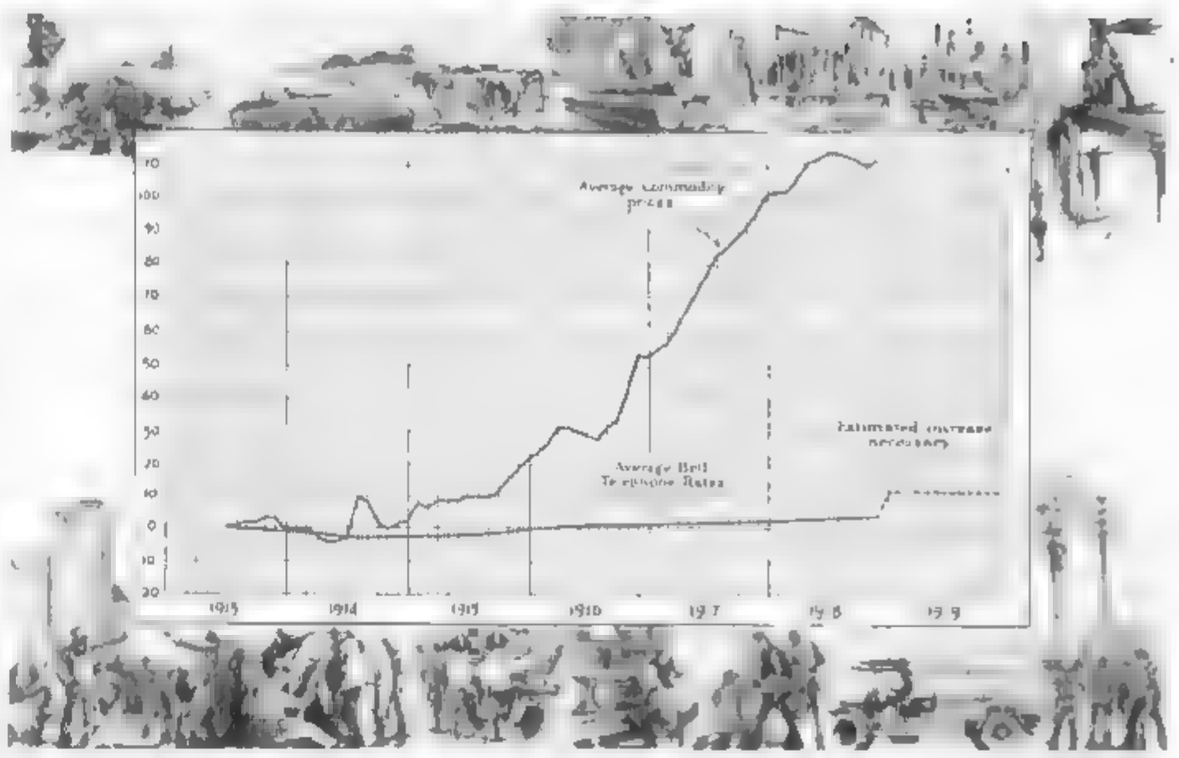
While the duke was talking about the things he had come all the way from England to talk about, and again while the cabinet member was haranguing about the things he had come all the way from Washington to harangue about, Belwyn Brown gazed now at the glints of light reflected in a wineglass which he twirled between his thumb and forefinger, now at the great assemblage, and felt himself in an ecstatic waking dream.

Even when Bolton in his capacity as toastmaster came up for the third time, so to speak, and began a very fulsome but not very specific eulogy which clearly indicated that the guest of honor was about to be called upon, Brown did not come fully back to earth. Nor yet, even when at the proper time he found himself standing, facing the applauding multitude, beginning to utter the speech he had so painstakingly memorized—not even then did he feel so much like a man looking down from the speakers' table at a banquet as like Jupiter looking down from Olympus upon a vast and shimmering world.

He told them something of the sunbeam idea; he quoted sunbeams at them; he revealed to them how he had taken sunbeams to the doughboys abroad; he pictured our soldiers weary and despondent in the rain and mud of France, and then, lo—a burst of sunbeams! They smiled. And when he saw their smiles, he said, he knew the war could end in but one way. He told how the doughboys dashed against the foe; how the war was won, just as he had known it would be.

Then he had felt free to come home again. And if—perhaps in deference to the presence of the general, who had fought for a long time in France, yet had never before heard of sunbeams of the Belwyn Brown variety—the speaker did not definitely declare that sunbeams won the war, nevertheless he left with many of his auditors a distinct impression that such was undoubtedly the case.

When the applause following Brown's speech had subsided Bolton got up again and presented the loving cup, declaring with every appearance of profound gravity that it was given by The Pundits Club in token of admiration and esteem for Belwyn Brown.



A Comparison of Costs

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The fact is, the increase in the cost of commodities has resulted in what is equal to a decrease in telephone rates. In other words: The dollar which was spent for the telephone has bought more than twice as much as the dollar spent for the commodity.

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Brown rose, took the great vessel in two hands and looked at the inscription. It was a rather long inscription. The engraver had told him to string it out all he could, as there was such a big space to fill. It looked very neat. The cup felt fine and heavy, too, when you lifted it. He set it down in front of him and looked out at his audience.

The room was hushed. People were waiting for him to speak. It all seemed very wonderful. An emotion stronger even than his earlier emotions took possession of him. Never before in his life had he felt so deeply moved. In planning his remarks he had thought to begin with the customary, formal: "Mister Toastmaster and ladies and gentlemen"; but now, what with the splendor of the cup and the impressive silence of that vast crowded room he felt that formal words would seem a little out of place.

The note for him to strike was that of fullness of the heart.

"Friends," he began brokenly—"friends, I am too stunned to thank you as I wish I could thank you for this handsome and unexpected token of your regard. I can only say that it means more to me than"—there came a catch in his voice; he took hold of the cup and looked down into it—"that it means more to me than any other possession I have—or ever shall have. Friends, I—I am too overcome to say more."

Somehow, as he spoke it all seemed true. He did feel overcome. He was all choked up. Thus it came about that as he looked down at the trophy two large tears dropped into it—christening it, as it were. The cup was more than wide enough to catch them both.

To Belwyn Brown the remainder of the evening was merely a vague, gorgeous space of time. The general spoke, the economist spoke, the explorer spoke. But Brown did not hear anything they said. And the applause that followed their speeches was to him only an echo of the applause that had followed his own.

Then a great noise of chairs being pushed back and a buzz of general conversation as The Pundits rose to go. The banquet was over. The multitude pressed out of the ballroom as people press out of a crowded train that has reached the end of the line. The men at the speakers' table gave one another perfunctory good nights and hurried away. Bolton alone waited for Brown. Together they walked to the coat room reserved for honored guests.

"Well," said Bolton, "we put it over."

"It was indeed a great occasion!" replied the exalted Belwyn Brown.

Among the first to leave the banquet hall was Jimmy Otis. Jimmy lived in Flatbush in a substantial frame house set back from the street in the midst of its own little lawn. He owned it. The payments on it had been completed several years before. There also resided Mrs. Jimmy, the children, the small but reliable automobile, the dog and the canary. And there resided happiness. Jimmy never saw that house without thinking what a lucky devil he was to have such blessings. It seemed to him that in this world some men got more than was really coming to them, and that he was one of them.

All through the banquet he had thought, a little ruefully, of the home dinner he had missed. For he was anything but a banquet sort of person. And though he was glad to have witnessed Brown's triumphant evening his one desire now was to get home.

Downstairs as he was about to head for the Subway he paused. After all it would be nice to wait and speak to old Brown. He'd be coming down any minute; and it would no doubt gratify him to know that his old friends were proud of his success. Otis lit one of his abominable cigarettes and waited in the hotel lobby for Brown to descend.

And Brown was descending. A hotel attendant in uniform, bearing the cup in its imposing case, had followed him to the coat room. There Brown had said good night to Bolton, and with his cupbearer had proceeded to the elevator. The elevator was full of male and female Pundits—full of white shirt bosoms, silk hats, furs, jewels, brocades and heady perfumes. None of The Pundits spoke to Brown. But now they knew who he was. They looked at him and at the cup case, and whispered behind their hands.

It was a large elevator, and as he stepped out of it at the lobby floor it seemed to him that all these other people made a sort of lane through which he walked with his cupbearer behind him, as an emperor might walk between two rows of brilliantly dressed courtiers. Though he had entered almost like an ordinary person his exit was to be majestic.

But suddenly as he was nearing the door he saw a man approaching with the evident intention of speaking to him. Though Brown had not seen this individual in a long time he knew at once who he was. It was a man named Otis, who used to be a reporter on the Dispatch. He was not in evening dress. He wore a slouch hat, and a cheap cigarette dangled from one corner of his mouth. He came up smiling, with his hand extended in greeting.

"Good old Brownie!" he exclaimed.

Brown swung sharply away from him and entered the revolving door.

Outside the limousine was waiting. The boy handed the cup to the carriage starter, and the carriage starter in obedience to a gesture placed it upon the deeply cushioned seat beside its owner.

As he drove off Brown threw an arm affectionately, protectively, across the case and indulged himself in a brief self-gratulatory yet philosophical reflection.

"One thing is sure," he said to himself: "In this world a fellow gets just about what's coming to him."

"I certainly did look funny peering over those reading glasses"

"Well, if here isn't the old drawing that daughter made of me when I was wearing those bothersome reading glasses! What a revelation to see ourselves as others see us!

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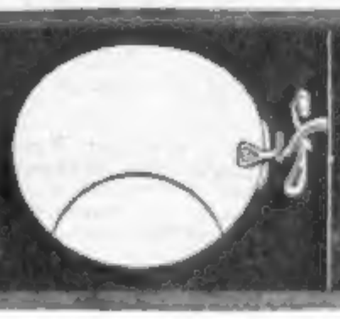

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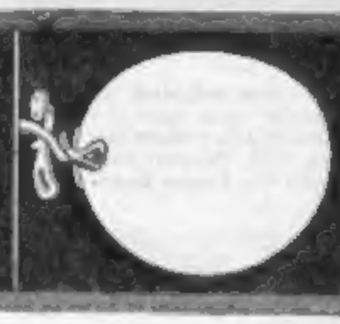
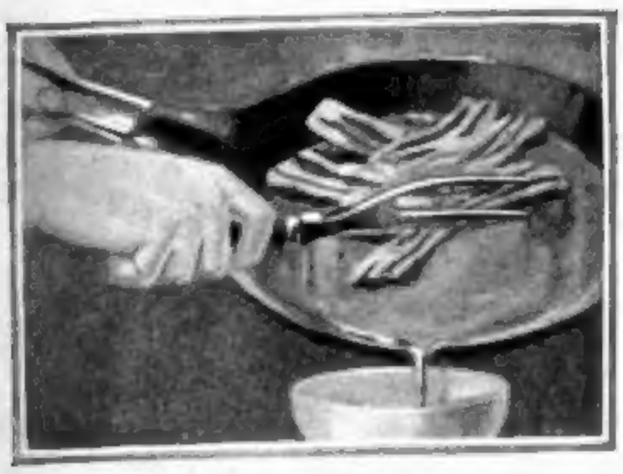


The KRYPTOK Bifocal with clear, smooth, even surfaces



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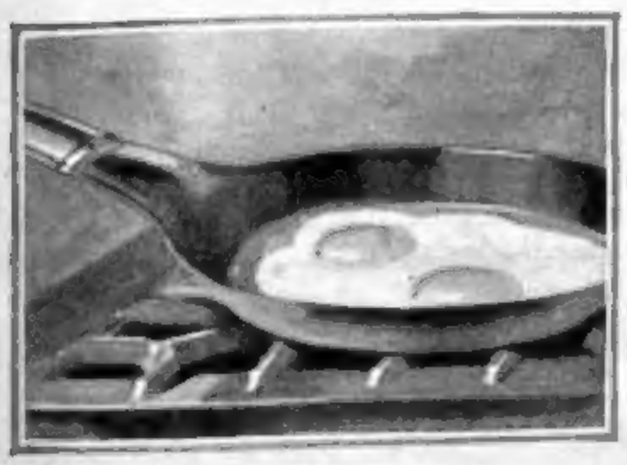

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